

TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

November/December 1986

\$2.00

Gerri Menton: Roadbuster

She is trying to stop 20 years of roads and a \$1.4 billion tax. But she's up against the best political machine in decades.

Reid Park: The city's soul

From dawn into the dark of night, this place cooks. Everybody is welcome here and everybody shows up. This is our place.

Let's get rid of Phoenix

We've made them an offer they can't refuse. Just think, you'll never have to make that awful drive again. Coupon enclosed.

Where to Howl.

■ Bars, restaurants, arts, dogs, glitz, fairs, mud, even chess. A guide to good times.

Ron Brooks leaves the field.

■ He has gone to California and a new calling. But not without telling Tucson good-bye.

The Hopi Photographs.

■ Before cameras were banned, Kate Cory captured life on the mesas.

Why is the fridge empty?

■ She's single, she's thirty, and she doesn't know either.





Ronald Hoffman

HOWDY

If you live here, there are two things you probably can't do: leave town or explain why you stay. The summers bake your brains, the same job pays more money in a lot of other cities and the roads are always torn up. The late Bob Cooke, a great local disc jockey, used to say that Tucson was the only city in the United States completely under construction. But for a bunch of reasons none of us can quite state clearly, we're hooked on this town. *City Magazine* is for us, for the people who live here, whether it's been a week or a lifetime.

As a group, we Tucsonans are fairly fiesty folk and full of contradictions. We struggle through traffic jams to vote down freeways, thrive off the boom and yet shudder at the consequences of growth. We've got a love/hate relationship with the University but fight like dogs to get tickets to the games. We decry Speedway and all seem to travel down it. We drive our elected officials nuts.

And we all share one hope: we will never be Phoenix.

This magazine is based on a love of this place and we intend to record all of it—from the foothills to the barrios, from the symphony to the softball teams, from scenic sunsets to the developers' blueprints. We don't carry water for anyone, we don't sell a political line and we don't help you select patio furniture.

City Magazine is just like this town, a funky mix of mountains that take your breath away and city streets that make you sometimes wonder why you came here. And we're fun.

This is a good place to live. The sun shines, the chili comes without beans, people smile and you cannot go through one single day without seeing moments of beauty. Let's swap some yarns, kick around some ideas, relax, share a few laughs and maybe find out who we are and what we might become.

Charles Bowden, Editor

Richard S. Vonier, Publisher



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SEASON TICKETS
STILL AVAILABLE

AMERICAN DREAMS

FUNNY, POIGNANT, INSPIRING STORIES BY SIX
OF AMERICA'S MOST ENTERTAINING WRITERS

1 THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

by John Guare

NOV. 1 to 23

Winner of four Tony Awards and nominee for best play for its 1986 revival, and the Critics Circle Award and Obie Award for Best Play for the 1971 original production. An enchantingly zany, desperately sad but wildly funny story about the dream for notoriety and fame. All the characters, seemingly lost in the 60s, maintain a loony optimism, as a zoo keeper believes he will write the Great American Song; that the Pope's visit to the United Nations will end the Vietnam War; and that if the Pope blesses his sheet music he will win an Academy Award.

2 A DELICATE BALANCE

by Edward Albee

NOV. 29 to DEC. 21

Winner of the 1967 Pulitzer Prize for Drama, Albee's brilliant examination of the notion of the home as sanctuary, castle and haven, exposing a shattered dream for the perfect family love. His characters are made to face the reality that they once had love, frittered it away and are now at that delicate balance between sanity and madness. A beautiful, probing drama, touched with poetry, humor and compassion.

3 THE MARRIAGE OF BETTE AND BOO

by Christopher Durang

JAN. 3 to 25

One of the finest examples of American comic writing in the 80s, Durang's wickedly biting style deftly dissects the foundations of marriage, the family and the sanctity of the church. Rapidly moving through a string of tragic events, he finds a lining of fun even in the darkest clouds, in a farcical and affectionate study of the oldest and deepest rooted pillars of the American Dream.

4 THE MATCHMAKER

by Thornton Wilder

FEB. 7 to MARCH 1

Pulitzer Prize playwright Thornton Wilder's delightful comedy about the best of the American Dream—to be naive but not afraid, to dare to fail in order to succeed, to ride the wild adventures offered so wonderfully in the land of opportunity. Horace Vandergelder, a successful merchant of Yonkers in the 1880s, leaves his shop in the care of two inept apprentices while he goes off to New York for a tryst which the local matchmaker, Dolly Levi, has arranged. When the apprentices decide they too will have a night on the town, they run headlong into Vandergelder and a merry hide-and-seek filled with adventure, disguises and romantic complications, that ends with everyone a winner. The basis for *Hello Dolly*.

5 GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

by David Mamet

APRIL 18 to MAY 10

Winner of the 1984 Pulitzer Prize for Drama, a searing look at the underside of the dream for riches and success. The cut-throat brotherhood of the big-city real estate office, where comedy meets cruelty in the desperate struggle for survival, with the added spice of a "who-dun-it" detective plot. An adult play with exceptionally strong language, condemning a world where all moral values and ethics have been withdrawn, allowing men to mistreat each other and mistreat themselves.

6 AN ORIGINAL PLAY CREATED BY ATC

based on the writings
of American storyteller
Studs Terkel

MAY 16 to JUNE 14

Drawing from Studs Terkel's oral histories of America's experience from the 30s to the 80s—his books *Hard Times*, *Talking to Myself*, *American Dreams Lost and Found*, and *The Good War*—and drawing from the richest of American music of the past 60 years, ATC Artistic Director Gary Gisselman will weave a tapestry that celebrates the health and vitality of the American Dream today. An exciting celebration of the American spirit, to highlight ATC's 20th season.

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Those accustomed to Broadway expertise won't be disappointed. —The New York Times

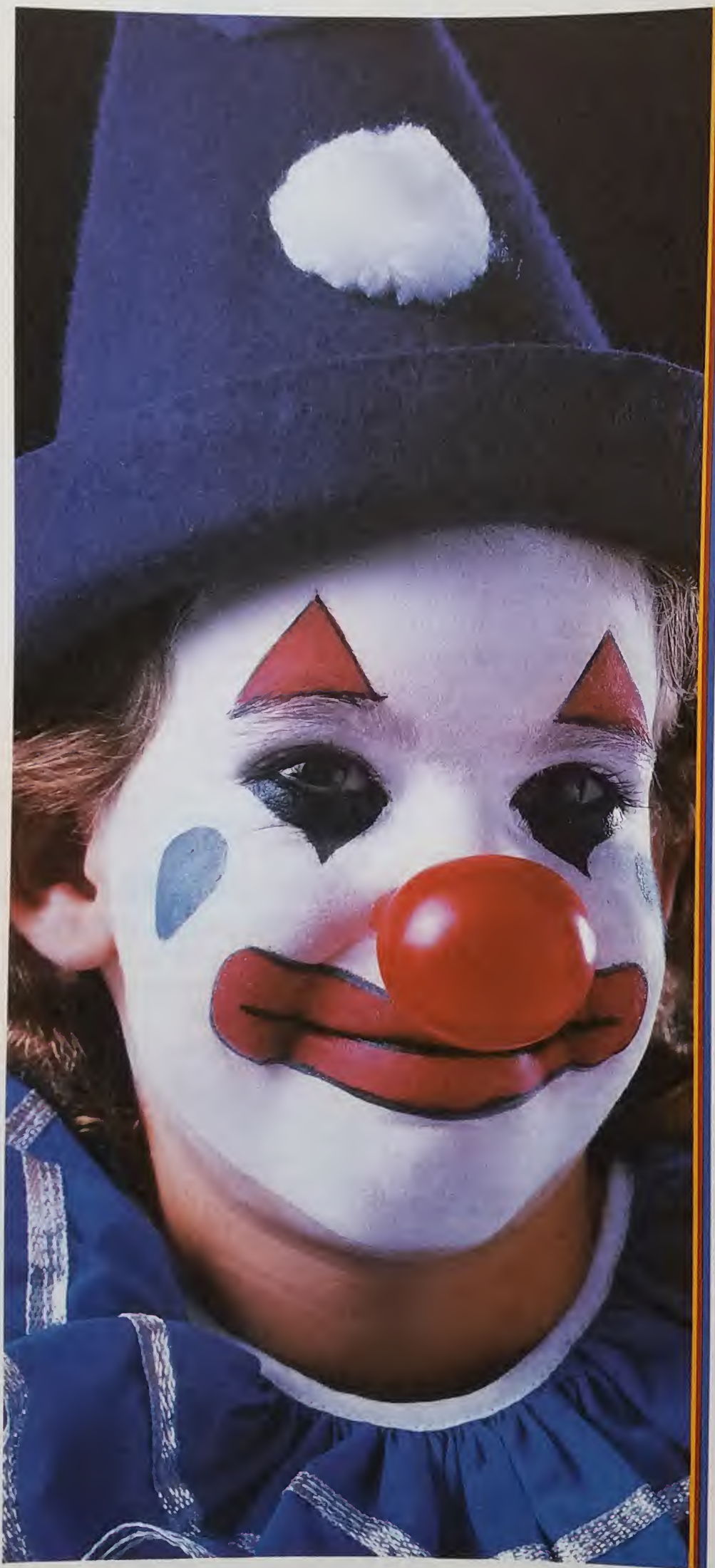
A company of impeccable credentials. —The Los Angeles Times

ATC provides, season in and season out, that quality commodity—real theater. —The Arizona Republic

In the Arizona Theatre Company we have one of the finest regional theaters in the country. —The Phoenix Gazette

ATC provides that rare quality in theater: magic. —The Tucson Weekly

We have only one professional theatre company—The Arizona Theatre Company—that's consistently enjoyable. —New Times



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Girls at a recital at the France Academy of Dance.

John DeCindis

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"Mr. Cowboy" used to ride with Ron Reagan. Now he's back home with us.

Cover: "We've been bulldozed enough," says Geri Menton. She is leading a fight against a tax increase for new roads. Photo by Tim Fuller.

DEPARTMENTS

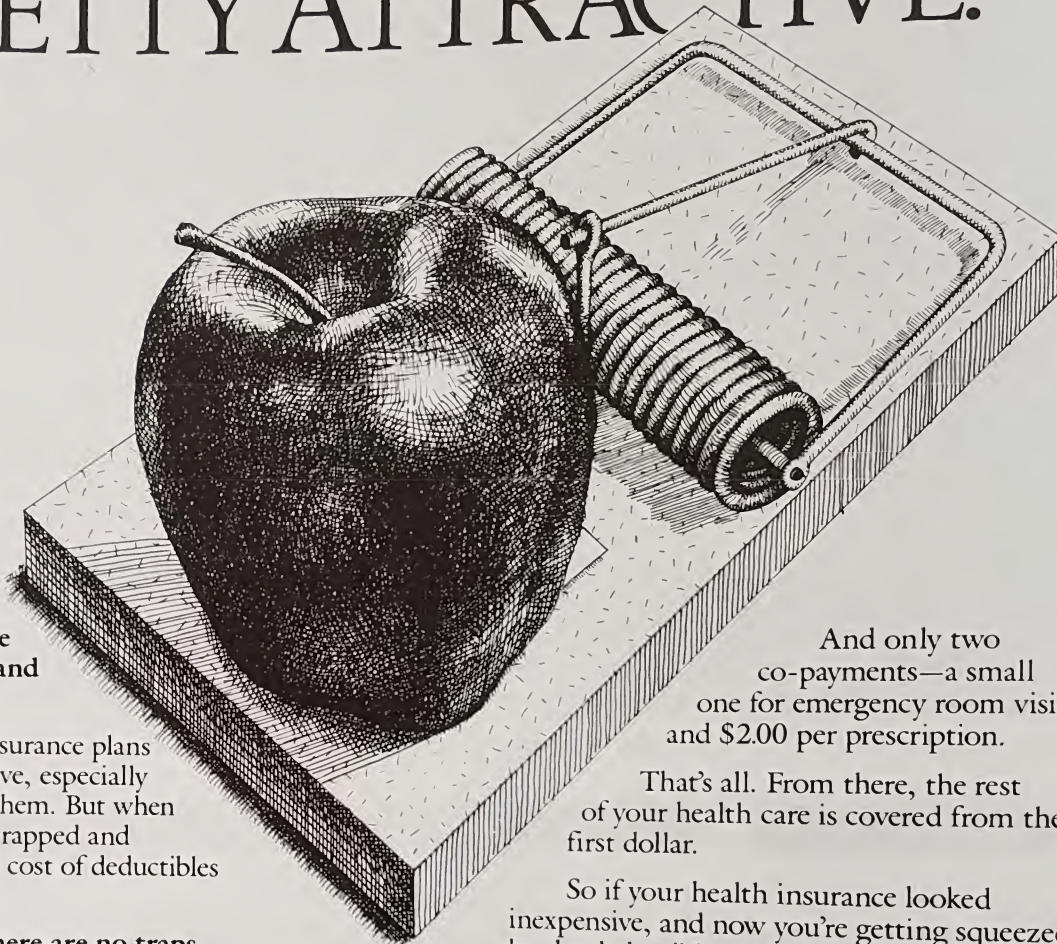
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Ethel Wells has school in session again. Only this time the desktop is green felt.

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back at you with the
cost of deductibles and
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TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

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Where to Howl

Tucson's guide to entertainment, restaurants, the arts and other things to do

Choice!

It's a Dog's Life

Nov. 16, 8-5

Yes, dogs. More brands than Heinz at this orgy in Reid Park. While the canine freaks indulge in confirmation and obedience trials (who figured out this sport? Prussians?), you can visit with beasts that boast from better bloodlines than you do. Drop by the night of the 15th if you want to see the park clogged with Winnebago's as the dog people get down.

Take This Job and...

Nov. 17, 5:30 and 8:30; Nov. 18, 7:30 p.m.

Had enough of that nine to five? Considering a career change? Have a look at the original guide to finding more meaningful work: "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang." UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

Gridlock

Nov. 19, High Noon

If you make it through the traffic jams, don't miss this latest installment of Fantasy Island. A forum kicks around all sides of the Tucson transportation mess. City Council Chambers.

Art for the Masses

Nov. 20-Nov. 23

Ventana lets the rabble in for a public arts weekend. They got lithographic demonstrations, they got a walking tour of the resort's art collection. And they got the city's only full-time waterfall. Off Sunrise between Craycroft and Sabino Canyon Roads.

Thanksgiving

Nov. 27, 3 p.m.

Eat with strangers. The Tucson Singles Council puts out a Thanksgiving feast with all the trimmings. Four bucks for members, five for guests. RSVP by Nov. 24. BYOB. 296-4363. **where??**

Back of the Barn

Nov. 29, 9:30-4:30

Save the bus fare back to Iowa. Reid Park hosts the Tucson Open, a horseshoe pitching tournament. These people never miss. Players pay five bucks for an entry fee. Crazy fans get a free ride to Norman



John DeCindis

Rockwell country.

Local Talent

Nov. 29-30, 10:30-4

Go to Fort Lowell Park. Local people, yes, honest-to-god residents, show off and sell their stocking stuffers and ornaments in the Homespun Crafts Fair. Stroll through the 19th century version of Star Wars at the ruins of the old fort.

See the Light

Dec. 3, dusk

Try downtown as they light the Christmas tree. Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars must have designed this one: mirrors, wind chimes, fiber optics—all your basic Tannenbaum trimming tools. Gonzo colors stream up from the base to collide at the tree top as white light. Snowflake patterns appear on the ground—don't ask us to explain it. In the park across from the United Bank Plaza.

Virgin of Guadalupe

Dec. 7, 1 p.m.

This place ain't Iowa and here's a way to find out why. Four hundred fifty five years ago near Mexico City an Aztec Indian named Juan Diego met a brown woman who handed him a rose and pointed out the sight for a church. This meeting won the Indian people to a new faith and provided a key piece of the social cement bonding together Hispanic culture. Join hundreds of people at the Tucson Museum of Art for a procession to St. Augustine's Cathedral in remembrance of this appearance by the Virgin of Guadalupe. Mass to follow.

It's Winterhaven Time Again

Dec. 20-31

Okay, the traffic inches along and you wonder why you go each year. Because

it's terrific. Winterhaven puts Tucson Electric's dynamos to the edge of a black-out as the whole neighborhood decks itself in ornamental lights and displays. Get in the car and go.

Set Your Soles on Fire

Dec. 6

Hit the bricks with hordes of Teutonic junkies in the Volksmarch. Seven mile spin through residential neighborhoods at your own pace. The stomp begins at River and Campbell (8 a.m.-12) and you must finish by 4. Free but if you pop for the \$4 pre-registration (Nov. 26) they're gonna toss in a patch. Sponsored by Tucson German Heritage Volkssport Klub. Call Claudia, 747-7464.

See Ya on the Avenue

Dec. 12, 13, 14

Part swap meet, part junkyard, part art show, all Fourth Avenue Street Fair. Visit the legendary inner city and rub shoulders with half the population as everyone tackles their Christmas list, raps, stalls, shops and eats the varied grub that kicks off the annual tummy ache. The best outdoor party of the year and it will always be 1968 on the Avenue. Fri. 12-6; Sat. and Sun. 9-6.

Wacky Tubacky

Dec. 19, 6-9

Tubac stops being quiet. Luminarios glow at sundown and the old town erupts in holiday celebration. Free refreshments from the merchants, song and dance by the residents.

Stayin' Alive

Dec. 31

Be a pro on the annual amateur night; hang out with one thousand sober people ringing in the New Year at T.C.C. Skip the chance to be a winner in the funeral homes free burying lot contest. Music moves from oldies to 80s with the group "Right Angle." Sponsored by the Tucson Alcoholic Recovery Home. A mere \$5 buys you food and drink and you don't have to be a recovered drunk to attend. Think of calling all your friends at 6 a.m. Jan 1 to wish them Happy New Year. Call 884-5180 Bud Smith. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

WHERE TO HOWL

Body Shop

Downtown River Run Nov. 16, 8 a.m.

A 10k and fun run for \$8 (\$10 race day). Attention all bugs: centipede costume division for teams of 6 and up (\$48 total). Afterwards guzzle free soft drinks and wait to the Statesboro Blues Band. Everybody gets a T-shirt, race cup and shot at the door prize. Starts at United Bank Tower.

Ease Into Shape Nov. 19, 11:30 a.m.

Stretch your way back into shape with this light and easy exercise class. Mission Library. 791-4881.

Gimme Some Air Nov. 20

Give up the evil weed and treat your lungs to a rest—c'mon, anybody can go 24 hours. The tenth Great American Smokeout is sponsored by the American Cancer Society.

Running Free Dec. 7, 9 a.m.

A 10k and 2-mile choice in this freedom run for Soviet Jewry. This is a unique annual event: your body will feel good and so will your head. And you will think about it for a week. \$5 buys your entry and a T-shirt. Reid Park. 884-8921.

Ride On Wheels Dec.

Dec. 7—Learn to love oxygen on this brutal hill climb to A Mountain; 2.2-mile workout. Dec. 27 is the Colossal Cave roller coaster run. A crazed bunch of cycle enthusiasts created the Pima Velo Club with the idea that anyone who owns (or borrows) a bike can ride in this low-key competition. 884-5564 eves.

Holiday Half Marathon Dec. 14, 8 a.m.

Sponsored by the Southern Arizona Road Runners—13.1-mile tune-up run for coming marathons; a 3.1 mile fun run alongside for those not into ultra-pain. Starts at Hughes Aircraft. 885-2294.



Amy Logan Carr

Health America's El Tour de Tucson Nov. 22

Exercise your body and test your endurance while helping raise money for diabetes research. This 106 mile race (or you can go 25, 50, 75 miles) is the biking event in Tucson; limited to 2,000 entries—call now for registration. Anyone can ride in the 4th annual El Tour as long as you're on two pedals and are mad for the open road. 795-3711.

Turkey Trot Nov. 23, 8 a.m.

Pre-Thanksgiving 8k race, with a 2-mile trot alongside it. Wheelchairs welcome. \$9 fee includes a post-race

breakfast buffet. A chance to get ready for the annual pig-out. Race starts from Northwest Hospital. 326-1600.

Take Yourself To The Ballgame Nov. 28-30

2nd annual Thanksgiving Thank You Tournament. Bring your cleats and play to win in this softball derby. Must be at least 16 to enter. Adm. fee. Sportspark. Call for registration. 744-9496.

Charity Softball Tournament Nov. 15, 16

Spread some joy with toys for tots in this charity softball tournament. Bring your glove and a toy. Sponsored by Tucson Broadcaster's. Must be at least 16 to play. Adm. fee. Sportspark. 744-9496.

The Choice of A New Generation? Dec. 27-29

Guess who is sponsoring this local tennis tournament. If you own a racket and the adm. fee

you can play in your choice of singles, doubles or juniors games. Randolph Tennis Center. 100 S. Alvernon. 791-4896.

The Color of Money

Attention Fast Eddie—pool tournament every Tues. (9 ball) and Thur. (8 ball). \$5 buys your entry and you can pocket a percentage of entry fee if you win. Under 21, need legal guardian. 3325 N. 1st Ave. 887-7312.

Events

Open Your Heart—And Your Yard Nov. 15, 16, 7 a.m.

Tired of traditional domestic pets—consider adopting a burro. Wild horses and burros will be available at the Old Tucson Rodeo Grounds for adoption; continues until all have found a home. 883-0100.

Cycle Mania

Nov. 15, 10-6; Nov. 16, 12-5
Park Mall presents "Bike Expo '86". The mall is going

floor to floor with bicycles and cyclists to promote Tucson's El Tour de Tucson.

Horsing Around, About And Over Nov. 15, 16, 8 a.m.

Mostly thoroughbred horseflesh hurdling over fences in this show of raw strength and grace. The Hunter-Jumper show is sponsored by the Southern Arizona Training Association. Pima Fairgrounds. Free. 624-1013.

Full Moon Party Nov. 15, 7 - 10 p.m.

Nope, you keep your pants on. Co-sponsored by the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. 4th Avenue starts howling at sundown with gypsies, astrologers, tarot readers, masseuses, assorted mystics, music and food.

Fuzzy Bunny Show Nov. 15

If you think rabbits are all white, visit the Southern Arizona Rabbit Association bunny show where the little rascals could triple their population before your very eyes. Pima County Fairgrounds. 8 a.m. Free. 624-1013.

It's A Dog's Life Nov. 16, 8-5

Man's best friend struts his stuff—100-plus varieties of AKC pedigreed pups judged in confirmation and obedience. The real party is the night before—breeders camp out in RV's in the park—catch the dogs while they're not on their best behavior. Sponsored by the Tucson Kennel Club. Southwest corner of Reid Park. 791-3405.

Armory Park Art Nov. 16, 12-4 p.m.

They're springing for the beer and hot coals; you provide the scintillating conversation and stuff to bar-b-q in this afternoon festival sponsored by Tucson's Art Coalition. Guest speakers, awards, local music and dance contribute to the blowout.

No Job Blues? Nov. 17, 7 p.m.

Pounding the pavement in search of work? Part 1 of a 2-part workshop on the art of job hunting discusses and demonstrates resumes, interviewing techniques and strategies. Outfox those tricky personnel departments. Woods Library. 791-4548.

The Return of

Ortiz

of Dance

One You On
University of Arizona
Centennial Hall
Nov. 21, 1986 8:00 p.m.
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Available at Bentley's, Cafe Ole,
Dillard's, U/A Box Office
For information, 628-7212



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WHERE TO HOWL

How Did "It" All Begin? Nov. 18, 7:30 p.m.

You might not get any absolute answers but you might find some clues in this lecture on the origins of the planets. Fun way to hurt your head. Flandrau Planetarium. Adm. Fee. 621-4556.

Alleviate Your Children's Fears Nov. 19, 10 a.m.

Linda Conway-Morgan, child therapist from the Family Counseling Agency, leads a discussion for parents in helping children cope with their fears. Mission Library. 791-4811.

Se Habla Espanol? Nov. 19, 2 p.m.

Step into another culture when the advanced Spanish Club meets. English verboten. Meets weekly. Wilmot Library. 791-4627.

Despair On The Streets Nov. 19, noon

Speedway's a parking lot; Grant's a slow moving mess; 22nd Street still can't get its lights synchronized. No promises, but this forum presents all sides of Tucson's transportation mess. By Dec. 9, you might know how to vote on the Half-Cents Sales Tax. Don't ask us where you can park. Council Chambers, City Hall.

Only A Pawn In the Game Nov. 19, 7 p.m.

Dead head? Move from your home to the halls of higher thinking and bench press your brain in a strategic game of chess. Amateurs, accomplished players, everyone welcome—BYO board. Meets weekly. Mission Library. 791-4811.

Art For The Masses Nov. 21 - Nov. 23

Loews Ventana Canyon Resort opens its doors in their first public arts weekend. Lectures, lithograph demonstrations and a walking tour of the resort's substantial and original art collection. This place is gorgeous—all it will cost you is the energy to get there. In between jolts of culture take in Tucson's only full-time waterfall. North of Sunrise between Craycroft and Sabino Canyon Rd. 299-2020.

Books Are Made Of... Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m.

"America: A Reading Lecture Series"—Dr. Daniel Aaron, a man with a laundry list of credentials, speaks on the "implications of the rise and fall of reputations on the literary stock exchange." Get the inside dope on Longfellow's swan dive off the *New York Times* best seller list. UA Social Sciences Auditorium. 791-4131.

Sleight Of Hand Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m.-9 p.m.

Don't know enough about yourself? Your hidden secrets magically revealed in this class on handwriting analysis. Himmel Library. 791-4397.

American Indian Arts and Crafts Sale Nov. 20-23

Authentic crafts show by the Native Americans who made it high art—handwoven blankets, jewelry, baskets, dolls, etc. T. C. C. 791-4101.

Cutting Room Floor... Nov. 21, 7 p.m.

Etherton Gallery presents "Seeing to the Bone" (who makes these names up?), a one hour video on Margaret Bailey Doogan and her art. Take in an exhibit of her work after the flick. Free. 424 East 6th Street. 624-7370.

Old Treasures, New Pleasures Nov. 21, 22

Antiques and collectibles from 24-plus dealers. Seminars by experts in different fields; bring in your antiques for appraisal. All proceeds to the Arizona Kidney Foundation. Fri. 12-9, Sat. 12-9, Sun. 12-6 at the Holiday Inn Holidome, 4550 S. Palo Verde. Adm. \$2.50. 323-6744.

Cluck, Cluck Nov. 22-23, 8 a.m.

A chick, chick here...and a chick, chick there—in Tucson's fancy fowl and poultry show at Pima Fairgrounds. They do chicken right. Free. 624-1013.

Goin' Country in Sonoita Nov. 28

Wear your stompin shoes, bring a friend, stuff yourself on tamales and yuk it up at this country and western dance at Sonoita Fairgrounds. Sponsored by

the Patagonia-Sonoita Youth Fund (help buy Patagonia a swimming pool). 1-394-2958.

Men, Machines, Muck Nov. 28, 29, 8 p.m.

Wanna get dirty? Watch full-grown men drive their expensive pick-ups into deep troughs of mud. They claim they do it for the money. If you're into filth, be at "Mud Bogs," T.C.C. Call 791-4266 for ticket info.

Pitchin' Shoes November 29, 9:30-4:30

A hands-on chance at the Tucson Open. Be one of the boys (and girls) while testing your throwing arm. Trophy's awarded for first and second place. Find the action on the south side of Reid Park; \$5 buys your entry. Call Bud for registration info. 296-5087.

Dream Homes Nov. 29

Snoop around inside Bisbee's historic dwellings and more interesting new homes in this scenic tour. Yes, there are fancy digs around that big hole in the ground. 1-432-4396.

The Point Of Horses Is... Dec. 6, 7

Absorb the finer points of Western, Gymkhana and English in this horse show by the 4-H club. Free. 624-1013.

Tucson's Largest Office Party Dec. 11, 4-9 p.m.

Benefit for the Leukemia Society—meet the people you don't work with while helping to rid the world of this nasty disease. Food and drink. Holiday Inn, 181 West Broadway. Adm. fee. 624-8711.

Fourth Avenue Street Fair Dec. 12, 13, 14

A cross between a swap meet, junk yard and art show. This annual institution draws people into the inner city who normally won't be seen outside a mall. Join the best outdoor party of the year to browse, spend money, ogle, spread gossip, remember '60s frolics and stuff yourself with ethnic food. 624-5004. Fri. 12-6 p.m.; Sat. and Sun. 9-6 p.m.

Ride With The Stars Dec. 12, 13, 14

Bring a blanket and a friend—see Sabino Canyon flooded with light when the tram rides shotgun with the full moon. Call early in December for reservations. \$4 adults; \$1.50 kids under 12. 749-2327.

Gun Shy? Dec. 13, 8 a.m.; Dec. 14, 9 a.m.

The Wild West converges with mild urbanites in this gun and collectibles show at Pima Fairgrounds. Free. 624-1013

Go To The Dogs

Watch a dog chase a plastic rabbit and lose your shirt. Or, make a killing. Food, drink and the war cries of furious bettors. Find out if man's best friend is your best friend at Tucson Greyhound Park. 884-7576.

"With This Ring...."

Another relationship going down the tubes? Getting married? Staying married? An ongoing series of courses for the adventurous in building and

maintaining a successful relationship (huh?). A seven-event course involving 17 guest speakers commences in the fall and completes in the summer of 1987. For dates and registration call Options at 326-7620.

Traditions, Etc. 'til May, 1987

On loan from the Tucson Museum of Art; traditional Mexican paperwork exhibit at the Tubac Presidio State Historic Park. Adm. \$1; under 17, free.

'80s Home Movies

Creatively inclined? Think about becoming involved with high-tech machinery and the lunatic art world. Video Art Network has assisted local talent in producing work shown on cable TV and galleries. Artists interested in submitting ideas, or volunteers interested in learning video production are encouraged to call or write. Harold Jones, Video Art Network, P.O. Box 3385, Tucson, Az. 85722. 884-9373 or 621-7575.

Head Shop

Stone Age Cuisinart Nov. 18, 7-9 p.m.

Learn from the first American cooks and poke into their medicine chest at a class offered on the Hohokam. Members \$4; guests \$5. Pre-registration required. Tucson Botanical Gardens. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Maybe You Can Take It With You.... Nov. 20

Take legal matters into your own hands...learn the cost of living and dying in this class about wills and probate with Attorney Bruce Dusenberry. Question and answer session follows. Call to register. 628-8660.

Be a Desert Rat Nov. 20, 27, 9:30-noon; Dec. 4, 11, 9:30-noon

Docents are being recruited by Tohono Chul Park for the public. Inform yourself

How much more would your son or daughter learn in a small class?



Only six years ago, St. Gregory started with just 50 students. Now we have 190—with combined SAT scores almost 200 points above the Arizona average. Yet even though we're adding classrooms and teachers to accommodate more students, we'll still maintain an 11 to 1 student/teacher ratio...with an average class size of 15.

If you would like your son or daughter to learn—next school year—in an environment in which we learn from each other, please call Debby Kennedy at 327-6395. We welcome visitors every Monday and Friday morning from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. For your convenience, admission tests will be given November 15, December 6 and January 10.

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Church founded—for those of all faiths.

WHERE TO HOWL

first—plant and water management, bird I.D.s, folklore, Arizona history—then amaze others. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. Adm. Fee. 742-6455.

Hocus Pocus...Pomanders and Sachets Nov. 22, 9 a.m.-noon.

A chance to study medieval goblin medicine; knowledge of these ancient formulas of herbs and spices may help you ward off the demons and ghosts of the 80s. Great Christmas presents; your friends will never forget the original fragrance you left behind. Registration required. \$6 members; \$8 guests. Materials included. Tucson Botanical Gardens. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Is the American Empire Kaput? Dec. 2, 7:30 p.m.

A heavy lecture by UA's Dr. Oberman—"Fortune, Faith, and Females: The Hidden Impact of St. Augustine in Modern Culture." St. Augustine died at the time the Roman empire was

going belly up; Dr. Oberman compares this bad day on the Tiber with the possibility that our American empire is on the skids. Feminists can learn the real reasons why St. Augustine disliked half the species, and how his ideas have held the Vatican spellbound for centuries. Current reform movements in the church seen through the saint's eyes.

Blooming Desert Dec. 9, 7:30 p.m.

We never promised you a rose garden. Learn the tricks of the trade in this lecture on desert planting at Tohono Chul Park. Take a native tree to lunch. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. Adm. fee. 742-6455.

Dilemma In The Green House

If your green thumb has turned brown, the Pima County Co-op Extension Service will help you revive your plants and other living things with free classes and demonstrations. Make

friends with your Creeping Charlie. 628-5628.

Kids

Classic Kid Flicks Nov 15-29

Film festival for kids, showing children's classics. Last flick of series, "The White Seal," based on Rudyard Kipling. Plus shorts "Miss Nelson Is Missing" and "Frederick." Runs about an hour. Showtime is 3:30 p.m. Columbus Library, 4350 E. 22nd St. 791-4081.

More film classics for kids—the libraries answer to MTV. Fri. 3:00 p.m. Nov. 21 and 28. Sat. 10:30 a.m. Nov. 15, 22, 29. Wilmot Library. 530 N. Wilmot. 791-4627.

Day Camp in November Nov. 17-28

Camp Morning Glory's weeklong spirited time of sports, education and cultural activities for kids 3-

5 years. Ft. Lowell Park. Mon-Fri. 8-noon or 12:30-4:30. 791-5289.

The Reading Room Nov. 18, 10:30 a.m.

The children's hour meets with stories for 3-5 year olds on the delights of the five senses. Woods Library. 791-4548.



Plight Of The Immigrant Nov. 18, 3 p.m.

Award winning film that tells the story of a modern pilgrim—a Soviet Jew in America. For children of all ages. Presented at Valencia Library. At 3:30 on Nov. 19 presented at South Tucson Library. 791-4791.

Hats, Caps, Tams Nov. 19, 10 a.m.

Everything your kids wanted to know about hats...bilingual stories, games, fun and crafts for 3-5 year olds. Main Library.

We're Off To See The Wizard.... Nov. 22, 1:30 p.m.

Costume party—we dare you—movies, games, and a talent show in this salute to the Land of Oz. Do your version of some Oz lines or a song. Call 791-4393 to reserve your choice. All ages. Main Library.

Book Fever Nov. 22, 2 p.m.

Monsters and other puppets show off in celebration of National Children's Book Week at Mission Library. 791-4911.

Jumpin' Jack Flash Nov. 22, 2 p.m.

Breaking, thrashing and leaping—children's jump roping synchronized to rock music; by Prince Elementary School. All ages. Woods Library. 791-4548.

Adventure Into The Physical Dec. 1-5

Relief from TV—after school adventure program

stressing physical activities, socialization, and culture for children in grades 1-6. 3-hour program after school. Tucson Parks & Recreation. 327-6053.

Leisure Time For Kids Dec. 1-5

Ditch your kids; this free program for three hours after school keeps them busy. Sponsored by Tucson Parks & Recreation. 327-6053.

Stage

Pima College Drama Department

Nov. 15-20, 8 p.m. (Matinee 3 p.m.)

"Ardiente Paciencia/Burning Patience" by Antonio Skarmeta is the story of the Nobel Prize winning poet, Pablo Neruda, who befriends a young mailman of Isla Negra, a remote village in Chile where Neruda lived; takes place shortly before the 1973 military coup which ended 50 plus years of democratic tradition. Music performed by Bwiya-Toli, a local folklore group. English and Spanish on alternate evenings. \$5 general. West Campus Little Theater. 884-6973.

Philharmonica Orchestra

Nov. 16 at 3 p.m.

Tucson's Youth Symphony features alumni in this 10th anniversary concert with music by Mozart, Ravel and Janacek. Crowder Hall. Tickets are \$4, \$3 students, \$10 families. Call 323-6565.

University of Arizona

Nov. 17, 8 p.m.

Jazz by trombonist Miles Anderson at Crowder Hall. 621-2262 for ticket information.

Billy Joel Concert Nov. 17

The last time the piano man was here, he blew out the hall. This man does justice to live music—better in the flesh than on the vinyl. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Nov. 18, 8 p.m.

Wind Ensemble plays UA Centennial Auditorium. 621-1162 for ticket information.

Celebration Tour Nov. 25

America's premier ballerina Cynthia Gregory, and company perform classical and contemporary ballet, backed by the Phoenix Symphony. Proceeds go to O'Rielly Care Center to combat substance abuse. Tickets are \$25, \$35 and \$50 at T.C.C. and Dillard's—going fast. 721-3853.

El Presidio Park Noon Time Concert Series Nov. 19

The last one, brown bag it at the park and get down with some Dixieland Music. Free.

Invisible Theatre

Nov. 19-Dec. 7 (Matinees: Nov. 23,30)

"Home Fires Burning," an original, lighthearted play by Arizonan Monica Long Ross, directed by Warren Hogan; set in Tucson's Oracle Motel during WW II, this is the story of a group of army wives and their girl talk, romantic daydreams and flirtations. 1400 N. 1st Ave. 882-9721.

SALOC

Nov. 20-30.

"The Wizard of Oz" done by our light opera company. The movie? See this jive live. Call East Side 323-7888 or West Side 884-1212.

ORTS Theater of Dance

Nov. 21, 8 p.m.

The only dance company left in town performs three pieces backed by live music and outrageous costumes—surprise yourself and visit Edge City. A free matinee for kids sponsored by Grissom Casablanca Modeling starts at 12:30. UA Centennial Hall, \$7 advance, \$8 at door. 628-7212

Cafe Olé

Through Nov. 22

Your Own Wings: An American Cabaret presents "Los Muertos: The Dead" This boho coffeehouse dims its lights and becomes a collage of music/theatre based on the Mexican-Indian day of the dead Showtime is 7:30 p.m. and 1:30 a.m. Tickets at the door \$4, \$3 in advance 121 E. Broadway

WATCH FOR THE OPENING

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Take Me to the Pilot

Alfred Quiroz the Luftwaffe Ace

By Charlotte Lowe

"I believe as a Luftwaffe pilot," Alfred Quiroz explains, "I was killed at about the same time I was born." A lot of his art and himself flows from this belief. Stumble into his South Fourth Avenue studio and he explains his paintings to you with the look of a *Mad Magazine* soldier, hair on end, the eyes white and rolling like he just got goosed by a bayonet.

He appears just like the Looney Tunes characters in his big eight foot canvases: fearsome John Waynes gunning down Third World Commies; German planes hovering breathlessly over perfect renderings of plastic people; a glossy blonde writhing on the beach of Grenada. His men throw themselves on grenades for that Medal of Honor; the girls back home get hot thinking how their fellas could off them in thirty seconds with a piece of piano wire.

"I parody anyone in the act of self-destruction," says Quiroz, who calls his art, with a big grin, "veteran therapy."

A Vietnam Vet, the Tucson native mainly paints war, heroes and airplanes at the moment. Recently one of his works, "Got There Just in Time," a view of the U.S. invasion of Grenada, was a co-winner of "Best of Show" in the 1986 Arizona Biennial at the Tucson Museum of Art. Living proof at last that someone out there is not offended by Quiroz's brand of combative art.

Twice before his efforts have been labeled verboten and tossed out of shows. Pima College, for instance, couldn't stomach one work in 1982—a box installation featuring G.I. Joe and a flimsily clad Barbie going at it under a mirrored ceiling. The viewer had to peer through a hole in the box to catch the awful scene and instantly became a voyeur in a work entitled, "Interruptus."

Quiroz is a card in a bizarre sort of way. But after an hour or two of stand-up comedy about war and peace and life-in-the-art-lane, he gets down to what really motivates him. Before this current Medal of Honor series, he created "Past Lives," twenty-two portraits of friends, some soberingly realistic, others ethereal.

"I asked friends," he says, "to tell me what they thought they had been in a former life and I painted them that way." So you get answers ranging from an Egyptian princess to a stream bed. The past life princess, it turned out, had a dead ringer for herself in Egypt a couple of centuries ago. Quiroz found the image immortalized on a postcard. More evidence of what he calls the "divine coincidences" that riddle his reality.

Quiroz has been hooked on the occult all this life and all of his series are rooted in numerology. He discovered his psychic powers very early on and a fascination with the occult ripples subtly



"Got There Just in Time" by Alfred Quiroz

through his work—the five-cornered star of the Medal of Honor; the number twenty-two after a Tarot deck.

But this subtlety stops with his experience in World War II as a born again Luftwaffe pilot. He lives surrounded by model airplanes representing everything the Germans flew, all carefully colored to match the *Luftwaffe Painting Guide*. At Halloween, he celebrates by wearing "my airplane suit," a costume whose wings bend and swoop.

At forty-two, Quiroz has a rich past to nourish his imagination with. He graduated from Tucson High, at that time the largest and best in the city. A school that, he said, "gave you a feeling that you were going to accomplish something really big." In that spirit he joined the Navy ("to embark on living the American novel," he explains) and was shipped to Vietnam. "In a way," he reflects, "I was kind of excited. It was like 'Come on Popeye, eat your can of spinach.'" After being a "real rough and rowdy guy" in the service, he turned artist, enrolling in the prestigious San Francisco Art Institute on the G.I. Bill. Then came the Rhode Island School for Design where he attended classes with other seminal artists and rubbed shoulders with the ultra-cool Talking Heads.

"I came out," he recalls, "with a belief that I have to be able to attract you to people's guts being torn out. I studied in the late '60s when the attitude was you better hump, you better produce, get serious. Then in the '70s a lot of affluent people came to school saying, 'Why should I make art? I am art.' To me art is a professional kind of work. That's why I bombed them, all the beautiful people, at graduation. Just a smoke bomb, but big. Because I got fed up and militant."

To Quiroz, militancy is essential for art but not race. At Tucson High, he remembers being bullied for "not being Mexican enough" and being too active in student affairs. In the 1970s friends from the old neighborhood dropped him "not for being a hippie, but worse, a Mexican hippie." They had stayed in the military, he explained, and he just didn't fit in anymore.

But Quiroz has always wanted to avoid being ethnically branded. "People always say to me, why don't you apply for a minority grant but to me that's just the government subsidizing me to be pigeon-holed again." He says with most of his friends now, race just doesn't come up. "Like with my best friend, he's Danish, we don't discuss that I'm Mexican. We talk about the similarities between our mothers," said Quiroz. "I'm a human being first," he adds, "then an artist. Mexican American comes third." Studying art brought out a tongue-in-cheek attitude that had always been there, he said, and broadened the cultural gap.

Still, armed with his degrees and after a stretch on the Rhode Island Council On the Arts as a visual specialist, Quiroz returned to "homebase" where he couldn't even get a job at Carlos Murphy's. He remedied this situation by enrolling in the MFA program at the UA from which he graduated in 1984.

Now he lives near Reid Park with his Rhode Island wife and two sons and does traveling gigs as an Artist-In-Education for the Arizona Commission on the Arts. He plans simply "to continue."

"I came back here because...I'm stationed here now," Quiroz says. "I feel like I was born here for a reason." □

Tucson writer Charlotte Lowe is currently tackling fiction.

WHERE TO HOWL

Arizona Theatre Company

Through Nov. 23

John Guare's "The House of Blue Leaves"; it's the 60s and full of sad characters that don't seem depressing. Consider the zoo keeper who is creating The Great American Song, figures the Pope during a visit to New York will stop the Vietnam War, bless his sheet music and grease the wheels for an Academy Award. Your basic Americans lost in this country's last frisky decade and reaching for fame and notoriety. Winner of the Critics Circle Award and Obie Award for best play in 1971.

Nov. 29-Dec. 21

Edward Albee is at it again in "A Delicate Balance," a portrait of a marriage out of control, the dream of perfect family love shattered. This probing study of the idea of home as sanctuary and haven unfolds over the course of a weekend as the characters must face the awkward reality of broken love, walking the tightrope

between sanity and madness. A brilliant piece of writing touched with comedic wisdom, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Drama. Little Theatre-T.C.C. 622-2823.

UA Drama Department

Through Nov. 23

Two plays by heavy hitters: "Two Gentlemen of Verona" by Shakespeare and "The Three Sisters" by Chekhov performed on alternate evenings by the University Theatre Repertory Company. All seats are reserved; tickets are \$8; \$3 UA students. Showtime is at 8 p.m., matinees 2 p.m. Call 621-1162 for performance dates. University Theatre on Olive Rd. south of Speedway.

Computerizing The Cosmos

Through Nov. 26

"The Magic Egg," a computer generated show, makes you feel like you're hurling through space in an '80s dance through medicine, mechanics, architecture, and space science; backed by electronic synthesizers.

Previously, this show played the U.S. and Europe to sellout crowds.

"Capturing the Cosmos" a visual tour of the history of space artistry is the second part of this double feature. Flandrau Planetarium. 621-4556.

Patagonia Goes Dancing

Nov. 29

Move along to the rhythm and beat of African dance in this performance by the Kawambe Drum and Dance Ensemble. Sponsored by the Patagonia Concert Society. Patagonia Union High School. \$3.50 adm. 1 394-2958.

UA Artists Series

Dec. 1, 8 p.m.

Mel Torme in concert backed by the Gene Krupa Orchestra in Centennial Hall (formerly the Main Auditorium). Tickets are \$16, \$14, \$12. Call 621-3341.

UA Drama

Dec. 3 - 6, 8 p.m.

"New Faces of 1986": One act plays produced, directed and acted by unknown UA students. Call

621-1162 for ticket information. Park theatre, 1030 N. Park Ave.

performs holiday music for visitors. Call for time, 883-0100.



Nan Melville

Arizona Friends of Music

Dec. 4, 8 p.m.

The Colorado String Quartet will perform works by Beethoven and Schoenberg; this quartet began its professional career when they walked off with first place at the Naumberg and Banff competitions in 1983. Tickets: \$10 general; \$4 students—available at the door at 7 p.m. 298-5806

UA Committee on Dance

Dec. 4, 5, 6, 8 p.m.

Ballet and modern dance choreographed and performed by UA faculty and students in the "Top o The Season" concert. Tickets: \$4 general; \$2 UA students. Call 621-4698.

UA School of Music

Dec. 7, 3 & 8 p.m.

The Christmas Concert bash: choral singing and orchestra; hear some high-toned jingle bells stuff. Free.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra

Dec. 12, 13, 8 p.m.

As part of the Chamber Concert series—Haydn's "Messiah" performed. T.C.C. Music Hall. For ticket information call 882-8585.

Southern Arizona Symphony Orchestra

Dec. 14, 3 p.m.; Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Brahms' "Violin Concerto" and Franck's "Symphony in D Minor" performed by this all-volunteer orchestra at the First Congregational United Church of Christ, 824 N. Second Ave. 744-3447.

Old Tucson

Dec. 20 201 South Kinney Rd. The Tucson Boys Chorus

Ballet Arizona Dec. 18 - 21

Arizona's recently consolidated professional ballet company performs two Christmas traditions: "A Nutcracker," a dancing fantasy full of sugar plum fairies on Dec. 18 at 7:30 p.m., Dec. 20 at 7:30 p.m. and Dec. 21 at 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. at T.C.C. Music Hall. Watch Scrooge prance around in a tutu and learn the real meaning of Christmas in "A Christmas Carol." Dec. 19 at 7:30 p.m. and Dec. 20 at 2 p.m. at T.C.C. 882-5022

Holiday

Second Annual Winter Fair

Nov. 15-16, 10-5 p.m.

Patagonia's community happening with booths by local artists, Christmas music on string instruments, storytelling, puppetry, food. Straight bird talk about the Nature Conservancy sanctuary along Sonoita creek; wild words about beasts by the Arizona Game and Fish Department. 1-394-2732.

Kitchen Magicians

Nov. 18, 7 p.m. Fear of frying? Get rid of holiday kitchen stress and learn spur of the moment meals. Columbus Library. Call to register. 791-4081.

Trimming The Tree

Nov. 18, 7 p.m.-8:30 p.m. Improve upon what you've been doing for years in this demonstration—crafty ideas on tree trimming and holiday decorating. Nanini Library. 791-4626.

UA Crafts Fair

Nov. 19-21, 8-4 p.m.

The mall is going bonkers with kitsch, crafts and art. 621-3546.

Gift Suggestions For Kids

Nov. 20

A brainstorming session giving your kid the perfect Christmas gift. Ideas on safety; selections for each age group. Story time for 5 year-olds while you take notes. Wilmot Library. 791-4627.

Santa's Workshop In Willcox

Nov. 21-22

Homegrown Christmas bazaar with all items handmade by those folks in Willcox. Free. 1-384-2436.

Crafty Ladies

Christmas Fair

Nov. 21, 22, 23, 10-5 p.m.

Four model homes thematically decorated is the scene for this crafts fair; loaded with unique homespun goodies including handmade dolls, wreaths, and scads of tree ornaments. A cut above the rest. Located in the Estes Model Homes complex at Hidden Oaks on Valencia and Midvale Park Rd.

Eat, Drink—Spend

Nov. 21-23, 11-5 p.m.

Pre-Christmas fair that includes crafts from 45 artists—from funky to classic. Live music by six groups, food sold by local merchants; art workshops for children. 140 North Main Ave., The Plaza of the Pioneers. 624-2333.

Desert Christmas

Nov. 22-23, 9-4 p.m.

A ton (maybe two tons) of information on the desert's fruits and foods including craft demonstrators, puppetry, ceramics, weaving in this annual fiesta at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Free. 883-1380.

Thanksgiving Loneliness?

Nov. 27, 3 p.m.

Break with convention and eat with strangers—you might even fall in love at this Thanksgiving feast with all the trimmings. Held in a private home. Tucson Singles Council, Inc. \$4 members; \$5 guests. RSVP by Nov. 24. BYOB. 296-4363.



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Big Band - 3 pm to 5 pm, Sunday

Local Music - 7 pm to 10 pm, Monday

Acoustic Music - 6 am to 8 am Saturday

Bluegrass - 8 am to 10 am, Saturday

Metaphysical Circus (rock history & culture on vinyl) - 2 pm to 3 pm, Saturday

Rock Roots - 3 pm to 5 pm, Saturday

Steppin' Out (entertainment calendar with live guests) - 1 pm to 2 pm, Saturday

fm 91.7



community radio

WHERE TO HOWL

Deck The Malls

Nov. 28

Santa beams down from the North Pole to kick off the social activity of the season—prowling the malls for Christmas gifts. You can have your picture taken with St. Nick 'til Dec. 24. You better be good.

Bisbee Celebrates Noel

Nov. 28

Bisbee goes Christmas crazy when the locals start decorating the streets in this holiday party. 1-432-4396.

An International Market

Nov. 28-30

Begin salivating when Bisbee becomes an international food bazaar and handcrafted gift market. 1-432-2141.

Homespun Crafts Fair

Nov. 29-30, 10:30-4

p.m. Not a stop on the "crafts" circuit—homegrown artisans display their stocking stuffers and ornaments in this grassroots fair of handmade holiday art. One of the best of its kind; the good stuff goes early. Ft. Lowell Park. 791-5289.

Remember the Renaissance

Nov. 30-Dec. 1, 8

p.m. Eat, drink and be merry. Recreate the Christmas feasts that flipped out Michaelangelo and Leo Da Vinci in this Madrigal Dinner at the UA Student Union Ballroom. 621-3546.

If You're Not Chopping Your Own...

Dec. 1-24

Christmas isn't complete without the tree—the Tucson Boy's Chorus is selling these necessities at the southwest corner of El Con. 296-6277.

Bright Lights, Big Tree

Dec. 3, dusk

Let's get dark downtown as this '80s version of turning on the tree goes berserk with special effects using mirrors, wind chimes, and fiber optics to produce state-of-the-art reflections in gonzo color. Tubes in primary colors run from the base of the tree to converge, illuminating the top in white light. All this is supposed to make patterns of snowflakes on the

ground. Sound confusing? Well, it is. Be there—the hoopla starts at dusk, in the park across from the United Bank Tower. Sponsored by the Tucson Electric League. 882-4040.

Shoot That Tree

Dec. 3, dusk

For all you shutterbugs out there—the tree lighting ceremony (check above) is the subject for this contest. Best picture gets published in *Downtown Illustrated*. Prizes awarded. For details call 886-8843.

Artistic Seniors

Dec. 5, 8 a.m.-10

p.m. Armory Park Senior Citizens Center's Sun Fair by those who have lived to tell it like it is. Handmade and original arts and crafts by authentic grandparents. 791-4865.

Second Annual Invitational Art Exhibit

Dec. 5, 4-7; Dec. 6, 10-6; Dec. 7, 12-4

A wine and cheese reception, Dec. 5, 4-7 p.m. previews this fine arts and crafts exhibit. All work available for purchase—the best art sells quickly. Botanical Gardens. 326-9255.

Nightlights in Willcox

Dec. 5, 6

The Christmas stage is set with the spotlight on the annual tree lighting ceremony in Willcox's holiday bazaar—copious amounts of local artwork and continuous entertainment.

Holiday Crafts For Handicapped

Dec. 6, 2-5 p.m.

The Therapeutic Recreation Center demonstrates a gift-making class for handicapped people of all ages. 791-4504.

Nogales On Parade

Dec. 6, 10 a.m.

Float on down to Nogales when the city's streets fill in this Christmas parade representing Mexican and American cultures.

Vigil of the Virgin of Guadalupe

Dec 6, 8 a.m. - 9:30

p.m.; Dec. 7, 1 p.m. - 3 p.m. An all day event celebrating the Virgin of Guadalupe with workshops, lectures, entertainment, lunch and

dinner. "Valascion" and rosary from 7-9:30 p.m.

Flora And Flaunt It...

Dec. 6 and 8, 8 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Sticks, weeds, rocks, cacti—learn how to put bits of dried desert together to make an heirloom wreath in this workshop by the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Adm. fee. 883-1380.

Tumacacori's Annual Fiesta

Dec. 7

The Santa Cruz Valley's cultural groups come together in this festival of folk dancing, fiddling, authentic ethnic foods and craft demonstrations. Your chance to get out of town. 1-398-2341.

Christmas In Sierra Vista

Dec. 13, 11 a.m.

Sierra Vista throws a party with floats, local music, and fun in their 28th annual Christmas parade.

Handel In Nogales

Dec. 14, 7 p.m.

In its 15th anniversary spectacular, the Tucson Symphony Chamber Orchestra, the UA Chorus and professional soloists will present Handel's Messiah in the sanctuary of Sacred Heart Church. Sponsored by Santa Cruz County Young Audiences. 333 Arroyo Blvd., Nogales, Az.

Las Posadas

Dec. 16, 7 p.m.

Local school children reenact the pilgrimage of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. Sponsored by the Tucson Festival Society. Carrillo School, 440 S. Main Ave. 622-6911

Fiesta Navidad

Dec. 19, 6 p.m.-9 p.m.

Normally quiet Tubac begins glowing with luminarios at sundown in celebration of the holiday season. Merchants provide free refreshments, the community breaks out in song and dance. 398-2371.

Kids...

Christmas...Partying...

Dec. 20, 7 p.m.

Bring your kids and a small handmade gift to the Tucson Art Institute's

annual Christmas party for children. 748-1173.

Winterhaven Lights Up

Dec. 20-31

A long standing Christmas tradition, this neighborhood's decorative lights and ornaments are awesome if you can overcome the traffic jams—on par with Speedway at rush hour. Have patience, it's worth it.

Mission San Xavier Del Bac

Dec. 24, 7 p.m.; Dec. 25, 8 and 11 a.m., 12:30 p.m.

Christmas Eve mass and Christmas Day mass are celebrated.

Christmas Carols Throughout Dec.

Local school choruses,

bands and orchestras perform holiday music during normal shopping hours at El Con and Park Malls.

Galleries

Art Network

Through Nov. 22

Make mine the rocking chair with snakes in it. Roger Sweet's assemblage sculptures use bones, enamel, photos and other oddments in his representational pieces. Try Martin Amorous' surreal landscape painting when you've had your fill of the bones.

Dec. 1-Dec. 18

Shirley Cannon's mixed media exhibit includes installation pieces (fancy

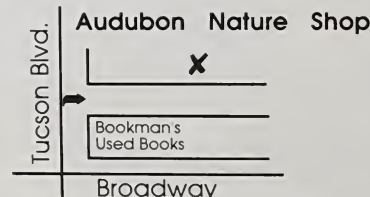


Audubon Nature Shop

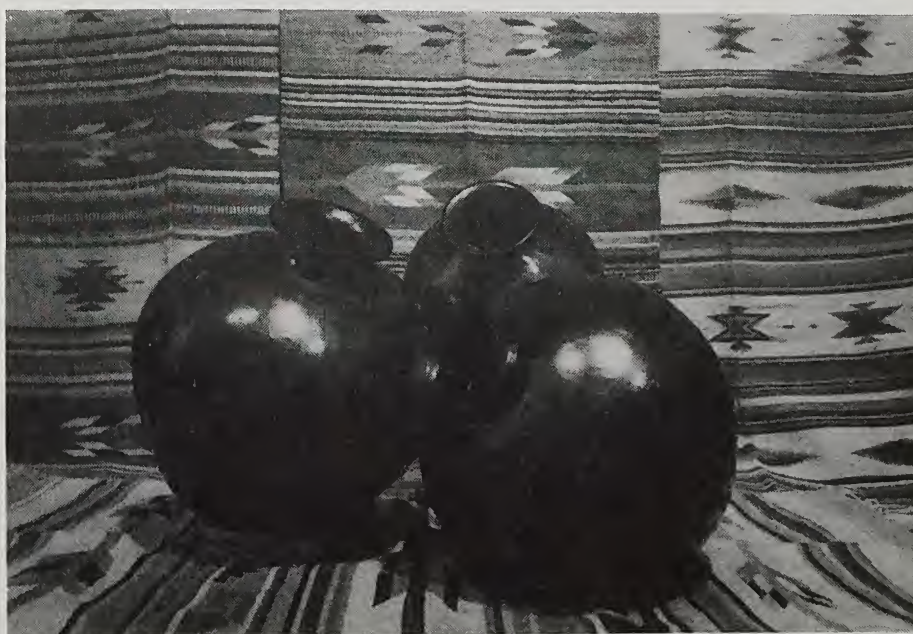
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WHERE TO HOWL

talk for something that stands alone), oil paintings on canvas and other surprises. Call for reception date.

Corner of Hotel Congress. Tues.-Fri. 11-5; Sat. 12-5. 624-7005.

Dinnerware Artists Cooperative Gallery Through Dec. 7

This group show is going to "Pieces"; Michael Lee's experimental sculpture; Cynthia Lewis' b&w images with text; Randy Harris shows a series of paintings of English multi-paneled landscapes—wallpaint like you buy at the hardware store on canvas; To-Ree-Nee's deco-influenced oil pastels on paper. Reception Nov. 15, 5-8 p.m.

Dec. 9 - Dec. 31

More from the co-op: Eric Rudan's exhibits wood sculpture; Kenneth Shorr, a post-modernist photographer (back to the future?) shows large b&w painted images; Robert Smith's large paintings. Reception on Dec. 13, 7-9 p.m.

274 E. Congress. Tues.-Sat. 12-4; Sun. 1-4. 792-4503.

El Presidio Gallery Through Nov. 20

Two man exhibit: Tom Talbot of Prescott, a Southwestern impressionist who works in acrylic and alkyds, and Peter Van Dusen from Paradise Valley, whose work in oils captures scenes from the American West. 182 N. Court Ave. Mon.-Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-4. 884-7379.

Etherton Gallery Through Nov. 29

New works by Tucson artist Margaret Bailey Doogan, including a striking 5-color lithograph and recent additions to the popular "Punch and Judy" series. Other pieces explore relationships, sexuality and love.

Dec. 3 - Jan. 10

Wanda Hammerbeck, nationally known photographer, exhibits large scale (20 x 30, 30 x 40) color photographs of the Southwestern landscape. Reception Sat.,

Dec. 6, 6:30-9:30 p.m.

424 East 6th St. Wed.-Sat. 12-5 p.m.; Thurs. 'til 7 p.m. 624-7370.

Pima Community College Through Nov. 20

"Search and Rescue" by Cynthia Miller turns the gallery into a giant cave painting (a.k.a. as an "environmental experience") using wire, paint, maps, wall hangings and colored lights.

Dec. 1 - Dec. 15

Tucson high schools give us "Artworks," an exhibit by those on the underside of 20. Reception Dec. 2, 3:30-5:30.

2202 W. Anklam Rd., Student Center. Mon.-Thurs. 9-5. Fri. 9-4. 884-6975.

Tucson Art Institute Through Dec. 1.

"Respect and Continuity"—seven panels of b&w photographs...but this show should be a surprise since it includes grave markers, wreaths, wrought iron crosses, fencing, and other decorations associated with "All Souls Day." For death rockers, if there are any left, a must see. This exhibit is a sample of Mexican folk art in Nogales, Sonora and Nogales, Az. Captions in English and Spanish.

Dec. 5 - Jan. 26

The annual members show exhibits new work by its own and promises to be one of the better art shows in town. Reception on Dec. 5, 5-7 p.m.

1157 S. Swan Rd. 748-1173.

Tucson Museum of Art Nov. 22 - Jan. 11

The George Sturman Collection: A major collection of paintings and drawings by some of art's most powerful, including Balthus, Bonnard, Dali, de Kooning, Hockney, and Miro. If the above is too heavy for you, an auxiliary exhibit "The Art of The Comic Strip," also from the Sturman Collection, examines original comics of this century.



Margaret Bailey Doogan

Nov. 22 - Mar. 15

Recent Paintings/Upper Gallery "Contemporary Southwest Images: The Stonewall Foundation Series" by Tucsonan Lynn Taber-Borcherdt; medieval technique of gold leafing with alkyd paints to create fairy tale theme paintings.

Dec. 1-31

"Nacimiento" a traditional Mexican nativity scene in La Casa Cordova.

140 North Main Ave. 624-2333.

UA Lightsong Gallery Nov. 19 - Dec. 11

Collective showing of palladium printed still life photographs by 4 N.Y. photographers. Some poor kid combed the streets of New York to bring this to Lightsong, the artistic oasis of grad. students. Located in the basement of the Fine Arts Bldg. 621-1752.

UA Museum of Art Through Nov. 23

Faculty Exhibition. There is no telling what the UA professors will show this year since they don't submit their work until the last minute, but rest assured this will be more of a competition than an exhibition. Chance to check up on teach.

"Thirty Years of Tucson Clay," a retrospective by faculty member Maurice Grossman features his work in raku.

Dec. 5 - Jan. 4

"Pastel Light" post-impressionist landscapes by Wolf Kahn in, yep, pastel. Kahn, born in Germany and currently living in New England, has kept the 19th century alive with his sense of color and light.

Dec. 5 - Jan. 4

"Wood & Stone, Substance & Spirit" by Rebecca Davis/Roger Asay of Prescott, an exhibit using natural materials, including aspen branches, wood, weeds and rocks. You have to see it to understand it.

Speedway at Olive. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m. 621-7567.

UA Union Gallery Through Nov. 23

Eighth Annual Alumni Exhibition. A grab bag featuring more than 100 different works by 100 different people. The perfect show to see artwork done by mechanics, closet artists, truck drivers, Irish setters, Sunday artists, experimentalists, et al. Main floor of Student Union.

Clubs

Brophy Bros., 75 N.

Wilmot. Decorum is that of an Eastern yacht club—a chance to wear those top-siders. The bar is a marvelous hunk of marble and the liquor selections are stacked to the ceiling. Do not expect too much action. It's a mellow, button-down crowd. Clam bar on Friday for happy hour.

River Belle, 4241 N.

Oracle. The fact that the building is a steamboat makes it easy to find. A neighborhood bar atmosphere, with steaks and pitchers of beer you can swim in. Wednesday through Saturday they roll out black jack and poker; customers try to convert free chips into free dinners. Join the hot-dogs sharpening skills for that next jaunt to Vegas.

In Cahoots, St. Philips Plaza, 4340 N. Campbell. This is where the people from the Foothills play, and they have a good time. There are some crowsfeet and gray temples showing, but you don't make it into this league overnight. A nice blend of clothes that fit right, perfectly applied makeup, and friendly rock 'n' roll. This is fun.

Somerset Club, 5150 E.

Speedway. A traditional, over-thirty dance spot. The dim lights and mirrored walls add to the disco setting. Live music nightly (Top 40). Not a place to talk and relax after 9 p.m. Wednesday is party night with drink specials for the ladies.

Sports Page, 4255 N.

Oracle. One expects Bob Uecker to walk in any minute. Great place for football Sundays, not a bad seat in the house if you want to watch the tube. There are pool tables for indoor athletes, and the beer is inexpensive. Happy hour, Mon.-Fri., 4-6.

Bum Steer, 1910 N.

Stone. White Wednesday is a must if you like inexpensive drinks and a lot of energy. The crowd ranges from students to hard-core drinkers, and the ambiance is the kitchen sink (and everything else) hanging from the rafters. The Steer also serves a top burger. Fun, until you confuse the restrooms. Don't come here if you have claustrophobia.

Boon Dock Lounge,

3306 N. First Avenue. A clean white T-shirt would be overdressed here. Cramped surroundings and very smoky; it's like going to a Dodger night game with twenty-five wranglers. Darts and pool tables everywhere they could squeeze them in. Best if you know someone.

The Comedy Zone at

the Cafe Napoli, 1060 N. Craycroft. If you're tired of laugh tracks, comic relief is alive and standing up. The circuit stops here every Friday and Saturday; two shows, at 8:30 and 10 p.m. Call for ticket information and names: 74-Jokes

J.J. Nickels, 2033 E.

Speedway. Despite location, not strictly a

university hang out. The crowd is a collection of regulars, the chatter is friendly and everyone seems to know the bartender. Mostly professionals who don't seem to want any surprises or diversions when they drink. Wide selection of munchies.

Home Den & Golden Nugget, 2607-17 N. First

Avenue. These two bars are next door. Nothing fancy here, pool tables and juke boxes are as exciting as it gets. On the other hand, these old drinking holes aren't crowded and people mind their own business. The bartenders wear T-shirts and jeans, and so can you.

Tucson Racquet Club,

4001 N. Country Club. You don't have to be a member to watch the sun set from an elevated porch. They also have a large TV screen for those big sporting events and movies (fresh popcorn is a nice touch). A lot of people in tennis whites. If you're out of shape, wear baggies here.

Kon Tiki, 4625 E.

Broadway. One of the best happy hours in Tucson. A wide variety of munchies, and drinks the size of ponds (The Scorpion). The setting is that of a South Pacific island (blow fish hang from the ceiling). The dress is everything from college trendy to business conservative. Bring your friends to keep you company.

Central Park West,

Park Mall. High-energy is the standard. The DJ plays contemporary dance music, Thursday is highlighted by a "Hot Bod" contest (not for shy folk). Do not mistake this place for a mellow tavern after 9 p.m. It rocks.

Gentle Ben's, 841 N.

Tyndall. With new Cinzano umbrellas on the patio, a giant-screen TV (Monday night football and Tuesday night movies) and a section for minors, the renovations on this former fraternity house are almost complete. A happy-hour hot-spot for university students and their profs, Ben's also has live folk and blues music, and lots of local rock'n'roll Thursdays through Sundays.

Ninos, 25th Avenue, C. skinheads, lovers, ne. rockers, c. death peo. (though us. together), what grou. bar is ding. black, the floor are s. of the few. a chance. visiting liv.

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WHERE TO HOWL

Ninos, 2507 N. First Avenue. Crowds of skinheads, rockabilly lovers, new wavers, trendy rockers, cowboy punks and death people gather here (though usually not together), depending on what group is playing. The bar is dingy, the walls are black, the tables and dance floor are small. But it's one of the few places that takes a chance with local and visiting live music.

Bob Dob's, 2501 E. Sixth Street. The place where Rugby players butt heads off the field, along with med students, professionals and armchair athletes. You can add to the graffiti on the walls, or catch a hefty burger and the ballgame. Don't bother to change clothes before you come here; everything from softball uniforms to paisley ties is okay. Decor? Early chaos.

Manhattan Club, 46 N. Sixth Avenue. Don't drop by here on your way home from the symphony; the cops don't stop in four times a night because it's cold outside. In fact, don't drop by here at all unless you're into Damon Runyan and chicken scratch music (on the weekends). Music you won't hear in many other places, and people you probably won't run into at the Racquet Club. All of which is considered a blessing by patrons.

Cushing Street Bar and Restaurant, 343 S. Meyer. Lunches and happy hours belong mostly to the downtown professional crowd, but the night time acoustic and folk musicians draw a diverse group to the patio. Or, if you prefer, sit inside quietly and enjoy Heineken on draft. The high ceilings, hardwood and Mexican brick create a Tucson atmosphere on the edge of the barrio. After an event at T.C.C. it livens up. Watch out for packs of lawyers.

Club Congress, 311 E. Congress. An oasis of bizarro in a town pretty barren in the offbeat nightlife department. Located in the old (but reviving) Congress Hotel; you swerve past the pensioners watching the lobby TV to enter a world of performance art, live bands

and crazy theme nights. Closest thing to Greenwich Village this side of the Rillito, although sometimes there are more people looking for bohemians than there are bohemians. You can see a straight guy wearing a dress here. Only open Thursday through Saturday.

Wildcat House, 1801 N. Stone. A huge disco-barn with hungry-eyed students stalking the perimeter of a large dance floor. Decent burgers, but if you're over thirty, they'll probably assume you're there to collect your children after teen night.

Putney's, 6090 N. Oracle Rd. The building used to be a pancake house, and the atmosphere still lingers despite the importation of a gaudy bar and pool tables. Not a bad place, though, and you can arrive in sweats and jogging shoes without raising a suburban eyebrow.

The Shanty, 401 E. Ninth Street. A pool hall for intellectuals. Straight cues, jazz blasting from the juke, and 150 brands of imported beer. Gets pretty hectic on Friday nights, but the professors, lawyers, and assorted writers and photographers can take refuge on a leafy patio. There's an element of rough trade outside, but it's safe inside. A good place for a woman alone—the owners throw out anyone who bothers a customer. Quiet in the afternoons. Warning: plagued by newspaper reporters.

Sawmill Cafe, 874 E. University. There's not much going on here at night except a chance to hear home-grown music. But the low-ceiling patio with unkempt vines is a mellow place for those lazy afternoons when the Chamber of Commerce claims you should be toiling on the GNP.

Dirtbag's, 1800 E. Speedway. If you don't own a pair of high-top Reeboks or Guess jeans, you'll be out of costume here. But the UA Greeks and other future MBAs gladly wait in line for 20 minutes most nights. The Rocky Horror Picture Show for the current crop of young Republicans.

Bennigans, Tucson Mall. A step below yuppie, but the crowd doesn't know it. Provide your own entertainment if you want to do more than people watch. Best if you go with a group. Drinks seem a bit pricey, but nobody minds.

Black Angus, 5075 N. Oracle. A disco bar for the suburban trade. Top contemporary dance tunes are spun by the DJ but the dance floor is not overflowing. Everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

Solarium, 6444 E. Tanque Verde. A large, tri-level restaurant and lounge with lots of wood and open space, this place has the feel of a ferny ski lodge. It's basically for the wine and acoustic guitar crowd. When you're sick of shouting at your partner over high-decibel rock, this is a comfy place for more intimate talk. Outside terrace not a bad site to make your move.

San Francisco Bar and Grill, 6548 E. Tanque Verde. This spot doesn't make complete sense. It's too small for dancing, too loud for talking, but the ambiance creates an easy atmosphere to make new friends. Seven TV screens give you something to do while you're busy not talking and not dancing. Where East Side yuppie singles do their mating dances.

El Torito, 1160 N. Wilmot Rd. Imagine Mexico run through a California Cuisinart. Things like strawberry-banana margaritas sort of set the tone, but this place hops like a jumping bean several nights a week. Beyond the dance floor and get-acquainted area, there is a back room with tables where you don't have to compete with the Top 40.

Lunt Avenue Marble Club, 60 N. Alvernon Way. By day, cute menus. By night, a tastefully decorated dance club for the upwardly mobile and those who have arrived and just ordinary people with a thirst. Live DJ, imported beers, mixed drinks with funny names. Not to be overlooked—it's oddly a nice place for a quiet late drink during the week.

The Cactus Club



Tim Fuller

From now on, when I get a tinge of the uglies I am driving myself to the Cactus Club, the glitzed-out watering hole for Tucson's clubclimbers, and heading straight for the Ladies Room. It's small with your typical number of stalls, plus a comfy chair to rest feet from those stiletto heels that have stomped plush carpets, mashed patron's toes and attacked a disco floor made of material that never dents.

The first time I was there, I thought I had discovered the Land of Oz. Ten women, neck-deep in current fashion trends, were falling in love with themselves before this ten foot long mirror. But within a nano-second, you realize this is not your run-of-the-mill reflecting piece. This is what Ponce de Leon had in mind. Right before my eyes thirty plus years were shrinking. Crows feet, laugh lines, the little cracks of encroaching "experience and maturity" were fading, sending me back to teen heaven—without the acne. I glowed. I was gorgeous. I stared and was met back by a kinder glance. Other women stared, entranced by their own images. What some industrial magician had done to this mirror, I wouldn't hazard a guess. But for two bucks, if you're feeling ugly, take yourself to the Cactus Club's Ladies Room where brilliant accidents do happen. □

—Laura Greenberg

A Night at the Buffet

Over the years I had grown accustomed to running into Angelo periodically. We usually wound up walking to a tavern where we would swap stories over beers. At times I worried about Angelo's well-being, so I felt good watching him approach me now across the street. I hadn't run into Angelo for almost six months.

Last I heard there had been an episode at a local health club. While adjusting badminton nets in the gym, Angelo had become profoundly convinced that people simply suck. Inside the steamroom later, things had turned ugly as Angelo's general conviction escalated into character assassination. A few unfortunate members, including a judge, had their sensibilities shaken. Angelo's physician decided that his medicine must be increased, but steambaths were out! Now, as we stood shaking hands two months after the incident, he seemed mellow.

It is approaching six, and Angelo and I walk fast. We don't want to miss "happy minute" at the Buffet. At 6 p.m. they give out chips redeemable for whatever you are drinking. By 5:45 the streets and alleys along Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street are thinning out as the tavern fills up. Street people, professionals, students, junkies, working people, thieves, dealers, cops, neighbors and a whole array of other characters inhabit the bar at 538 E. Ninth St. Even people excommunicated from the premises mill around outside, out of habit. Angelo and I get in under the wire as "happy minute" comes and goes. Each of us is given a chip that reads "bottled beer."

To call the Buffet a neighborhood bar is fair, yet misleading. The Buffet of old is not the Buffet of today. There is a neighborhood, complete with grocery store, laundry and other bars. The people work, drink, get high and know one another. The Buffet clientele includes many of these people, but the draw has expanded. With the close of the infamous Backstage and Night Train on nearby Fourth Avenue, the Buffet also inherited the social misfit crowd. These are the bikers without bikes, pimps with no stables, dealers with no drugs, etc. They, too, become regulars, at least until they are excommunicated. Tonight, as usual, they sit around the pool table arguing whose quarter is next. Scratch the surface and you may find a loose joint among them.

The interior of the Buffet is strictly a no-frills affair. Dim lights reveal a horseshoe-shaped bar and stools. On the east side are a pool table and juke box; the west side offers the horse collar table, a puck game without the contact of shuffleboard. A few other tables are scattered around the perimeter. On a typical night among the regulars, the bar is populated by ten men to every woman. There might be thirty customers. The women may be nurses, teachers, students or housewives who find the bar a congenial, discreet place to drink. At first glance they may seem better served by the Shanty a block away, but



Laura Greenberg

their presence is no fluke. The Buffet is not the Shanty-blend of professors, writers and imported beer and most patrons agree that is good. Nor is the Buffet to be mistaken for Cheers. There seems to be a consensus among women and some men that anyone you meet here cannot be taken seriously. Over and over you hear, "I could never take seriously someone from here." These patrons of the new Buffet view themselves as detached. They wonder sometimes why they come. Maybe they are slumming? It gets a little hypocritical as they show up like clockwork over time, especially in light of best-forgotten nights, but in a sense they have a point. They are not the core regulars.

They are not in that shadow world where the stools are personal possessions and checks are deposited directly to the bar. Those people sit by the horse collar table sipping whiskey and swapping lengthy war stories. Vietnam, Korea, Japan, Germany and Africa are just a few backdrops for their campaigns. One man has fought in four wars, including a losing effort for France in Algeria. Rumored to be a retired mercenary pushing seventy, last year he fought again—this time successfully as four high school thugs attempted a rip-off in the Fourth Avenue tunnel. The man stands six-foot-four, weighs 200-plus, and walks straight with a hint of a swagger. He certainly appears to have one more good battle left in him. The soul of the old Buffet belongs to him and his cohorts. The new Buffet is something else altogether.

It's 8:30 and Angelo is complaining about the lighting and boredom. He gets up to split. Just then, the doors slam open to the noise of about thirty students (nineteen are women) and Angelo

sits back down on his stool. In less than an hour the invasion numbers fifty students (thirty-five females) and they are all wearing costumes: lots of sunglasses, capes, shoe polish and hats, a few paper clips in ears or noses. One woman is decked in a black bikini and a robe, half a tattoo revealed on her upper left thigh. Angelo is glued to his stool.

By 10:30 the Buffet is reduced to chaos. The bathrooms are clogged with Zorros, Commandos, John Travoltas and Republicans. There are at least 100 students, maybe thirty-five are men. Glasses breaking and screams for Jumbos and hot dogs compete with chants, songs, and the juke box. I think the men are singing about beer, then it changes to a chant for a frat or a sorority. Angelo and I are starting to enjoy ourselves. I mingle. One young woman tells me she's from Alpha Epsilon Phi and is here for the first time. Later she is to go to a catered costume party at the Plaza, but for now she's having a good time. In fact, no one is leaving. The room just keeps getting more crowded. Another young lady tells me the Buffet is used for sorority pledges—they get around the ban on patently dangerous initiation rites by requiring pledges now to spend a night in the Buffet. Most of the students here tonight have instructions from various Alpha and Sigma organizations to join the crowd. She volunteers that there is pot on campus and a little coke. More glasses break. More songs. She goes on to assure me that sex is alive on campus. Angelo asks her to prove it.

More drinks spill. Shots and beer are really flowing. The bartenders are gleefully ringing up sales and carding everyone. Angelo and I are joined at our box-seat table by three very drunk students.

Melanie, sitting on the outside stool, is upset with Chris. Chris is being accused of undue attention and physical contact with Amy. Amy has Chris against the wall. Melanie is speaking extremely loudly. "Chris and Amy can go to hell" rings above other student toasts. Glasses continue to smash.

After midnight, Melanie's mood ripens into drunken rage. Chris doesn't say one word, which fuels her fire. Amy wants out of the deal. Suddenly Melanie surprises everyone. Mini skirt and all, she jumps onto Angelo's lap and starts hugging him. "He likes me," she tells the still silent Chris. Angelo, seizing the moment, is getting very physical. She responds by whispering, "He really, really likes me!" And she is 100% right. He's already maneuvering her down the aisle. In a flash, they are out the door. No goodbyes, no nothing. Both Angelo and Melanie simply vanish. Amy, on the verge of nervous collapse, has finally reached a door. Chris is sick in the bathroom. I hear the owner and barmaids screaming "last call." It has been a long, busy night. Definitely feels like time to leave. I have a good buzz and I can use the walk. □ —A patron

WHERE TO HOWL

Food

Kippy's Hamburgers and Things 831-C N. Park

Though they have ceased to grind their own meat, they still are serving one of the meanest burgers in town. Can you eat one of these before everything falls out? A variety of toppings and homemade salads (tabouli, antipasto, primavera) and desserts. Warning: The French fries pale next to the burgers. Busy lunch trade, mostly students. Average meal \$4. Beer/Wine. 11-7. 622-9357.

Sanchez Burrito Company 2530 N. First Avenue

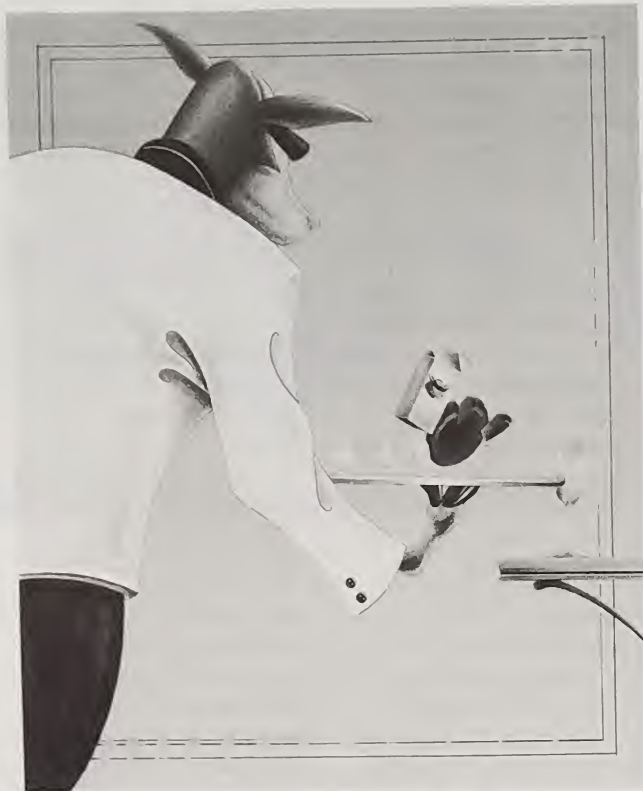
Family-owned Mexican restaurant featuring Sonoran-style food. This place has been collecting kudos since opening three years ago in a former burger drive-in, and now has a branch in a one-time neighborhood grocery at Wetmore and Flowing Wells (887-0955). The burritos are stuffed; the prices cheap. Vegetarian version might convert a wolf. A variety of soft and hard tacos and standard Mexican dinners also on tap to eat in or out. Average burrito is \$2.50, average dinner \$4. Beer/Wine. Open 7 days, lunch and dinner. 622-2092.

Cafe Jerusalem

1738 E. Speedway
Newly opened Middle Eastern restaurant run by Mr. Saad, owner, cook, and waiter. Excellent falafel, rolled in pita bread and easy to manage without disgracing yourself, and a variety of vegetarian, lamb and chicken dishes. Great place to meet foreign exchange students. There's a box of Kleenex on every table. You figure it out. Small market section with specialty foods. The most expensive meal is \$4.75. Lunch and dinner. 323-2010.

Hungry Fox

4637 East Broadway
This place has the dignity of an authentic diner, minus railway car and night hours. But it does have daily rotating specials (meat



Gil Juarez

loaf, pot roast, chicken a la king served with vegetable, potatoes and soup or salad). Comfortable orange and yellow booths, and a 1950s decor; waitresses from the same era. Top quality burgers, ground chuck. The place for anyone who still hungers for meat and potatoes. Breakfasts from \$2, lunches from \$3. Non-smoking section. Open 6 a.m., 6:30 weekends. Breakfast and lunch. 326-2835.

Frank's 3843 E. Pima

Tucson's neighborhood bar of the breakfast set. Regulars have T-shirts that advertise where they eat, which is a rock concert of fast-moving waitresses, crashing pans and frying food. Benefits include large breakfasts, thick gravy and home-made biscuits, good cinnamon rolls. Daily specials, burgers and sandwiches for lunch. Busy during the week, jammed on weekends, but the turnover is fast. Average meal \$4. Breakfast and lunch. 881-2710.

Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea

1730 E. Speedway
Great place to study liberals. Small coffee house with a Mother Earth attitude serving healthy food (spinach pie, cheese puffs, stuffed croissants, soups and salads). Good stuff, reasonably priced, with outstanding desserts. But the quarters are cramped,

often smoky, and there's almost always a wait to sit down. Live music, mostly folk; poetry reading if you hit the wrong night. Average meal \$3.50. 7 a.m.-1 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends. 795-0338.

Blue Moon Cafe 1021 N. Wilmot

An innovative husband-and-wife venture trending toward trendy, with first-class twists (one of their Blue Plate Specials is "wheat loaf," but real chickens gave their livers to the pistachio paté). The food is not only grand, but interesting. A crisp salad and soup bar with homemade breads offers baby corn ears, cold curried vegetables, potato salad, as well as the standards. The menu dances from brie to pasta to Oriental to Mexican to tuna salad. Usually ordering cheese ravioli in a place that doesn't sound Italian is risky; here it is a blessing. Average meal \$5. Smoking discouraged. Lunch daily, dinner Wed.-Sat. Closed Sundays. 790-0069.

Blue Sahuaro Steakhouse 3412 N. Dodge

Before sprouts, there was the Blue Saguaro, where a rare steak is still walking and they won't take responsibility for anything ordered well-done. Even the frog legs might come with a mess of ranch beans. The food is honest, the beef is U.S.D.A. choice, the atmosphere

hometown, and the waitress won't ask you your sign. But she might call you honey and tell you about her grandkids. Average dinner about \$8, children's menu. Full bar. Non smoking section. MC, Visa. Dinner only. Closed Mon. 326-8874.

Cafe Terra Cotta 4310 N. Campbell

From the folks at Gourmet To Go, this is Southwestern *nouvelle cuisine*, upscale dishes with desert flavors and secrets only known by Chef Donna Nordin. Pizzas from a wood-burning oven, meat loaf in chile sauce, chicken breast with roasted garlic and goat cheese sauce, marlin, even the steak sandwich has its own pesto. All excellent. The desserts will put you into insulin shock. A beautiful place to power-lunch, carefully designed in muted earth colors. Fashionable clientele, but they won't kick you out if you wear jeans. Treat yourself. Average meal \$9. Full Bar. Non-smoking section. MC, Visa, AE. 11am-11 pm. Closed Sunday. 577-8100.

The Three Sisters 2226 N. Stone

One of the good things to come out of the Vietnam era is Vietnamese cookery. This place is dim and plain, but the food isn't. The menu is an extensive array of beef, pork, seafood, poultry and rice. The aromatic beef dish is a post-graduate version of the familiar Chinese Moo Sou (you know, with those weird little pancakes). Especially fine are the noodle soups—light chicken and/or fish broth with soft noodles, vegetables and meat. Or try catfish sour soup if you're into new experiences. You can fill up on a rice dish for less than three bucks, entrees average \$5-\$8. Beer and Wine. MC, Visa. Non-smoking section. Lunch and dinner daily. 628-1094.

Salvatore's 3627 N. Campbell

Mom and Pop moved from Detroit and ended up cooking great Italian food in our backyard. There's something exquisite about a leisurely multi-course meal in a storefront

shopping center. Northern specialties glide from homemade pastas to barbecued steaks and chops. The Wedding soup (chicken-base with small meatballs) could ring church bells, the salads are fresh and laced with light, cheesy dressing, the garlic is serious. Average lunch, \$4, average dinner, \$9. Beer, wine. AE. Lunch and dinner. Closed Mon. 327-0777.

Stuart Anderson's Black Angus 5075 N. Oracle

As the billboard states, there is nothing terribly complicated about this food. All-American offerings include a blitz of grilled appetizers, sandwiches and platters of steak, chicken and seafood, the latter two stressed as red meat continues to take its lumps. Too bad, they used to have some of the best cheap steaks in town; the thought of cowboys grilling their prawns over the campfire doesn't work. But the Oracle Road branch still has wonderful, intimate,

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

the good earth
restaurant & bakery

- Unique Beef, Chicken and Seafood Entrees
- Fresh Fish Specials
- Fresh Baked Bread, Rolls and Pastries
- Fine Beer and Wine
- Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner Daily
- Catering Available

El Mercado
Broadway and Wilmot
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Salvatore's
FINE ITALIAN RESTAURANT
Lunch 11:30-3:00, Mon.-Fri.
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Beer and wine available
complete dinners from \$5.95

9 great food reviews
"I felt like I was in their home and not a restaurant."
-Charles Bowden, Tucson Citizen

Prince & Campbell
(Safeway Shopping Center) Reservations Suggested **327-0777**

WHERE TO HOWL

carpeted booths ideal for private conversations and impure thoughts. Average lunch \$6. Full bar. Visa, MC, AE. Non-smoking section. Lunch and dinner. 293-7131. Also at 5353 E. Broadway, 745-0550.

Lerua's
2005 E. Broadway,
 For decades, a popular neighborhood spot; trustworthy Mexican food, friendly service by waitresses who are the living history of this town. 10 combination plates, 5 varieties of topopo salads and green corn tamales year 'round. Catering and take-outs; the dining atmosphere is a pleasant blend of caned chairs, hanging plants and tiled floor. Food served on disposable plates—well, that's a change of pace. A family business with a sixty year track record. Average meal \$4. Beer/wine. Open to 7 p.m. 624-0322.

Fredachini's
1927 E. Speedway
 A newly opened university-area Italian restaurant with

a grainy wood loft overlooking a tiled courtyard that creates a mighty pretty place to eat. A bit pricey, at least for lunch (two pasta dishes ran \$16), but the linen and crystal and classy waiters help make up for rather ordinary food and small menu. More importantly, it probably keeps away most students. Average meal \$8. Beer/Wine. MC, Visa. Non-smoking section. 327-3744.

C.B. Rye
6274 E. Grant
 Closest you'll get to authentic deli food here in the Baked Apple. The guttural sounds of Back East are everywhere. Old-style cooking in an upscale pink setting. Menu is enormous, from thick sandwiches (corned beef, pastrami, brisket) to full dinners, with the best smoked whitefish in town and ethnic treats you won't find elsewhere (kasha varnishka, kishka). Meats, fish, salads sold by the pound. You won't get out of here real cheap, but it's a

worthwhile excursion for your stomach. Jammed during mealtimes. Brass plates embedded like tombstones in the tables mean some dedicated customers have bought them—the Brooklyn Bridge is still available. Average lunch \$7, average dinner \$10. Beer/Wine. MC, Visa, AE. Non-smoking section. Open late (3 a.m.) on Fri. and Sat., early (6:30 a.m.) on Sat. and Sun. 722-1113.

Luby's
Tucson Mall
 If you think of cafeterias as places only to reacquaint yourself with Jello salads, soggy haddock and mac & cheese, this fresh North Side competitor for the senior citizens' buck has a few new wrinkles. At Luby's you may be confronted by seafood shish kebabs and stuffed jalapenos, although Furr's and Picadilly across the street are fighting back with parmesan and teriyaki and "light" dishes. Otherwise, Luby's is basic chain-cafeteria, featuring friendly, familiar items enumerated in plastic

letters on bulletin boards, sturdy, affordable food with special plates for fixed incomes. The nice thing about cafeterias is that you can eat anything you darn please—if you want only green beans and apple pie, nobody flinches—and Luby's has increased the choices. Average meal \$4-\$7. Lunch and dinner. Non-smoking section. 293-0202. No credit cards; personal check with bank guarantee card.

Oasis Cafe
1906 E. Prince
 This little spot is the breakfast-and-lunch branch of the Oasis Restaurant next door, which serves Middle Eastern fare afternoons and evenings. The cafe's morning menu is all-American cholesterol and carbs. The best bargain is the morning special: Two eggs, potatoes and toast for 99 cents. The eggs are done right; the potatoes are freshly cooked, skins-on homefries, crisp and virtually greaseless. Or there are blueberry pancakes, stuffed with fruit. A short stack is generous enough for anyone who does lighter work than a lumberjack. The place is quiet, a plus if you want a concentrated dose of newsprint with your morning coffee. Average meal \$1-\$3. Mon.-Sat. 8-2. 325-1677

St. Mary's Hot Tamale Factory
1014 W. St. Mary's Rd. (approximately)
 Slow down, you're already past it—yes that joint with the faded sign. There's no number on the building, but you'll find it. A tiny room for take-out orders attached to the kitchen of the house. The prices are dirt-cheap and the burros possibly the best in town. On weekends bring your bucket for menudo. Paper thin tortillas and excellent tamales. This place is a monument to the reason why Tucson is not Phoenix. Be there. 10-6 daily. Closed Sun.

Cow Palace, Tubac
(Arivaca Junction)
398-2201
 Where Green Valley people chow down. Bar decked out with autographed photos of movie stars. Steaks, chicken and a big hamburger. On Friday and Saturday nights sing along

with Vi, a chanteuse of much experience who belts out the hits of the last eight decades. The house prides itself on a monster margarita. Forty years of booze, beef and good vibes. 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (bar open til 1 a.m.), daily. Visa, MC.

Tokyo Restaurant & Sushi Bar
5802 East 22nd Street

Tempura, sushi and all the yuppie delights in a former fish and chips joint run by Eugene Sanchez, a man born in Ciudad Juarez. Food matches pricier fare on the West Coast. The usual chain gang of Japanese sushi chefs imported from Los Angeles and fresh fish flown in several times a week. Gene, a man for all seasons, is married to a Japanese woman he met during his 23 years in U.S. Air Force. The crowd is an original mixture of military from the base, UA raw fish freaks and gourmets from the Foothills. Two tatami mat rooms for the dedicated. Full bar. Lunch and dinner, closed Mondays. Visa, MC, Diners Club. 745-3692

Cazadores Mexican Broiler
248 E. 22nd Street
 Broiled thin steaks plus a full Mexican menu. A tiled, no-nonsense room with bargain prices—\$5 covers almost everything on the menu. The lunch spot for downtown Mexican power brokers. The soups are especially recommended, with *posole* a menu regular. Perhaps the only Mexican restaurant in town with a salsa based on Philadelphia cream cheese. A take-out deli next to the dining room and in back the La Suprema tortilla factory. A great Sunday lunch spot for a bowl of menudo to banish the dregs of Saturday night. Beer and wine. Visa, AE, MC. 11 a.m. daily. 622-9741

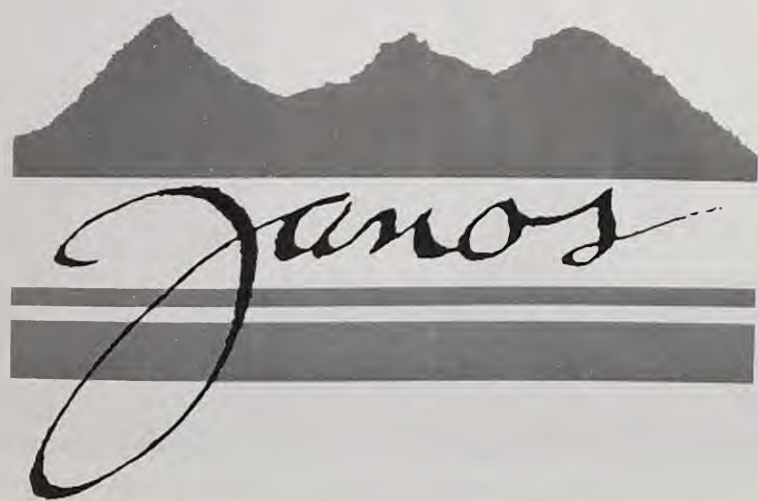
Thai Thani Ltd. Restaurant and Lounge
3427 E. Speedway
 Family-run place with the room dark and quiet. Thai food varies from the normal to the volcanic—the waitress will ask your favored level of burn. Meals

are reasonable with \$7 pretty much topping out the entrees. Think of it as Chinese food, except that everything has a funny name and the pepper would shame a Mexican. A great place to hide out in the afternoon. Luncheon special, \$3.95. Full bar. Visa, MC, American Express. 11:30 a.m. daily 795-1421

El Rapido
77 West Washington
 Tucked away downtown a block from the Tucson Museum of Art, this little take-out place has been cranking out first-rate tortillas since 1933. Family-owned and operated by true fanatics—they've been buying their chilis from the same Santa Cruz valley farmer for decades. The beef tamale is a contender for the Nobel Prize in literature. Strictly take-out. 624-4725

El Pollo
2707 E. Broadway
 For our money, the best broiled chicken in town made with some weird kind of Mexican marinade. Some seating but primarily take-out. Also consider the ranchero beans—just the right touch from the blowtorch. The tortillas are average, the salsa mild forest fire, but one dessert, *capirotada*, is world class. This place could bust the colonel down to buck private. Lunch and dinner. 795-7556. Also, 3200 N. First Avenue 888-0124

Larry Colligan's Hidden Valley Inn
4825 N. Sabino Canyon Rd. 299-4941
 Great meat in a funky up version of the old West; kill time looking at the exhibit of miniature carved figures of Indian tribes, a circus, you-name-it—the owner is slightly crazed on the subject. Also, some world class velvet paintings and endless tables; some nights listen to Tommy, a great c & w singer. The food is good but not cheap (16 ounce T-bone \$12.95), and the steaks and prime rib state-of-the-art. A favored feeding station of local IBMers. Part carnival, part museum, and all red meat (well, for the timid they do have fish, King crab and chicken). Service is quick and pleasant. Full bar. MC, Visa. 11:30 a.m., daily. Nightly entertainment.



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Desert Notes

Our Town

We drove on to Tucson. Tucson is situated in beautiful mesquite riverbed country, overlooked by the snowy Catalina range. The city was one big construction job; the people transient, wild, ambitious, gay; wash-lines, trailers; bustling downtown with banners; altogether very California. Fort Lowell Road...wound along lovely riverbed trees in the flat desert....

—Jack Kerouac, *On The Road*, 1957

Saving a Few Bucks at the Y

Su-Lan Sobik is thirty-five, mother of two, wife of an Air Force master sergeant and just trying to make a few dollars until she can get on at the post office. She hands out keys and towels to the locker rooms at the Lohse YMCA at 516 N. Fifth Avenue about four hours a day and gets paid \$3.35 an hour. After her shift she swims laps in the pool.

It's not bad work. You've got to send people who pay three bucks a day to the cheap locker room and folks who pay seven bucks a day to the deluxe locker room. Towels cost fifty cents.

Only there's this one guy, she says, who keeps coming in and plunking down three bucks and then going into the seven dollar facility.

Su-Lan remembers an encounter this summer that really ruined her day. This guy went into the good locker room and when she called him on it, he said, "Well, I've been coming here for the last two years and nobody ever said anything."

"Okay," Su-Lan continues as she recalls the incident, "so I just was

quiet, you know. I came out here and asked the front desk and made sure I was right. And so the next time he came in, I said the same thing. I said, 'Sir, you know you're supposed to go down there' (to the cheap \$3 locker room) and he just ignored me."

So Su-Lan called on a member of the Y, Louis MacDonald, sixty-two, and for fifty years a Tucson resident, to go into the fancy locker room and tell the guy he would have to pay more or leave.

MacDonald did just that. "I went in," he remembers, "and said, 'Hey, they want to see you at the front desk when you finish.' And he said, 'What about?' And I said, 'Well, you only paid three dollars and you're supposed to pay seven dollars to come in here.' And he said, 'I've been doing this that long.' And I said, 'Hey buddy, I don't care one way or the other.' And a couple of words went around and I said, 'I'm just a member here, you shouldn't be so cheap.' And he went out and he said, 'I'll never come back again.' And I said, 'I don't care one way or the other.'"

A few minutes later MacDonald ran into the visitor out at the front desk and he heard Bob Biunsen, twenty-three, a Y employee manning

with its two local newspapers.

Leone sees a trend here. "Next," he figures, "they'll cut the phone lines."

How the West was Won

"I don't give a damn whether a project is feasible or not, I'm getting money out of Congress and you'd damn well better spend it. And you'd better be here tomorrow morning ready to spend it, or you may find someone else at your desk."

—Michael W. Straus, Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation during the Truman Administration, talking to his employees.

the counter, say something. So Louis asked him, "What's the matter?"

Bob said, "This guy's the vice mayor."

And then MacDonald heard the visitor, Rodolfo "Rudy" Bejarano, councilman from ward one, say, "Boy, wait until the Y wants something and I'm going to vote against it." MacDonald thought about that and replied, "Oh, you so and so, get the hell out of here."

(Biunsen remembers the conversation differently. He says Bejarano only swore he would personally donate no more money to the Y.)

According to Y employees, life is not as simple as Rudy claimed when he swore he would never return. Since the incident last summer, he allegedly has snuck in several times, according to several people who work at Y—the latest being September 30 when, according to Biunsen, Bejarano told his aide John Yoakum to pay only a three dollar fee for him and then trotted into the seven dollar locker room. When Y

employees called him on it that time, Yoakum wrote a check to cover the difference.

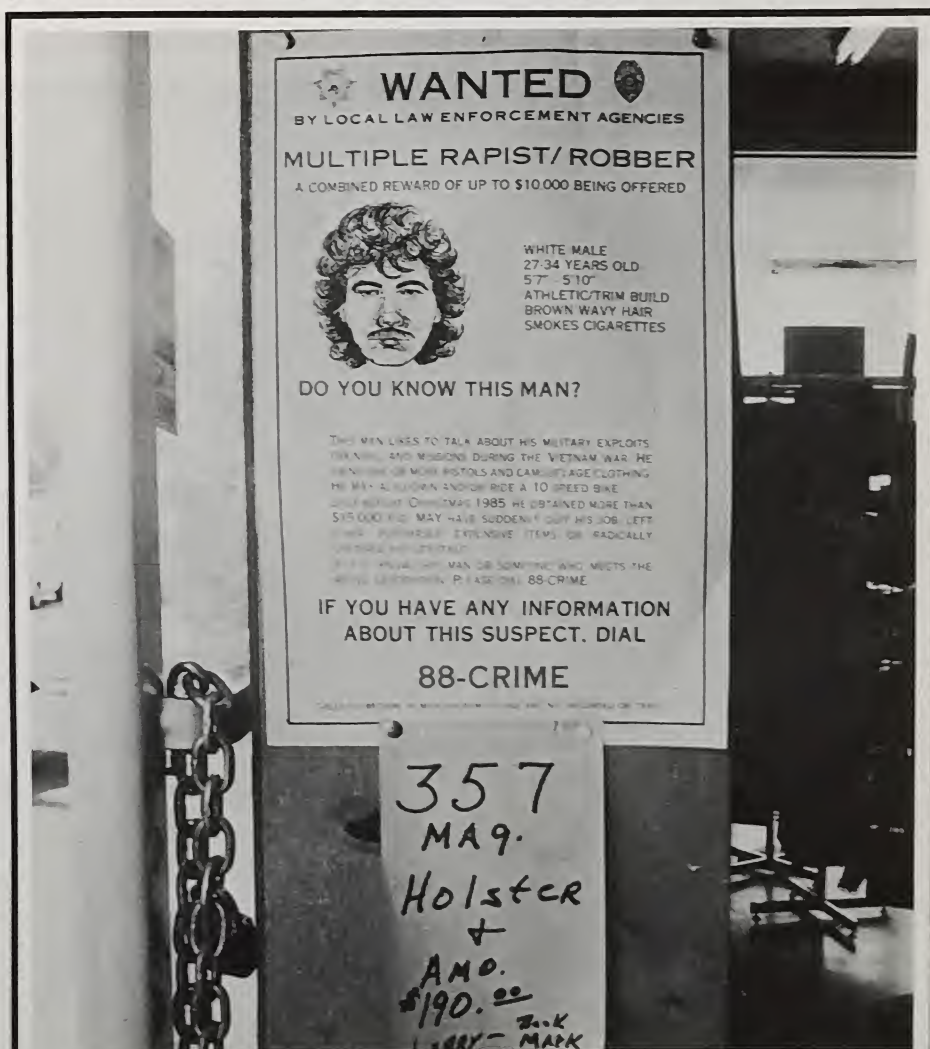
Su-Lan, who is of Chinese origin, has mixed feelings about the whole matter. For one thing, she says, when she stopped Rudy one time, he flung his towel down and said something to her she couldn't understand—she says her English is not that good.

"He was kind of rude," she says. "I thought I would try to be nice to members but he wouldn't let me."

Louis MacDonald has thought about the problem also.

"For a councilman," he says, "it really got me, for him to say, 'You wait until the Y really wants something.' My god, for a lousy three bucks. I thought he should be above all that."

Councilman Bejarano declined to comment. John Yoakum, Bejarano's aide, confirmed that on September 30 he paid the extra money for the seven dollar locker when asked to by the Y staff, but said he knew nothing more than that.



I'd Like a Volume of Plato and a Box of Dum Dums

Here's a memento from Tucson's summer of fear. Nope, this photo wasn't taken in a gun shop or liquor store. These notices were posted in the Bookmark, perhaps the city's largest storehouse of new titles.

News from Nowhere

A couple of months ago the newsstand at El Con folded and now newspaper junkies have taken another blow to the body. Since 1948 the Crescent Smoke Shop & News-Stand, 216 E. Congress, has brought the outside world to Tucson. At one time the place handled thirty-two out-of-town dailies. Now they've dropped everything but the *New York Times*, the *Hermosillo* paper, *Wall Street Journal*, the *Phoenix* papers and on Sunday, the *Las Vegas* papers.

The buses got the news here late, owner Phil Leone says, and nobody will buy a late paper. And if you get them by mail, they're even later.

So Tucson is an island, trapped

DESERT NOTES

The Sure Thing

The teeth are small like a ferret's, the body is solid and something in the carriage speaks of great energy and eagerness. Burton Barr stands in the sun of the condo parking lot with State Rep. Larry Hawke [R-Tucson] at his side while a video camera swallows images for his television ads. This is before the September primary, before the mass mailing that will murder him. Barr is completely at ease; he is not even running for governor. He seems to think he already is governor and this is simply a swing around the state to meet his subjects.

"Ask me anything," Barr says. "Anything."

The guy is almost seventy and looks like he has enough juice to light up an entire city. The talk begins.

Can you match Bruce Babbitt's record on cleaning up the air, creating state parks, saving all those parts of Arizona splashed across the page of *Arizona Highways*? His body mass seems to expand at the words and he drops into a fighter's crouch. Soon he spins off bill numbers, legislative fights, plans, hopes, tactics. He rolls on and on for five, ten, fifteen minutes. The camera keeps firing,

Hawke tugs at his sleeve to move on and press more flesh, but Barr will not let go.

He knows this state, he knows how to govern, he will show us what a real governor can do. It is August. The primary is coming up but it is obvious that is merely a detail.

The energy booms out of the man and he commands a litany of bills, committees, hearings and reports like they were all his private herd of cattle.

Then he walks off with his video crew to get some more earnest voter footage. And on September 9 he is crushed at the polls by a car dealer who wears a rug and does his homework. Who knows what happened to the video footage or whose sleeve Larry Hawke is tugging at now.

Working Capital

A Tucson man spent the day at a ranch near Hermosillo helping the vaqueros build a corral with old pipes. The work stalled when they ran out of washers for the nuts and bolts, but once again the Mexican government's economic program rose to the occasion. No problem, the

rancher said. He pulled a bag of one-peso coins out of storage, walked over to the drill press and presto! Instant washers.

Cheaper than the ones bought at the hardware store, the cowman allowed.

Biking Ballistics

The light glows off the Catalinas at 6 a.m. as the woman cycles up Oracle Road toward the Sheridan El Conquistador turn-off. She wears fashionable biking shorts, the peculiar shoes, the bright jersey and the moon-man helmet. Her machine is a spiffy looking 12-speed. Tucked between her shorts and jersey in back is a .38.

It is Saturday morning in Tucson and this is the way the New Woman now must relax.

Chicken Little meets its Match

The sun pours down on Stone Avenue and a couple of local Mad Dog 20/20 devotees come reeling up the street, sacks of aluminum cans in tow. It has been a very bad day.

The two guys stop and ask, "How's it going?"

The only possible reply: "The sky is falling."

One guy looks hard, smiles and parries, "Wait until that old moon comes crashing down."

He's right.

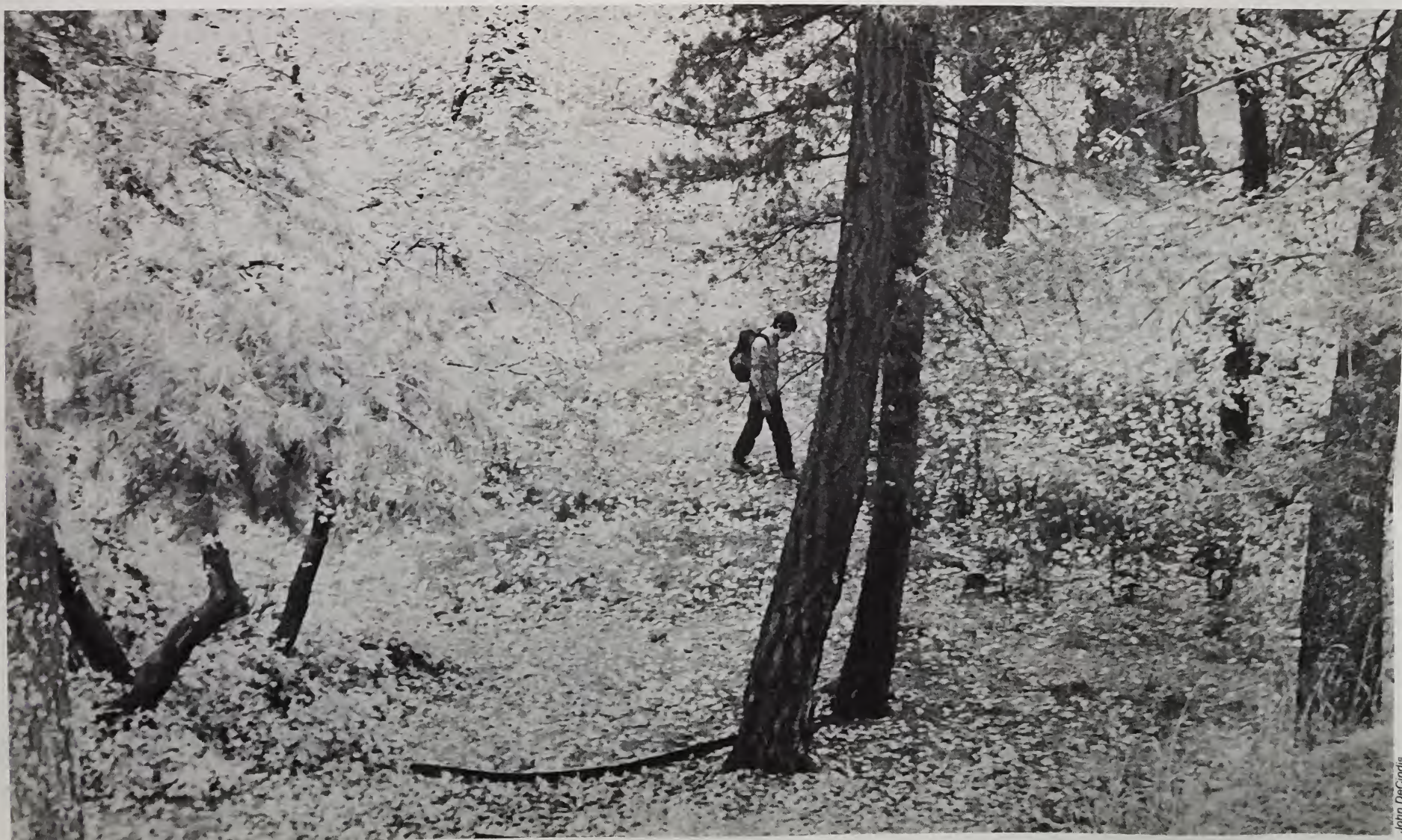
Fast Times at UPS

The guy roared through the closed glass door of the travel agency, paused amid the shower of fragments, tossed his business card and took off running. Within an hour, his company sent a glazier who replaced the glass.

Your basic United Parcel delivery service when there's a little waste from their haste.

Susan Fortin, a UPS supervisor in Tucson, hardly batted an eye when asked about the incident. "Everything we do is timed," she emphasized. "The driver never stops." She recalls a bad day when she was on the streets and a rancher locked her in. She hiked and found a guy with some tools, got the gate off its hinges and boogied.

"That was really hard," she sighed. "I lost forty minutes."



Fall in the Catalinas.

DESERT NOTES

Park It, Don't Heal It

The University Medical Center pays valets who park cars \$5.72 an hour, and licensed practical nurses who help cure people \$6.54 to \$8.06 an hour. Of course, the valets work like dogs. When a patient rolls up to the front of the hospital and gets out, well, the valets get in and drive away the car and park it.

Now the LPNs, they got it easy. Take C.J. Wood, a woman with eight years experience as an LPN (two years at UMC). She makes \$6.84 an hour. Here's what she does: she takes care of premature infants under the age of twenty-eight days, "pretty sick babies," as she puts it. A lot of the time she is in the Urgent Care area. She thinks her job has a lot of stress.

When asked why people who park cars make almost as much as nurses, Dr. Karen Smeltzer, assistant hospital director in charge of the nursing staff, said she couldn't compare the different jobs and wages.

Well, it is a real tough one.



Standing guard at the mall.

Chris Mooney

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H.P. Madden

Forget the Rillito-Pantano.
Forget the Speedway Tunnel.
They were peanuts.

This is
THE BIG ONE

The Dec. 9 road tax vote
will show us who runs this joint.

By Richard S. Vonier

They say there's a new way of doing business in this town. The old politics, where the boys got together, decided what they wanted and then tried to force-feed the rest of us, are out. The Tucson 30, Tucson Tomorrow—even County Supervisor David Yetman now kiddingly refers to them as the Dirty Thirty and Bend Over Tucson—are virtually sidelined for the December 9 vote on whether to increase the sales tax to build roads in Pima County.

Those guys were best known for their stunning under-estimation of the voters in the Rillito-Pantano freeway defeat of 1984 and the Speedway Tunnel massacre of 1986. The new guys promoting the sales tax and the new road program don't want them near it. "We're not going to let those maniacs take over this thing and lose it," says one. "Why? Because they're stupid. They're too far removed from the people. They've got an elitist connotation. They say, 'We decide what's best for this town, and, goddam it, when we say it, you do it.' They're the old guard. Their idea of politics is, if there are two guys running for an office, give a thousand-dollar check to each one." Echoes City Councilman Tom Volgy: "Let the people know this isn't *their* plan."

Word is leaking out that this could be the most important vote Pima County residents have ever faced. Depending on who's talking, a yes vote will either (A) assure a reasonable road system to move cars and accommodate growth while there's still time to keep the town compatible with the desert, and save the quality of life as we know it, or (B) once and for all open up pristine land for real estate speculators and developers, forever

commit this county to pavement and automobiles and sprawl, and destroy the quality of life as we know it. Forget the Rillito-Pantano, forget the Speedway Tunnel. They were peanuts. This is the big one, and there are billions of dollars and a lot of political careers on the line.

The new way of doing business involves cooperation, which is sometimes pronounced co-opt: bring all the special interest groups into the tent by offering them something they want, even if it's just a taste of power. Give everyone a piece, the developers, the businessmen, the neighborhoods, the tree-huggers, and the opposition is shattered.

Remember the county bond election in May, when voters trashed the tunnel better than two-to-one but approved \$219 million in bonds for public projects by almost the same margin? There was something in those bonds for everyone. Green space and parks for environmentalists, more cops for neighborhoods, a library for Green Valley, and plenty of work for the building industry. Lots of Tucsonans served on committees and felt they had influence.

But the backstage awards were collected by four men who are credited with raising the money to sell the bonds to the voters—Ron Caviglia, friend to politicians and developers, and Kim Richards of Estes, Kevin Oberg of Cienega and David Dolgen of Forest City, three of the biggest builders in town. They are said to have raised a quarter-million dollars for promotion from pavers, engineers, developers, speculators, banks, contractors, businessmen (we'll never know, because contributions of these kinds are secret).

"We spent so much money on some of those things, it would have been cheaper to give each voter ten bucks at the polls," laughed one bond-backer. Now they are back for this sales tax vote, even though officially you won't even see Richards' or Oberg's names on the committee.

"They're our fund-raisers," confirms Yetman. "We told them, we need a lot more than that this time." The rumor is they want a million dollars to sell this baby, although \$600,000 might be enough. The business and building circles will have to dig deep—this is corporate check time. "We tell them they're not really giving, they're just putting a little bit back into the community," says a supporter.

The guys in the new politics have been working quietly for a year and a half to set the stage to get this tax passed. They abandoned the Tucson 30's dream of a Rillito-Pantano parkway along the Rillito riverbed. They have been cutting deals, forcing opposing groups to the table, drawing roads around troublesome neighborhoods, marrying politicians who usually don't even speak to each other. Most of the mainline interest groups are in place; the business barons screaming for freeways are silenced; Wanda Shattuck, the woman credited with beating the Rillito-Pantano in 1984, is neutralized; the neighborhoods are split; Rillito-Pantano backer Mayor Lewis Murphy is walking arm-in-arm with Yetman and Volgy, who fought it.

Only hitch is, you can't cut deals with voters. You can assemble all the special-interest representatives, all the politicians, all the developers and car dealers and businessmen who bankroll the promotion, and they still add up to a bunch of individuals. The final decision is up to the ordinary people who live here and pay for the roads, and usually they haven't shown great willingness to follow instructions from the power-brokers. That's why the committee is talking about spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on its advertising blitz to sell the tax.

Geri Menton, a Sabino Canyon neighborhood leader opposing the tax increase, is confident that voters will see through the blitz as just another plan to build roads for developers. People are frustrated, they're angry and tired of seeing their neighborhoods ruined by rezonings, insists Menton, a mother who sells houses and works part-time as a waitress to meet her bills. All you have to do is look at the jumble in the Sabino Canyon area, or at Sunrise and Swan, to see what happens when you trust the good judgment of politicians and developers, she says. Now they want a billion and a half dollars? "Once they have that money, they'll never let us say another word. This is a twenty-year blank check for them to do whatever they want, and we can't stop payment."

Told that this is a new era, not the dictates of the Tucson 30, Menton remains unimpressed.

"So it's a new Tucson 30, a new power-structure out to rape the desert, that has managed to take in some of our, quote, environmental representatives. But it's the same old story: screw the neighborhoods."

A yes vote on December 9 will increase the sales tax one-half cent, to seven-and-a-half cents on the dollar in the city. It will raise an estimated \$1.4 billion over the next twenty years in Pima County, mostly to build new roads.

The money is tied to a twenty-year area



State Rep. Jack Jewett, who heads the committee backing the tax increase: "I tell people, it's the most important vote you will ever cast for Tucson's future."

transportation plan adopted by the city and county governments, which will cost at least \$5.6 billion. The plan features 187 miles of new or improved roads outside city limits, including a beltway around Tucson, new arteries cutting into the desert on the Northwest and Northeast sides and grade-separated interchanges at congested corners. City plans include a host of enlarged streets, more grade-separated interchanges, fifty-six new miles of reversible lanes and expansion of the bus system. And there's a new word that backers hope will sell this project as something beyond asphalt: mitigation—a provision for buffers and open-space and noise walls to reduce the impact of the roads on neighborhoods.

Backers say if people who actually drive on these roads had to pay for them—a traditional way of funding—the state gas tax would have to go up fifty-eight cents a gallon in addition to the sixteen cents we now pay. If developers had to build their own roads out to land they want to

*"These are freeways.
All they're doing is
calling freeways
different names now.
Beltways, parkways..."*

—John Kromko

subdivide, they'd have to add \$8,000 to the price of a new house. If we all chip in with a new sales tax, it would cost the average household only about \$700 over the next twenty years. Opponents say that cost would be closer to \$4,000.

How, when, where and what roads get built will be subject to screaming debate in this community for years to come. There is a comprehensive, detailed plan, but everyone concedes it will be changed to fit future whims and conditions. But because traffic isn't at a crisis point yet, proponents say this is the time to finance the future before streets get so crowded

that our chance for a pretty plan is lost. State Rep. Jack Jewett, chairman of the committee promoting the tax, says if we act now, we can have a plan that meets our transportation needs while it protects the neighborhoods, is sensitive to the environment and keeps this town the way it is. If we delay, five years from now there will be no money for buffers and our choices will be reduced to an urban freeway system like Phoenix had to buy last year in desperation.

Opposition leaders say the plan will be amended to fit builders' designs as soon as the tax is voted in. They see the tax as a credit card to open up cheap land outside of town, promoting growth and profits while the people still sweat in city traffic jams. When new roads and money to build them are needed, let the people decide one project at a time.

"Once they have all the money they ever need, then they'll be out of control," says Rep. John Kromko, a leader of an opposition coalition called ENOUGH! He discounts the argument that freeways are looming otherwise. "These are freeways. All they're doing is calling freeways different names now. Beltways, parkways..."

That's what the December 9 vote seems to be about. But it's really about power—about who runs this town. If this new band of relatively young and relatively unknown building-industry operatives, politicians, hopefuls and promoters bring home this plum, they may replace the car dealers, the real estate kings, the industrialists and old-line money who in the past have tried to have their way with us. If they lose, the Tucson 30 reclaims the throne. Or maybe the neighborhood groups will own this town. In either case, some new power-brokers, or would-be ones, go down the tubes.

The list of names on the steering committee promoting the tax increase and raising the money to sell it—called Neighbors for Safe and Efficient Transportation—is almost as remarkable for who is not on it as who is. Jewett, a Republican whose once-certain re-election to the House was challenged because of his involvement, was picked as chairman. Lawrence Hecker, a Tucson lawyer and former member of the state Transportation Board and former aide to Democratic Gov. Bruce Babbitt, is vice-chair. Anne-Marie Brady, a lawyer and neighborhood activist, is treasurer. Politicians include Murphy, Volgy and Councilman George Miller from the city; Yetman and Supervisor Iris Dewhirst, who both once rode the anti-freeway vote, from the county; Mayor Dan Eckstrom from South Tucson, Mayor Bill Schisler from Marana; Eva Bacal and Raul Grijalva, who gained public power on the Tucson Unified School District board; Democratic legislators David Bartlett and Jaime Gutierrez and Republican Greg Lunn. Also: big-time developer Don Diamond and Tucson Tomorrow president Gary Munsinger. Lowell Tompkins from Green Valley. Fund-raisers Caviglia and Dolgen, whose company developed the Tucson Mall. Andrew Federhar, a lawyer for the Southern Arizona Home Builders Association. Mary Beth Carlile from business-oriented Southern Arizona Water Resources Association. Former City Councilman Doug Kennedy. Contractor Roberto Ruiz. And a number of others, whose names may or may not be recognizable, but all of whom carry influence with political or special-interest groups: George Basch, Jose Carbajol, Cheri Cross, Bob Elliot, Alice Cartey Herman, Jan Leshner, Paul Lindsey, John Mazzolini.

There is no Roy Drachman, no Tom Brown, no Ed Butterbaugh, no Tom Chandler, no Buck

O'Rielly, no Donald Pitt, no Warren Rustand, no Jim Click. There are no bank presidents, no car dealers, no captains of industry. There are a bunch of people from the committee that brought the bonds home in May. Now, as then, only a few developers are visible. A member of the traditional power structure characterizes the new guys as "just a bunch of young egos who don't know what the hell they're doing."

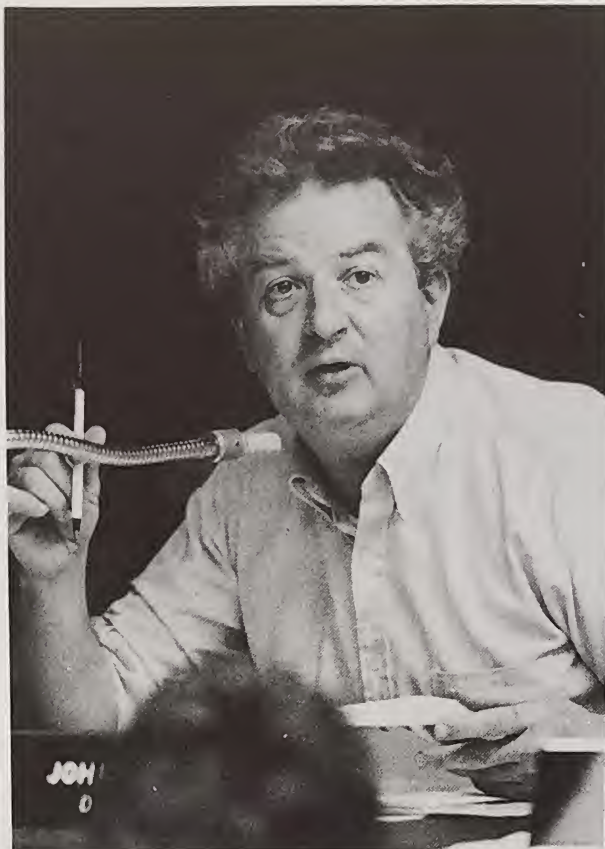
One person who is not on the list issued by the committee in mid-October is Wanda Shattuck, leader of the Rillito-Pantano Coalition, the most feared of the powerful neighborhood groups and credited with bringing down the Rillito-Pantano freeway. Shattuck promised not to oppose the tax in return for an incredible string of concessions she has wrested from public officials and pro-road people, including mandates for green space, noise buffers, air-quality evaluations, public input, project-by-project assessments and schedules that would supposedly stop government from plowing through roads for new development before inner-city traffic problems are addressed. If Tucson has to have roads, her people want the rest of the town to look like Yellowstone National Park. First the legislation creating the vote on a sales tax increase had to be altered to allow the money to also be spent for buffers and open space; then the county passed an ordinance spelling out restrictions, which could increase some project costs by thirty percent; in late October, Shattuck was working with the city for a similar ordinance.

Shattuck, a middle-aged sustaining member of the Junior League, is part of the new way of doing business here. She got interested in politics a few years back when she was laid-up with a broken leg and couldn't get around to her league and Girl Scout duties. Then the proposal for the freeway along the Rillito riverbed came along, heavily backed by the establishment, and Shattuck forged the coalition that trounced it—it lost in 238 of 277 precincts. Behind her now are neighborhood and environmental activists who are remaining neutral on the tax increase to see if she gets the concessions she seeks.

No one knows how many votes Shattuck controls, but road-backers are jumping through hoops to keep her appeased. They resent it. And the neighborhoods opposing the plan think she has deserted them. People roll their eyes when her name is mentioned. She knows it: "One of my lieutenants says, 'You know, Wanda, when this vote is over and these guys have what they want, your phone will never ring again.'" She winces, but says she may never again have her current clout to demand the safeguards she and environmentalists feel are needed if the tax passes and the roads are built. "You've got to bring home the bacon for us, Wanda," environmental leader Bill Roe told her. Actually, if the tax fails despite her co-operation, people may have to listen to her a lot more. It is said she will come back with plans for mass transit, a solution largely ignored in the money at stake December 9.

So who's running things here? No one is eager to answer that question on the record. Off the record, the answers vary. Here's the most common scenario:

Flush from their victory in the May bond vote, with \$75,000 remaining from the \$250,000 they raised, Caviglia and his developer buddies turned their attention to the sales tax proposal. "They said, 'Screw the Tucson 30. Let's just eliminate twenty-six old guys,'" according to a colleague. The opportunity to increase the tax by a half-cent to fund a local transportation plan was given to



State Rep. John Kromko, an opponent of the tax increase and the road plan: "Once they have all the money they ever need, then they'll be out of control."

counties by the State Legislature in 1985 in a bill brought in by the Arizona Chamber of Commerce. Its most immediate effect was to finance freeways in Maricopa County. The power structure there spent a million bucks to promote it in a special election; the voters approved it by more than two-to-one. But that was pro-growth Phoenix, three times our size, already in gridlock on the streets. Pima County residents are another breed.

People already were meeting quietly, drawing road plans in Pima County, a requirement before a sales tax vote could be held. Developers watched. Any roads out to new areas would promote growth, promote their business, spiral land values. Specific alignments didn't matter now. If Pima County's population hits a million in twenty years, as predicted, another 177,000 housing units will be needed by then, too—billions of dollars worth of business. They saw their mission as getting the tax passed, and didn't trust anyone else to do it. The traditional power structure had

"There were six factions, and each had a blackball—well, the chamber only had a grayball."

—Lawrence Hecker

just watched its new brainstorm, the Speedway Tunnel, get buried by a landslide of angry citizens in a vote required by the Neighborhood Protection Amendment.

Among those already plotting new roads eighteen months ago in anticipation of the sales tax were Yetman and county transportation director Charles Huckelberry. Yetman, Mr. Environment and the only supervisor to fight the Rillito-Pantano parkway, apparently felt he needed to come up with an alternative to freeways. Friends point out he also needs to avoid a liberal Democrat, anti-growth image if he wants

the support of business for any future political dreams in Congress. When he had the proposal, Yetman and Iris Dewhirst, who had been elected by the neighborhoods in the wake of the parkway defeat, made a visit to the home of one of Yetman's loudest foes on the Rillito-Pantano issue—and on many other issues—parkway-backer Mayor Murphy. Yetman told Murphy, "Don't panic. We've got a good thing here." They agreed some unusual alliances had to be made to bring in the tax money.

Also working on transportation alternatives in anticipation of the tax was Hecker, his friend Doug Kennedy and others on an ad hoc committee they called BEST—Better Environment, Safety and Transportation. They, too, were looking for compromises between the freeway stance of the business community and the no-way stance of neighborhoods and environmentalists. "The community was terribly divided, terribly polarized, transportation was a very acrimonious subject," Hecker recalls. "If you mentioned it, you'd get into a fight. People were very suspicious. They didn't trust the elected officials. They didn't trust the bureaucracy." As a former member of the state transportation board, he felt he could help. His name also has been mentioned for mayor.

There also was a gaggle of planners and citizen committees snarling over new roads, mass transit and "corridors," anything to move people and the cars they rode in on. The dreary nuts and bolts work that collects lint on drawing boards. City planners had kept trying to draw a freeway down the Rillito River bed—sort of, we'll stay at this until the voters get it right—but the new road-backers felt that was precisely the kind of politics that kept killing roads.

The mayor, Yetman and Hecker began meeting at Hecker's house, calling in various interest groups to build consensus. Tucson 30 types, including Diamond, Butterbaugh, president of the Tucson Economic Development Corp., and United Bank's Jack Davis; Tucson Tomorrow representatives Munsinger and Betsy Bolding; Dolgen; Huckelberry and Deputy City Manager Bill Ealy; Dewhirst and the woman who helped put her in office, Shattuck. Basically what took form was a plan to axe urban freeways, disperse traffic and include buffers to lessen the impact of roads on the neighborhoods. In return, "beltways" into virgin areas and grade-separated interchanges at residential hot spots. If River Road has to be widened, so does Grant. Stuff like that.

A key element was getting the sales tax legislation changed to allow Pima County to use its money for buffers as well as roads. Lunn took the bill up to Phoenix, got it through the Senate, but the Tucson Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce got it shelved in the House Transportation Committee. Jewett, vice-chairman of the committee, was prevailed upon, even though he initially opposed it and drew support from the chamber, where his father had served as chairman. Much rewriting followed, trying to please everyone. The chamber remained opposed, but everyone else got a piece by the time it passed, according to Hecker. "We kept holding these little discussion groups to get the different sides talking," he says. "We said, take your fingers out of your ears and listen. We ran from group to group. It was shuttle diplomacy. I won't tell you them by name, but the players were Tucson 30 types, chamber of commerce types, environmentalists, neighborhoods, city people, county people. There were six factions, and each had a blackball—well, the chamber only had a grayball. The

bill was very important to the consensus-building process...very important to the Rillito-Pantano Coalition. Wanda was almost maternal about it."

Another backer puts it this way: "On the bonds, we wanted to co-opt any opposition out of the box. The plan here was the same thing. We wanted a twelve-zip vote on the City Council and County Board. We told Wanda, we're not going to have this plan held hostage by you and a bunch of Junior League broads from the Foothills."

"The chamber was furious over the bill. They said every dollar you waste on a tree, that's a dollar less for asphalt. But the tree-huggers loved that bill a lot. They actually were kinda surprised that business-types were helping them. We owed Wanda. She helped us on the bond election."

Wanda Shattuck wasn't through yet, however. Shortly before the big public hearing in August on the twenty-year regional transportation plan—the city and county governments had to adopt a plan before they could ask for a sales tax

increase to finance it—the Rillito-Pantano Coalition held a press conference. Shattuck's group demanded specific guarantees for environmental protection, construction scheduling, public participation and strip-zoning prohibitions before the coalition would support it. She said Hecker telephoned her afterward, outraged that he was not informed of this move. But another member says calmly that her people called him in advance and told him, "Listen, we're going to have a press conference tomorrow and blast the shit out of you guys. We've got to do this." All part of the politics, he says, so Shattuck's troops wouldn't defect over fears she was getting too cozy with the establishment.

By the public hearing, one could only marvel at the nice piece of work. A parade of supporters—politicians, businessmen, civic leaders—marched to the microphone to praise the transportation plan. Shattuck lent her qualified endorsement, with reminders that the assembled

City Council and County Board still had to meet her demands with ordinances. Practically no only opposition came from Kromko and G. Menton. The mayor attempted to gavel down both of them, saying they were taking too much time. Final vote by the City Council and County Board: twelve-zip.

A few days later, the formation of Neighbors for Safe and Efficient Transportation was announced, with Jewett as chairman. A committee member says he was the most popular and sincere bet. Hecker was given vice-chair. Jewett reportedly wanted the word "neighbors" in the committee name and was adamant that the names of contributors be made public. Other committee members found this amusing. "People don't want their names next to \$10,000 checks," one said, recalling that they had the same argument on the bond committee with a neighborhood representative. "We'd turn in deposit slips, and he'd say, 'This is more money than I made last year.' His eyes would pop out at the size of the figures thrown around, when he'd hear Oberg saying something like, goddam it, we need to get \$50,000 from Bob Stubbs (an attorney for developers)...These things are a piece of cake, because contributors can cut a corporate check and write it off. It's not a political contribution, it's an expensed item." However, not every potential donor was as willing as predicted, as committee members found after they drew assignments. One who called car dealers said they were putting him off. "I told them, if this thing doesn't pass, the only business you'll have left is your body shop." There have been funny, unconfirmed accounts around town of contractors held hostage in a room until they coughed up a check.

For his affinity for neighbors, Jewett reportedly was given a cardigan sweater before the press conference. "We call him Mr. Rogers," says a wag. "You know, welcome to my neighborhood."

Jewett gets mad about this kind of talk. He appears to be a sincere man who believes he is doing the right thing—"my acceptance of this job was to try to get a deal approved that was the best for every individual in this community"—but everybody is taking shots at him. First he gets beaten up by the Chamber of Commerce for the mitigation legislation—"My natural constituency is the business community (he is president of Territorial Publishers Inc.) and I had to tell the Chamber of Commerce, 'You guys are wrong. You've got to realize the environmental sensitivity of the people.'" Then the road opponents target his re-election as a way to discredit the transportation plan—"Suddenly Jack Jewett's the guy who wants to raise your taxes."

"Now Jack Jewett's supposed to be the front man for the developers, the front man for everything bad in the world," he groans. "Do the developers benefit? Yes. Do the car dealers benefit? You bet they do. But on this deal, everyone benefits. Listen, if Kevin Oberg on his own really was running this show, do you think we ever would have accepted this ordinance (the mitigation rules adopted by the county)? Well, I accepted it." And, Jewett promises, the names of the donors will be made public through political-contribution filings before the election. "I don't see any reason why big contributors wouldn't want it known," he says.

Jewett reportedly lost one vote in committee wrangling. He was said to have favored a Phoenix advertising agency that delivered the successful sales tax-increase vote in Maricopa County. Instead, WFC Westcom, the agency that deliver-



Wanda Shattuck, who led the vote against the Rillito-Pantano freeway in 1984, has been playing this one middle-of-the-road. In return for not opposing the tax increase, she has drawn concessions from government sought by neighborhoods and environmentalists.



Lawyer Lawrence Hecker, who helped put together the compromise on roads: "We ran from group to group. It was shuttle diplomacy."

Laura Greenberg

ed the May bond vote here, was hired.

"Yeah, we told them they don't get paid if they lose," jokes a committee member, "but that they get a thousand bucks for every point they win over fifty. So these guys don't just want to beat 'em, they want to crush 'em."

"Next, we're going after the Neighborhood Protection Amendment."

Geri Menton shows the same brand of confidence on the other side. "We're going to win," she says determinedly. "But if we only get a fifty-one percent victory, it won't be enough. They'll be back in May. We want a landslide."

Menton is angry. She moved here with her husband six years ago from Westchester County in New York. They bought a home in the Sabino Canyon area for investment and a townhouse near Sunrise and Swan to live in while they tried their hand at Sunbelt real estate—he built spec houses, she got her broker's license. The recession of the early 1980s put a stop to that. They sold the townhouse just before Sunrise and Swan began looking like Cairo (the guy who bought it from them lost a bundle when inflated property values dropped in the area) and moved into the roomy Sabino Canyon property where Menton dreamed of raising her daughter surrounded by the natural beauty of the land. Being knowledgeable about real estate, they had checked the zoning in the neighborhood before they bought the house. They were assured it was tagged one house per three acres. Last year, the supervisors changed the zoning at the urging of a large developer. Now a

nursing home is going in across the street.

She got active in her neighborhood group. Then the county came up with this road plan which cuts a beltway across the virgin land around Sabino Creek (coincidentally giving developers their first easy access from town to the prime hills of Bear Canyon) and Menton got livid. She became president of the Sabino Canyon Coalition. Just as Shattuck's group grew, the coalition now is drawing support from other dissatisfied neighborhood leaders and environmental groups. Geri Menton just could replace Wanda Shattuck as the next roadbuster in this town.

"The special interests decide everything," she says. "We, the people who pay the tax burden, who invest our homes and our lives and our families in an area, we don't count. They have attacked the Sabino Canyon area with a vengeance. They may have ruined it. It's probably too late. But they have started a fire that they're not going to be able to put out."

The road-backers point out the the plan buffers the beltway across Sabino Creek with 640 acres of open-space preserve and prohibits strip commercial development—"Those people will be living in the Coronado National Forest," says Jewett—but Menton doesn't believe all the promises made for environmental concerns to get the tax passed. Look at the beautiful plans that residents of other areas bought, she says. They get altered practically every time a developer wants to build a housing project. "We have area plans that can be changed as often as people change their socks," she says. And now they want to place all the major new roads in the county before they even figure out how the land should be used, how

this town should grow? She sees trouble.

"Look, they're saying we're just a bunch of complainers who don't want this road in our neighborhood. But that road shouldn't be in my neighborhood, it shouldn't be in anyone's neighborhood....Bear Canyon, that's what they're after....It's a shame. We've had to sacrifice a lot of areas before the voters woke up."

Menton was almost crying in the wilderness against the machine of backers that had been put together to praise the plan at the public hearing in August. But within a few days of the announcement of the committee to promote the tax increase to the voters, the loyal opposition organized.

In contrast to the paneled offices of the tax-backers, the foes met in a cement-block back room in the Wilmot branch library, where two dozen folks squirmed on hard plastic chairs and scrawled slogans with ink markers on butcher paper. In the room were the same people who fight everything—gadflies, they are called by a press that can't figure out how to label them. The people who fight tax increases, the people who fight uncontrolled growth, the people who engineered the initiative for the Neighborhood Protection Amendment that prevents the city from building a major road without first getting voter approval, the people who just want to live in peace without politicians selling out their neighborhoods

"The few remaining fragments of our sense of community cannot survive this obsession with moving cars," howled their hand-written manifesto, taped to a blackboard. "Almost every year this decade, Pima County residents have been forced to pay higher and higher property taxes,

sales taxes and gas taxes to subsidize the developers' mad rush to pave the Valley. We must hold the line now, or Tucson will continue to sacrifice its future to the endless road...."

These people are largely outside the establishment, but their successes as self-appointed watchdogs sometimes seems to indicate they are more in touch with the mainstream—the folks who merely live here—than all the power-brokers combined. Their ranks included Kromko, author of the Neighborhood Protection Amendment, sometimes called the clown (and sometimes the conscience) of the legislature; State Rep. Reid Ewing, who was named the official state fungus by the legislature after suggesting that his colleagues were controlled by lobbyists who paid for their election campaigns; William Heuisler, a vocal tax critic who sometimes is considered the local version of Bill Jarvis, the man who slowed

rampant government tax increases in California. (Heuisler, Southern Arizona organizer for Republican gubernatorial candidate Ev Mecham, had to quiet his public opposition to the sales tax boost here after Mecham surprised everyone and beat establishment candidate Burton Barr in the primary. Mecham, a Glendale car dealer, supported the tax increase in Maricopa County.) Geri Menton and other neighborhood leaders were there. There were people from the barrios. There were senior citizens. They joked about their image. When Heuisler said it would be important to have Kromko on the steering committee because people admired him, Ewing cracked, "Everybody thinks he's a whacko." Ewing, Kromko and Heuisler were named to the original steering committee along with Menton, businessman Sid Hirsch and neighborhood activist Dick Edison.

Tres English, a businessman and community

activist, was named chairman. He laid out the task: "The purpose of starting this group is to defeat the sales tax. What's at stake is either the salvation of this city or its destruction. All the elected officials, all the main political power blocs in the city are supporting the tax. How are we going to go up against the publicity they've got?"

"Polls we've done show Democrats two-to-one against the tax increase. Even a majority of Republicans are against it," said Heuisler, who gained new stature as a poll-reader when Mecham's primary victory kayoed the establishment. "Down in Green Valley, those people are totally opposed to it, and they aren't going to get a darn thing out of it."

"They're starting out as the underdogs."

But Kromko warned: "They're kicking our butts. They're going around to the neighborhoods already and inviting them in for tea. Once they start signing them up, we're lost. We've got to have the neighborhoods." The talk turned to strategies. Here are their thoughts:

Our sales taxes are some of the highest in the nation; why should we give to developers who want to move cars another half-cent on every dollar we spend on purchases for our family? Let the people who use the roads pay for them; that's the way they do it in practically every other state. This amounts to each of us handing the road builders and developers \$200 cash every year for the next twenty years to spend as they want. This is a blank check for our own destruction.

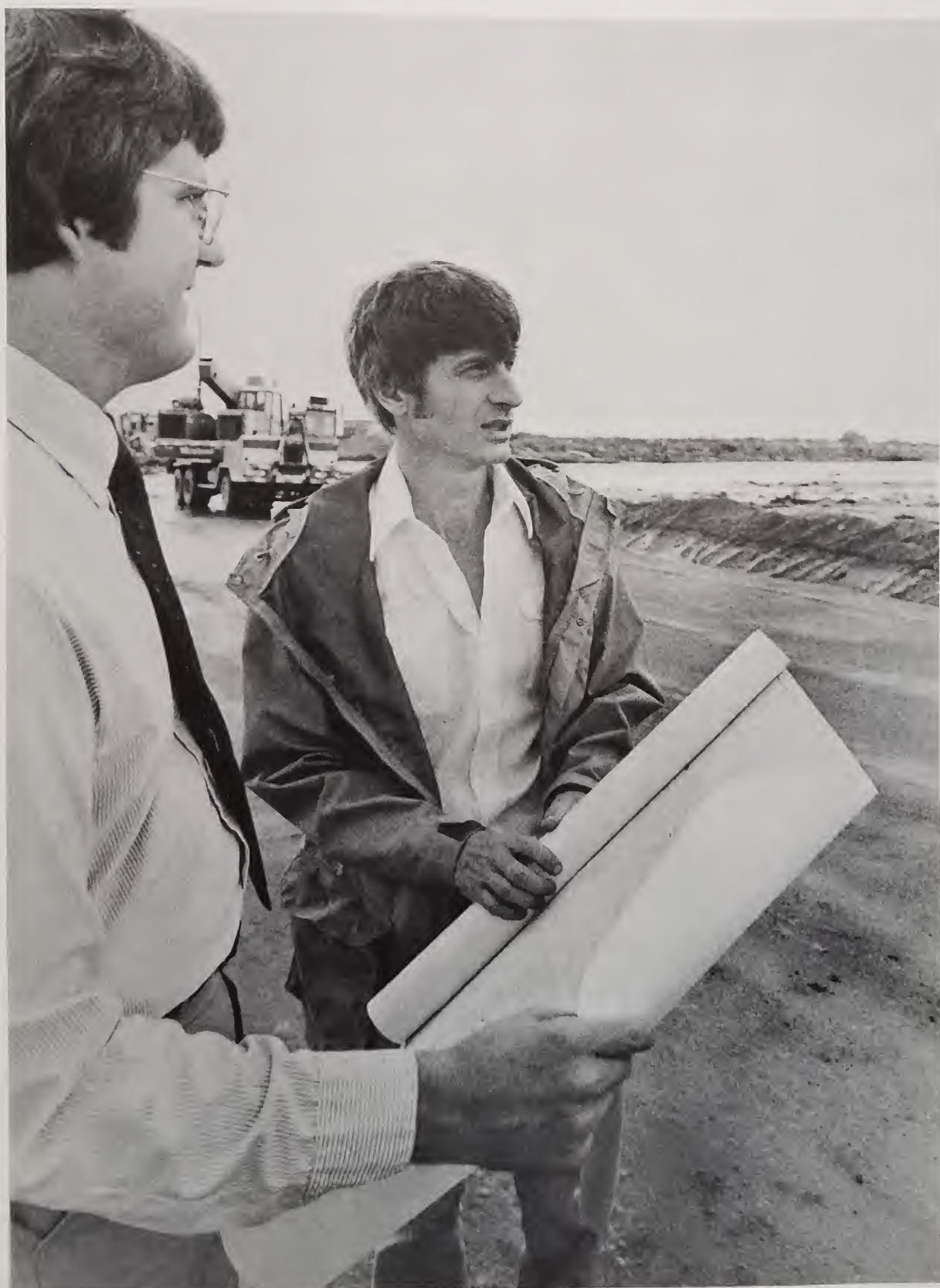
The sales tax is the most regressive of taxes because it puts a levy on necessities such as rent and clothing and transportation. The low-income and fixed-income people pay a greater percentage of their small earnings to this tax because they have to buy the same basics as rich people.

Why should we shell out now for roads that aren't needed yet? Why don't we finance them project-by-project so that the people who pay for them can first decide if they want them? What we are doing here is forever committing this county to pavement and moving automobiles—mostly so developers can sprawl this town out on cheap land and roar people to work down high-speed roads. That will skyrocket the costs of publicly financed services, while the inner-city rots. What about filling the holes in town? What about mass-transit so we can get people to work and save the desert?

And whatever happened to the four recent tax increases and the lottery revenue that were supposed to solve our transportation problems? There have been four state gasoline tax increases since 1982 totaling eight cents a gallon—a 100 percent boost—that were supposed to build roads. How come we still can't get around town? What have they done with the money?

The committee's name—ENOUGH!—was born out of this discussion, although one wit suggested an acronym: Stop Highways In Tucson.

As English noted, the tax-backers had access to maybe a million dollars to hire a high-powered advertising agency, buy space in the media, conduct phone-banks and target voters with direct mail pitches to sell the tax. The people of ENOUGH! had no money, no advertising agency. Their plan to get their story told: stage media events, demand to be on every program where a Neighbors speaker appears, use neighborhood association mailing lists. And everyone in the library room should call ten people, and tell each of them to call ten people, and tell each of them to call ten people, and so on....



County Supervisor David Yetman (right), the only supervisor to vote against the Rillito-Pantano freeway, and county transportation director Charles Huckelberry began drawing the new road plan for this vote 18 months ago.

Tim Fuller

Both sides decided the best strategy was to wait with their campaigns until after the voters got done fretting about the November 4 general election. Prior to the election, Neighbors' plan was to send people to interest groups. One promoter says the idea was to use neighborhood champions Volgy and Dewhirst to woo homeowner groups; Grijalva and other Hispanics to talk about construction jobs that would be generated on the South and West sides; even hit the Thirty and Tucson Tomorrow for money. ENOUGH! horned into whatever programs it learned about. When Volgy delivered the pitch for support at Tucson Tomorrow's annual meeting, for instance, English and Menton were heard, too.

Jewett, meanwhile, is trying to counter anti-tax sentiments. He says one way to sell a sales tax increase is that it's a convenient way to stick tourists and winter visitors with fifteen percent of the bill. He hits the regressive tax label by arguing that since food and medicine aren't taxed, it's the wealthy who get stuck on big-ticket items like cars. Jewett says people also must understand that the lottery money goes to Pima County for buses. The gas tax increase goes for maintenance and state highways. This tax is for urban growth.

The backers wanted the question put in a special election because supposedly you can manipulate the turnout. Since there aren't any other issues to bring out voters, you use direct-mail and the telephone to target those you think will vote yes, and hope the ones who vote no will forget about it and stay home. In the bond election, their boiler room made phone calls to 38,000 people. The original plans for the tax vote called for no TV ads. "It's a waste," says a strategist. "It

"I say, what do you want? Gold-plated fire hydrants? You've got it!"

just tells people who want to vote no, oh yeah, there is an election tomorrow. We'll do some radio, like KCUB for the rednecks in Flowing Wells, and a lot of mailing." Westcom commissioned home studies to see how residents felt before deciding how high-profile to go.

The opponents hope the backers spend a million dollars and let everyone know about the election. "The Tucson voter is not a pushover anymore," says Menton. "If they try to sell this too hard, they'll be doing us a favor." Foes figure they have a built-in no vote because tax elections tend to bring out people on fixed incomes and others who don't want to share more of their earnings with the government. "When the issue is raising taxes," says Kromko, "there are a lot of people you don't even have to talk to. They just come out and vote no. If it was held tomorrow (before the publicity started), it would go down. I think they'd spot us that."

"You can sell almost anything with a million dollars. In Phoenix, they steamrolled it. They raised a million....But I think we have a shot to kill it. It's a lot easier to get our side out. It's always hard to sell this thing in Green Valley, and in the past, they've always put something in for Green Valley."

Backers concede they have a problem in Green Valley, home to a large bloc of voters who turn out in droves for elections and vote their self-interests. "It's trouble," says a committee member.

"There's nothing in here for them. They'll vote yes all day for a new road to help them get around on their golf carts, as long as it's a few bucks on their house tax. But don't try to put another half-cent on their bottle of vodka...We've got to find something for them. I say, what do you want? Gold-plated fire hydrants? You've got it!"

Both sides figure that they'll win if voters just understand what's at stake. "If we had to rely on p.r. and advertising, I'd be worried," says Hecker. "I think our biggest strength is this is the right thing to do." Says Jewett: "The short answer is, that I believe the benefits are so strong, that if people understand what the program is, they'll understand this is the best way to go. When I talk, I tell people, 'It's the most important vote you will ever cast for Tucson's future.'"

"This is certainly the most important issue in Tucson in my lifetime," agrees Kromko. "We all know that the only way we've been able to control

them is that they haven't had the money. This is way more money than they know what to do with."

The common wisdom in the paneled offices and conference rooms is that this town is changing. Yetman says the city is drawing younger and more conservative transplants who want better roads, however it's done. Hecker and Jewett, and the developers, say they've learned from the Rillito-Pantano defeat that they have to deal and build consensus to get what they want.

Geri Menton thinks these guys still haven't learned anything. As she waits on tables and listens to her customers, she senses that ninety percent of them don't want this tax.

"Frustration beat the Speedway Tunnel, the Rillito-Pantano, and it's going to happen this time too," she says. "The frustration is even greater this time. Look around at what's happened since." □



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Kiki and the Roadrunners



Growing Up on the Border

By J. P. S. Brown and Hank Azcona
Illustrations by Hank Azcona

Tucsonans J.P.S. Brown and Hank M. Azcona grew up in border towns on the Arizona-Mexico line and have compiled their memories in a novel-in-progress, *Serpentine*, set in a fictional town on the Sonoran side. Here we join Kiki, the narrator, and his friends the roadrunners on one of their escapades. Brown introduces them:

We were four marchanitos, little merchants of the streets, in our Mexican border town. We were called Kiki, Indio, Pigway and Lizard. We earned nickles and dimes selling Chiclets, toys, shoe shines and song to American tourists. We were twelve years old and had known each other all our lives....

At school one Friday afternoon I was watching football from the roof. On Fridays during football season, we tried to make it to school so we could climb on the roof and watch the high school games across the border on the American side. I loved that game. When I closed my eyes at night I could see myself running in an open field and leaving eleven opponents on the ground in despair of catching me.

During the game I saw that a crowd had gathered at the front steps of the school. I ran down the fire escape thinking someone was having a fight, but found the crowd was watching Lizard and Indio walking on their hands up the school steps.

Lizard and Indio were the best handwalkers in the school. They practiced and raced all the time. Indio always won. He was the best athlete in school. But this time Lizard was ahead. Then, just as Lizard seemed to be doing everything right, he twisted a finger and almost fell. He righted himself, but his pants tore at the crotch with the effort. The nightmare we all dreaded had happened. Lizard was not wearing his underwear that day. His whole bottom end burst into sight through his torn pants. Girls blushed and giggled and turned away their heads, covered their eyes and peeked through their fingers. Pigway and I shielded Lizard until he could stand up. He started running toward home as though the owls were after him. We were laughing but he was blushing and starting to cry. Tears just flew out of his eyes as he ran away from us.

The school bell rang and the crowd lined up on the steps to go in for classes. Indio and I and Pigway were still laughing so hard our stomachs were hurting, but it bothered me to see Lizard crying. We walked around the corner of the building and went after Lizard.

On the way to his house, we ran into a gringo man we knew. He never wore a hat, and always dressed in high-water pants with his cuffs turned up above his socks. We called him brinca charcos, puddle jumper, or Highwater Fats. His socks always had holes in them, and he looked ridiculous.

Highwater Fats knew each of us by name. We did a lot of business with him. He ran a store for the owner across the border in Arizona. He spoke a little Spanish, enough so we understood him. We all spoke a little English and understood a lot more than we let on. We pretended we only knew how to say "Give me a nickle" in English. We quickly jumped Highwater Fats with that demand and made him pay. He was always good for that first nickle when he had not seen us for a while.

"Boys, I've been watching you. That was some circus you put on," Highwater said, beginning with the flattery he always used to prime us to work for him. We knew he probably stole from his store and that's why he always flattered us before he asked us to sell his stuff.

"I have another project for you. You need another project don't you? I've been worried about you. I know you need to hustle a nickle every day. That's a shame because you're popular kids and good looking, and the best salesmen I know."

"What's a popular kid?" asked Indio.

"I've brought you perfumes and lingerie this time. Come on and I'll explain it to you."

We followed him to the back room of the

cantina where he always gave us our wares to sell. He reached under a bed and pulled out a black trunk that was so heavy we had to help him lift it onto the bed. He produced a key ring with about twenty keys, unlocked the trunk and sorted out bikinis, brassieres, perfumes, hose, combs, brushes, lipsticks, fingernail polish and sanitary stuff for women. As far as I could tell it was just junk. He arranged it in piles on the bed, then put a pile in a sack for each of us.

I picked up my sack and Pigway and I headed for the Red Mill. We went in the back door. The front bar was full of soldiers from the American Army camp who had come to have a good time on pay day. We could always count on the girls coaxing the soldiers into buying our stuff.

I went down the corridor of rooms on the first floor. Pigway went upstairs to other rooms. I stopped at the first open door. The house had a rule against knocking on closed doors. Madam Alejandra was the only one who could knock on closed doors. She ran the house. She kept a watch on each room, and allowed the doors to remain closed only for a certain time. Then she went and demanded that the clients come out and go back to

of me for protection. I emptied it onto the bed. Lydia's eyes were happy as she held up each item. She always seemed happy to buy my junk. We both knew it was junk. I could sell her a whole sackful and never see a sign of the stuff when I went again to visit her. The girls bought our stuff out of the goodness of their hearts.

I stepped back against the wall as she examined my merchandise. Her back was to me and she bent over the goods and mooned me. I tried to keep from looking, but that moon filled the whole room. I was embarrassed. Then Pigway came in and stopped beside me to watch Lydia's rump. He picked a bikini bottom out of his sack and held it up to her. He stretched it as far as he could and we saw it would never fit. He put it back in the sack and held up a pillow case to see if it might fit better. Lydia selected a bikini bottom from my stack on the bed and asked me if I liked it.

"Wouldn't it be kind of small?" I asked.

She tried to put it on. She couldn't get it past her thighs.

"Please, Lydia, don't pull it anymore," I said, "you'll tear it." I was serious. She laughed and stepped out of it.

"Don't worry, Kiki, I won't shock you anymore," she teased. "I just wanted you to see it wouldn't fit. I am going to buy something. Look, you're blushing." My face was on fire, I was so embarrassed.

She picked out some earrings, stockings and perfume and paid me for them. I stuffed the rest of the junk into my sack and went out with Pigway.

We walked by the open door of the best-looking young woman in the place. She saw us and called to Pigway. He went inside and spread his wares on her bed. She didn't ask me to come in, so I stayed outside. The door was still open, but she didn't even look at me. She was sitting in her robe. Neither one of us could keep our eyes off her, she was so pretty. Pigway moved close to her so he could smell her perfume. She put her arm around him and began asking him questions about his junk in a soft voice. He was so close she was looking cross-eyed at him. Pigway was an orphan

and didn't have a female of his own to look after him. All the females in town who didn't have boys of their own chased him. I went into the bar and someone called to me from a dark corner. I saw it was Doña Alejandra. She tried to be friendly with me, but I really didn't like her.

"When do I get to see your things, Kiki?" she asked. "I can't buy anything unless I see it. You never show me your things, and I run this place. I'm the first one you should come and see."

"It's all in the sack," I said. She was a terrible old lady.

"Well, bring it out."

I reached into my sack and the first thing I touched was the bikini brassiere. I jerked my hand out as though a snake had bitten me.

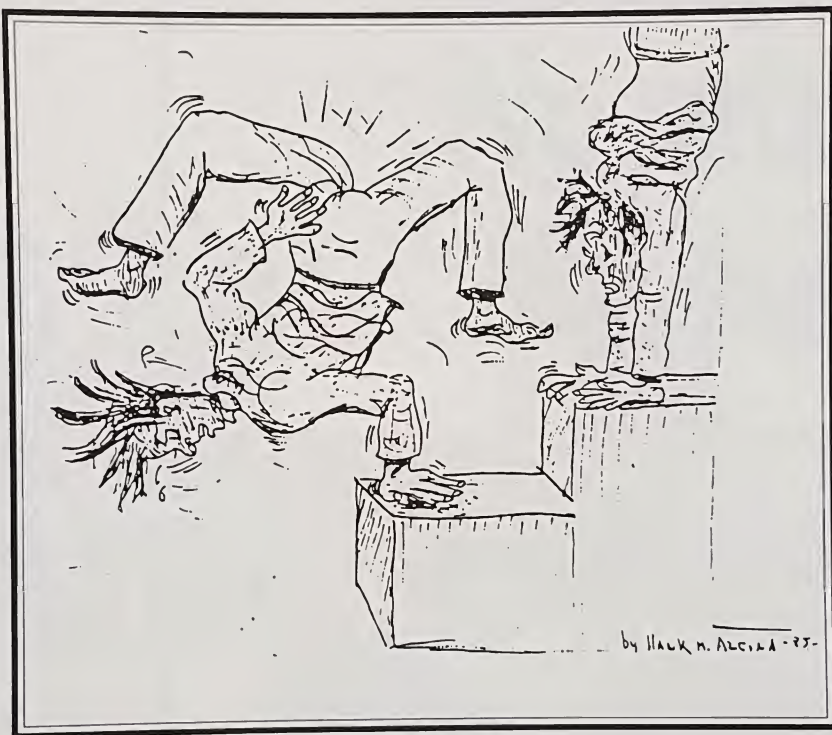
"Do you have lingerie for sale?"

"Only the latest fashions," I said.

She took my sack and brought out the bikini bra. It wasn't any thicker than a cheesecloth. The material was about as strong as tissue paper. She said, "What's this?"

I said, "Well, what do you think?"

She said, "I'd feel like a fallen woman wearing something like this."



the bar. I always figured she wanted her customers to be drinking, and they could not drink if they were sleeping in the rooms. The girls always seemed to get into trouble for letting the customers sleep overtime in their rooms.

I stopped at the open door of a girl whose name was Lydia. She was a pretty girl, always nice to me. She was very clean and religious. She had a great big rear end. She invited me in. The room was as clean as a hospital, but the smell of perfumes, disinfectants and sweat were strong in there. Pictures of the saints hung on the walls with pictures of Lydia's family. She was counting her money when I walked in. She had just been paid by a soldier who had left as I went in. She put her money away and started making her bed.

She had a big, beautiful rear end, like a monument to rear ends. When she walked, she bounced and rolled and settled and shook from side to side.

"Come in, Kiki," Lydia said. She took off her robe and stood in front of me in her underclothes and said, "Leave the door open Kiki. What nice things did you bring me? Let me see."

I moved toward her and held my sack in front

Just then Indio wheeled in the front door and across the dance floor on his bicycle. I grabbed the bra out of Doña Alejandra's hand and she laughed at me. I turned my back on her. She was more terrible when she laughed. Laughing made her blow her old cigarette and beer breath on me, and made her cough like a smoky car.

Indio skidded to a stop in front of a table in a corner where Cecilia was sitting with three other women. He propped up his bike and untied his bundle from the platform over his rear wheel. He emptied the bundle onto the table.

"What do you have today, young merchant?" asked Cecilia.

"These, these, these and these," said Indio, sorting out his wares.

Cecilia picked up a bra, another one of those bikinis that could not hide a fried egg. "And what is this for?" she asked.

"That's to cover your ears when you're cold, woman, don't you know anything about fashions?"

Cecilia laughed and reached over and picked up the bikini bottom. "And what's this for?" she asked.

"Oh, that's a kerchief for your hair, a pretty one. See, it's that new color, Awful Red."

Cecilia, still laughing, held up a pair of stockings. "And these?"

"Masks to wear when you rob a bank, fool."

Cecilia kept laughing, and she held up a girdle. "This, Indio?"

"That's not my business. You're supposed to know what that is," Indio said.

The Red Mill girls began coming down to the salon in high spirits, dressed in their best and ready for the evening. If anyone went to the Red Mill at six or seven in the evening and expected to see sad faces, they would be surprised. That was the time when the ladies were the most happy and the most optimistic and prepared for their night's work of singing, dancing and entertaining. On the other hand, in the downtown bars, people always acted unhappy and cranky. The downtown bars were bad places for us to try to sell our stuff.

In a little while we had sold most of our wares in the Red Mill and we went back to the cantina where Highwater Fats was waiting for us. We had not been able to sell one bikini and we returned them all with other goods we couldn't unload. Highwater gathered our money, counted it, and put it in his pocket.

"Boys, that was quick. You did a good job."

"Yes, and we have more orders," I said.

"I can see I did not misplace my trust in you," Highwater Fats said. "I'm satisfied with you. Listen, I've never believed the stories I've heard about you boys. Stick with me and I'll give you a chance to make some real money." He poured himself a shot of tequila and drank it down. He was happy and that made us feel good because we needed someone like him to give us a way to earn money.

"I'll see you back here on the fifteenth with more merchandise. You are real good salesmen. Thank you very much."

Highwater turned to leave.

"Aren't you going to pay us?" I asked.

"Oh, from now on, I'll be paying only on the

first and the fifteenth," he said.

"Today is the fifteenth."

"Oh no, is it?"

"Yes, it's army pay day. You knew that."

"Ah, well, my mistake. Listen, I'll go to the bank in the morning, and be back here at 10:30 with your checks."

"But we need our money now."

"Listen, I have to deposit this money in the bank so I can meet my payroll, but I'll bring your checks to you tomorrow."

We roadrunners started complaining.

"What are we going to do now? We need our pay," I said. "You've always paid us in cash. What will we do with checks?"

"Checks are the way all businessmen pay. You want to do business with me, don't you?"

While he was telling us all this, he was walking toward the back door. He took out a cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and stopped to light it. He started puffing smoke as he talked to us. I decided I didn't like his looks anymore. He kept on walking. He walked out the door, and shut it in our faces. I was so angry all I could do was laugh.

The next day we waited at the cantina until

States. We knew Hank and Joe were watching us. They never said anything to us when we crossed the line through the hole. I guess they figured we had to come back because our families were on the Mexican side. I was not surprised they did not stop us. I could not imagine why anyone would want to live in the United States.

We went straight to Highwater Fats's drugstore on the main street, across from the city park. We walked into the store with the rest of the customers. The man was busy in the back, dispatching clerks to their duties. He saw us and turned his back, went behind a counter, and ignored us. He barked orders to his help, sending them scattering around the store. A clerk was on a ladder stacking goods on the shelves.

"What are you doing up there?" Highwater demanded. "No, no, no, don't put that up there. Put it down here where people can get their hands on it."

He was showing us how much authority he had, and for a moment he kept us away by his importance. Lizard, Pigway and I were intimidated. I looked around, wondering if it was a good idea to be where I was. Indio was examining

a brand new bee bee gun. He saw he had my attention and began aiming it at different targets in the store. He picked up a tube of bee bees and loaded it. He seemed to have discovered some dangerous ideas about how to get his money back.

"Look, Kiki," Indio said quietly, "isn't this a beautiful rifle?"

Highwater Fats looked up at Indio. Indio looked him in the eye. He tilted the barrel of the rifle up and down so we could hear the bee bees running in the magazine. He pumped a bee bee into the chamber and began waving the rifle back and forth to bring Highwater's attention to the business end of the barrel. Indio was close enough so he could have put a bee bee deep into Highwater's skin if he shot him any place except the seat of his pants, where his pockets were thick with his wallet and money. We grouped beside Indio. I picked a basketball off the shelf and began

bouncing it loudly on the floor. I stopped and aimed the ball as though I was about to throw it at the front window.

"You wouldn't shoot Mr. Highwater, would you, Indio?" I asked softly. I aimed the ball at Highwater's television sets.

"How much does Highwater owe us? Would it be worth going to a gringo jail?" I asked quietly.

"He's got our last sixteen dollars," Pigway said. "We came here to get it, didn't we?"

"I think we ought to be paid," Indio said in a low voice, addressing Highwater Fats himself.

"Are we robbing the store?" I didn't know what to do. I had thought we were there to ask for our money, not assassinate anyone.

"I might take this gun and call it even for my part," Indio said, much to my relief. "Let's just pick out something we like and leave."

The employees were beginning to notice us. All of them were bigger than us. Highwater was rooted in place by the muzzle of Indio's gun, and he wasn't saying a word, yet.

"You wouldn't take that gun, would you Indio?" I asked. "Wouldn't that be stealing?"

"Huh!" Indio said. "You think I wouldn't



noon and Highwater Fats had not showed up. We watched the bartender stack cases of beer. We helped him when we got tired of watching. At one o'clock Highwater Fats still had not showed up. We knew he wouldn't come. We were kids, but we knew men did not put themselves out at lunchtime for kids they owed money.

"Where's Highwater?" I finally asked.

The bartender looked up and said, "He's not here, can't you see that?"

Lizard doubled up his fist and said, "We never should have let him go. He still had our money on him when we let him go."

"Listen muchachos, don't wait for him here. He won't come here. Go on about your business," the bartender said.

"I guess we'll have to go find him," I said.

"He'll never pay you unless you go after him," the bartender said.

We walked out of there ready for battle. We walked down the street and past the garitas, the border-crossing station, four abreast. We waved to Hank and Joe, the American Customs and Immigration officers, and went to our secret hole in the fence and crossed the line into the United

steal for my money?"

With that, he ran away with the gun. Lizard and Pigway took off right behind him. I stood there facing everybody by myself. I looked back to see what Highwater was doing. He was coming at me like a train and making a noise like a siren. I threw the basketball at him, and didn't wait to see if it connected. I heard it bouncing on the shelves as I headed out the door.

Outside, Indio, Pigway and Lizard waved at me from a corner, then ran down an alley. I ran to catch up. I looked back and Highwater Fats was coming on. As fat as he was, he really could run. I had been looking around too much to make any progress, so I ducked my head and turned on the speed as I rounded the corner to the alley. Pigway, Lizard and Indio were spread out across the alley in a skirmish line, facing me.

"Run, run, run, he's right behind me," I yelled. I ran through them and kept going, then pulled up when I realized my pals were standing their ground.

"Why should we run, we've got a gun," Indio said quietly. I stopped, laughed, and stepped up beside him. I felt a lot better standing my ground. If Highwater came around that corner now, he wouldn't have had time to call the police.

Indio swung the gun to his hip like John Wayne, practicing. "John Wayne is Mexican," he yelled.

"Viva Mexico!" we roadrunners yelled.

Highwater came steaming around the corner. Indio raised the gun to his hip, pointed it, and let go a round that I swear hit a button on the roundest part of Highwater's belly, and probably didn't even break the skin. Highwater Fats skidded on

"Viva Mexico!"...We swaggered back through gringolandia to our hole in the fence.

his heels and then his feet started running the other way. He exposed his big butt. Indio let fly another round that smacked him between his fat wallets. A little spray of dust puffed off his seat and the bee bee lifted him off the ground. For a man so fat, he could fly for a short distance. We screamed like Indians and mounted imaginary horses. Holding our reins in one hand and pointing our fingers for guns, we began shooting at Highwater as we chased him. He tired and slowed down before he left the alley, so we ran out in front of him and herded him up the street. We just played with him like a gang of Indians around a stagecoach. Indio clowned while he poured bee bees into Highwater's rump. He assumed a different stance each time he took aim. Every time a bee bee hit, Highwater would have a spasm and jump off the ground. Indio fired from the hip, then dropped to one knee and fired again, then twirled the rifle on a finger and fired one-handed. He never missed.

Highwater was confused and hot, but he knew the way home, and we couldn't keep him from making it back to his store. As he was about to go through the doorway, Indio threw himself down into a prone position, broke his fall with the butt of his rifle like a soldier, took careful aim, and steamed another bee bee into Highwater's rump. Highwater slammed the door, locked it, and pulled down the shades.

Indio stood up, twirled the gun on his finger,

and strolled with us back to the border.

"Viva Mexico!" I yelled.

"Viva!" yelled the others.

We swaggered back through gringolandia to our hole in the fence. Hank and Joe were watching us when we got there. I didn't feel friendly to them right then, and my pals weren't even looking at them.

"What have you commandos been up to?" Hank called. Indio raised the rifle over his head and screamed like an Apache.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," Joe joked.

Indio smiled, but he didn't look at them. Hank and Joe went back inside their garita laughing.

"I bet Highwater telephoned them," Lizard

said. "I bet he complained about us."

"Listen, I bet they know Highwater better than we do," I said. "The only reason they haven't arrested him is because it's not illegal in the United States for him to smuggle bikinis to Mexico."

"What about our side?" Lizard asked. "How does he get by our customs with his bikinis?"

We all laughed at this. "You think Highwater doesn't grease the machine?" I asked. We didn't laugh much because that was an old joke. □


J.P.S. Brown, author of three published novels, was born and raised in Nogales, Arizona. Hank M. Azcona, a member of the Screen Actor's Guild, was born and raised in Agua Prieta, Sonora.

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Work Work Party Party

Reid Park, soul of the city

By Charles Bowden
Photography by John DeCindis

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home
— Vachel Lindsay

The man bends over the grass by the picnic table and listens intently through his headphones. He is around fifty, wears a neatly trimmed beard and he is part of the feel of Reid Park at 7 a.m. The metal detector sweeps before him, a ping! ping! catches his attention and he drops to his knees with a screwdriver and ice pick.

While boattail grackles chatter in the trees and settle their work schedules for the day, the man pries a penny from the sod. No matter. Two months ago he had a heart attack and the doctor told him to get some exercise and he was not the kind of guy who liked to waste time. So he took up "coin shooting," ambling about the city's public places with a metal detector stalking spare change.

"See this watch?" he challenges. "It's worth a hundred bucks. I found it."

On the nearby jogging track, people walk and trot, couples in their sixties and seventies strolling hand in hand. The light is soft, the air cool, the park like a beast waking up after a good night's rest and shaking the sleep out of its eyes. The guy is oblivious to all this. His eyes are on the ground, his ears are hungry for the ping! of a big strike. He tells of a grade school on the South Side where in twenty minutes he found \$13.40 in change under the swings. He won't hit that place again for a few months—you've got to let a spot rest, he explains, let it build up once more.

As for the park, it has a private geography for him. The bowl by the bandshell is good, real good, what with all those music lovers sitting on the grass whacked out of their skulls by violins while coins dribble silently from their pockets. And of course the swings—swings are always prime turf.

Inca doves nibble on the ground as he scuttles off and the day begins for Tucson's biggest public park. Cyclists roll silently down the park roads, their brains blasted by cassette players, their hips girdled in merciless biking



shorts. Every human being in Reid Park seems encased in headphones and the birds sing to a deaf audience. The sound of splashing water floats over from the stream by the pond and the ducks quack, but apparently no one listens.

Reid Park is sometimes described as the bad boy of Tucson's parks, the place of incidents, guys firing on police helicopters, kids sitting on their cars and stancing each other, people of all kinds of races bumping up against each other. Often on the weekends, the park clogs with cars and people and the gates are shut to keep out more machines while the acres writhe with gridlock and picnic merriment. It is not so much a place of solitude as a green pad raucous with the sounds of the city's pleasures. Well, Tucson is a city, however reluctantly, and Reid is a city park. Sabino Canyon is a natural wonder, the Catalina mountains are the skyline, the Tucson Community Center is just a name. But the park is people, the people who make up this town, rich and poor, the good, the bad and the ugly.

Tucson has a heart and a day in Reid Park is the way to hear it pounding. The beat starts softly in the early light as Saturday night is washed from the city by the calm of Sunday morning.

On a summer day 3,000 to 4,000 cars enter the park and spill at least 10,000 people into the 131 acres (only 75 of which are grass). Three groundskeepers maintain the turf and once a week the city parks' flying squad of grass-cutters spends a day and a half mowing Reid flat.

The Cleveland Indians play seventeen home games in Hi Corbett field and the Toros are here for seventy-two. Over at the bandshell, there are thirteen pop concerts a year and a variety of jazz and rock programs. Sometimes 10,000 people gather in the grass bowl designed for 5,000. Corporate parties often book ramadas a year ahead.

And then there is the horseshoe pitching, the Little League games, the fishing, the lovers walking underneath the trees hand in hand, the zoo with its bawling inmates, the city's most popular golf course.

Reid Park is a machine for the city's pleasure and often the pedal is pushed right to the floor.

Steve Perli, forty-six, sports a three-day beard and his clothes look slept in. He has been on the road warring against communism, leftism and the sinister high-jinks of Canadian politics. The whole story is inside his '77 Ford Pinto, a dented machine with bald tires and stuffed with his portable archives. At the moment, he is sitting in his front seat by the duck pond and plotting his next moves: going to Phoenix to get landed immigrant status, then a quick bop down to Nayarit in Mexico for a rest, and always and everywhere, of course, the book, *THE BOOK*.

Perli hails from Vancouver, British Columbia, and is a devoted member of the Conservative Party. The interior of the car is packed with clothes, foam coolers, a kerosene lamp swinging from the rear view mirror and clippings, mountains of newspaper clippings that have been copied and then marked up with bright felt-tip pens. Canadian politics, Perli explains, "are as crooked and corrupt as a dog's hind leg." An Irish Setter passes by with a jogger but the mutt ignores the slur.

The voice comes out flat and what it tells is a tale of frightening corruption, of how Perli found out that the current Canadian prime minister, Conservative Brian Mulroney, wasn't really a conservative kind of guy at all, but a leftist fox in the henhouse. Perli, an auto mechanic, then took to the hustings to expose the rascal. It is all there in the clippings, screaming photographs of the P.M. and Perli going at it hammer and tongs, long gray paragraphs of jabs and counter-jabs. And of course this experience is the core of *THE BOOK*.

"I'm going to call it something that was learned in American politics a long, long time ago," he intones. "The Price of Liberty Is Eternal Vigilance."

He scribbles the text out first in long-hand and then pounds out a tighter draft on his typewriter. Reid Park, he allows, is a fine place for writing a block-buster book about Canadian politics. The quiet helps and he just sits down at a picnic table and lets the words flow.

I glance at a handwritten page lying on the dashboard and catch two words that give the

flavor of the opus: *Götterdämmerung* and *Armageddon*.

The city ignored parks as the First World War crept closer. The *Arizona Daily Star* preached "the city will not be spending money on vain adornment of the city when it appropriates money for the improvement of the parks, for parks are peculiarly a commercial asset for Tucson...." But the City Council had pet projects it preferred over tree planting, things like debating the virtues of Tucson's legally defined red light district. In 1917, the city government ripped out one tiny park for a baseball field; the *Star* railed against "an unsightly grandstand of rough lumber."

Golf did the trick. By the twenties the newspaper was cooing "it has been estimated that 85 percent of the male population and 50 percent of the female population of the United States play golf more or less regularly."

The park was clubbed into the city budget.

It is a little past 8 a.m. now and a boy and girl, say about sixteen or seventeen, sit on swings near the Rose Garden. The girl wears white short-shorts, the guy black running shorts and no shirt so he can show off his tanned, muscular body. He taps an orange Frisbee against his knee. Their two dogs, one black and one red, roll and tumble on the ground before them.

The girl announces to him, "If we're gonna get home and make it to church, we gotta go."

In the beginning there were 480 federal acres out past town and the price tag was \$4,800. It was 1925, the city didn't have that kind of cash so W.E. Barnum and his wife bought the ground under a long-term repayment plan with the city. That was the birth of what we now call Reid Park.

Barnum instantly chaired a committee pumping for an eighteen-hole golf course. Opening day was October 17, 1927, and the duffers played rounds on greens formed by mixing sand, cottonseed and oil.

The newspapers saw a future full of "long stretches of greensward, shade trees, picnic grounds, children's playground, tennis courts, swimming pools, croquet

courts." There was the thought that property values would shoot up around the new park and "Broadway Boulevard would become a boulevard in fact bordered by beautiful homes."

They named the tract after Eppes Randolph, a railroad tycoon and civic leader who had died in 1921.

Inside Hi Corbett field out on the baseball diamond, a Sonoran desert rendition of Oktoberfest is firing up. Full-grown Hansels and Gretels bound around in liederhosen and peasant dresses and the stalls begin to prepare truckloads of frankfurters, bratwurst and sauerkraut. Booths ring the area where a craft fair co-exists with this Teutonic soul session. At the gate a seventeen-year-old girl props up in a chair with a walkie-talkie and is the security guard. She kills time by reading *Truly Tastless Jokes, Volume VI*.

Louise Walker arrives with her skulls, one a steer decorated with hand-painted flowers, the other an antlered deer done in the same manner. They go for \$80 and \$120, respectively. A Tucsonan, she is on the road about six months a year doing fairs and her stint in the park is not all that bad.

"Everybody," she offers, "shows up in Reid Park if they have a sense of humor."

Nothing much happened. The Depression came to town and the city stagnated. Then the W.P.A. appeared as part of the New Deal's magic kit of remedies and Reid Park, then called Randolph, got a golf clubhouse thanks to the free labor. Irrigation of the greens began in 1936.

The newspapers still saw a park in the greasewood and mesquite, a "park with great stretches of green turf, trees, shrubs and flowers, picnic grounds in an atmosphere of cleanliness and coolness [that] would be available in a 15 minute ride by automobile or bus."

Leroy Matthews, thirty-three, is a traitor to everything Henry Ford believed in. He sits in his 1950 Ford Crestliner and the cream and tan machine is absolutely cherry at first glance—a rich paint job, new, lush upholstery inside and not a nick or ding on the body. He is busy reading the morning paper and sipping a cup of convenience-mart coffee when he is confronted by the awful question: what is under the hood?

"A Chevy's under there now," he confesses, "a 350."

Speed?

"I don't know," he smiles, "the speedo only goes to 100."

In 1927, 10,000 people signed a petition begging for a place to watch baseball. The ballpark, now named Hi Corbett for a local leader who had once been a player himself, came from that drive and \$32,638 went into grandstands and the field.

The newspaper still kept preaching the value of a real park where "the laborer, the clerk and the merchant could go in the evening with his family."

The groundskeeper really knows the park. See those two restrooms over there? Well, that's where we've been having trouble with homosexuals.

What kind of trouble?

Oh, just trouble.

The day's schedule?

There's going to be a big dog show and "tomorrow's going to be a real mess—the owners put the stuff in plastic bags but you got any idea what a bag of that stuff can weigh? You can hard-



ly pick it up."

He's got a little bicycle horn tied with rope to the steering column of his three-wheel Cushman cart and I give it a squeeze. Then he roars off displaying a bumper sticker that announces "I Love My Cushman."

One glance at the dog show itself and the mind fills with nightmares of full shovels. About 250 beasts representing fifty breeds strut around showing their stuff and they all look perfect. An eighteen-month-old kid drags a 150-pound Irish Wolfhound around by a leash. It's now 11 a.m.

About a hundred yards away a Mexican American family is decorating a ramada with ribbons and balloons. A huge pinata hangs from a rope strung between two trees. Nearby on the hill between the two ponds, an Asian contingent seems to have arrived and children race down to the cascading stream oblivious of the signs warning about bad water and broken glass. Peter Wong, thirty-four, his wife Annie and his two girls sun by the pond while he shows his prowess at fishing. Six sunfish have been bagged already and he is hardly warmed up. He hits the pond every week or two.



A little ways off, a middle-aged guy sits under a palm tree reading the paper, smoking his Chesterfields and airing his feet—shoes off but black stretch socks still on. My memory fires up at his bad form back in the Rust Belt to expose a naked foot. Sure enough, he is a retired guy from the Chicago trucking industry.

I move yet deeper into the lazy dreams of Reid Park.

Some good ol' boys are pitching horseshoes over on the park's south side and they hit ringers about half the time. One guy has been at it for thirty years and all the players seem to have rural pasts. This is the shell of the Tucson chapter of the Arizona Horseshoe Pitchers Association and they are sharpening their skills, and I mean sharpening. They all carry files in their britches for honing their pet shoes—for the Tucson Open. Not that Tucson Open, but the Tucson Open, the local pitching tournament that descends on town November 29.

Terry Lievrouw, Iowa-born and now a Florence diesel mechanic, is visiting so he can practice his licks. His wife is state women's champ, his son is deadly and among the three of them they have seventy-five trophies at home. He tells me he favors a 2-pound, 9-ounce shoe though some of the guys will toss a 2/6 or a 2/8 or even a 2/10.

He gives me the hard sell on horseshoe pitching: "It's cheap."

Back at the dog show, the competition is getting fierce in the rings cordoned off with yellow rope. Three puppies, all hailing from herding breeds, line up before the judge while their female owners stroke them and talk to them, check their teeth and give them lectures about proper posture. The air is full of human babble but the dogs remain remarkably quiet, now and then yipping, but basically keeping their thoughts to themselves.

I sprawl on the grass while animals trot past all decked out in towels that have been soaked to cool them off. They look like kings and queens; the owners move as if the dogs, after a lot of effort, have finally trained them.

It is high noon, Reid Park is saturated with the aroma of broiling hamburgers and the sounds are rips and tears as hands open big bags of potato chips. Families have staked out their ramadas—two kids watch football on a color television while the old man burns some burgers nearby—and the parking spots are about full. Everywhere I look I see field drills in diaper changing. One ramada wears a huge banner: HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESSICA...LOVE MOM AND DAD. Jessica herself sits in the dirt nearby, all of two years old.

In 1939, landscape architect Charles Maguire tried to sketch the idea of a great park for Tucson. He saw trees, kids playing on grass and also "quiet recreation of a more cultural or instructive type."

The yellowed drawing has the look of a genteel machine for uplifting the toiling masses: croquet, lawn bowling, a lagoon for boating, the botanical gardens. We will never know. The war came in 1941 and plans for the big chunk of park land out in the desert went into limbo.

Tribal rumbles begin to sound from the band shell. Three kids, fifteen, seventeen, and eighteen, have taken the stage with two electric guitars and a full set of snare drums. They leap and stomp behind a curtain of chain-link fencing—the shell is locked tight and supposedly closed to casual music makers.

The band describes its music as "trippy rock



and roll." Out on the lawn, ten or twelve kids stand at attention soaking up the sonic boom while the guitarist does leaps and spins that put Bruce Springsteen in the shade. The fifteen-year-old drummer is bare-chested and he slaps his sticks as if rehearsing some kind of martial art.

The guys normally play in a garage but about once a week cabin fever hits them and they come over to Reid, hop the fence, drag their instruments in and wail. Of course they are a band: the Peckers.

The noise wells up out of the bowl and spills over the families now deep in their lunches, spins off over the baseball fields where Winter Leaguers are hitting fungos, blasts through the flocks of ducks and everywhere in the Park manifests itself as a barely audible but completely felt thump, thump, thump. I ask one of the roving citizen cops, a volunteer park monitor who rips around on a Cushman eyeballing people eyeballing the park, if there are any objections to the Peckers.

He says the kids have no right to be in there but he can't see how they are doing any harm.

He came here as a kid from the Northwest and in 1947 he became the city's first supervisor of parks. What he got besides the title was eight parks totalling maybe forty acres, a half dozen men, an old pickup truck and a lawnmower.

Years later he said, "I've had good relations with 95 percent of the city councils I've worked under. Most of them were beautiful, beautiful people—dumb—but beautiful."

His name was Gene Reid.

They call themselves the Black Diamond Express and after their boss has carefully inspected my credentials—a driver's license, a

business card that fails to impress him since he confesses even he has got a business card—they agree to talk about their motorcycle club. A few quick points about the Black Diamonds: they seem to be mainly black guys, although their Road Captain, who explains his task is to schedule runs, is white; their bikes are mostly black—sale on the paint, they explain; and they don't ride Harleys because they can't afford them.

The name?

"One of our geniuses came up with that."

At the moment, they're into sun and talk: A baby in diapers sits at the controls of a Triumph



while the guys stand around and deal with the agenda of the Black Diamond Express. They profess to having no problems with cops in the park.

"We don't come here with that attitude," a Diamond explains. "We drink in the park, we got a permit."

One speaker has arms the size of oak logs, a gold Playboy pendant hanging from his neck and a Mickey Mouse watch on his wrist.

I am charged by the organization to correctly report their goal, so here it is: "We're for the good."

The south end of the golf course had been chewed up by a cavalry regiment housed there in World War II. The parkland to the west was desert.

The City Council told Reid to plant a little grass. He figured out a budget and said he needed \$150,000. The council groaned. He went ahead and came back later for another \$65,000. The councilman who had originally pushed for the park thought he was getting a strip of trees and grass along 22nd Street.

Reid told him, "You got a whole park now,...the whole bit."

Over at the Oktoberfest, hundreds of innocent citizens mill about in a sea of brutal accordion music. The crowd is a mixed bag of German worshippers—one acolyte wears a black T-shirt with a gun pointing straight out and the message, ATWOOD, MAKE MY DAY. An Oriental man walks past with a Tyrolean hat and full liederhosen.

Up on the bandstand, about halfway between left and center field, Hildegard, a renowned Milwaukee yodeler now living in Tucson, tears into the "Roll Out The Barrel." This wholesome music is followed by a degenerate tribal custom named the Duck Dance. Adults from the audience fill the stage, turn their backs to the crowd, flap their

arms like birds, and are commanded by Hildegarde herself "to shake your buns." I begin to grasp where the sobering reports of Reid Park have issued from. I have penetrated the Heart of Darkness.

He bagged material wherever he could. The first bandshell was fashioned from scrap pipe and military surplus canvas. Reid swapped the base commander at Davis-Monthan some trees from his nursery for the fabric. The amphitheater surrounding the shell came from the University of Arizona—the contractor excavating basements there needed a place to dump his tons of dirt.

Reid got the reputation of a man who outfoxed the City Council.

He reportedly told one council member, "City councils come and go, but Gene Reid is always here."

Three p.m., the sun hammering willing bodies. Over at the baseball field character assassination is continuing under the guise of coaching.

"Hey guys! Let's play, it's baseball."

A few moments later when a kid up at bat swings and misses, the coach helpfully barks, "Relax!!!!!!"

And so forth.

The parents sit on lawn chairs and watch their children dabble in America's pastime. And

*She wears a red shirt that
states clearly SEX
MACHINE...her hand
clasps a leash hooked up to
Precious, her ferret.*

they are right: sun, clean hits, green grass, baseball, Sunday afternoon. This stuff could chase crack right off the streets.

Across the playing field over by the duck pond it is time for strolling. She wears a red shirt that states clearly SEX MACHINE, a gold unicorn swings from her neck and her hand clasps a leash hooked up to Precious, her ferret. Her companion is not to be outdone. His red shirt states CAUTION: FERRET SLEEPING and at his feet, ferreting along, is Frodo the ferret.

I'm game and I ask him about what his shirt means.

Faster than a weasel on benzedrine, he pops Frodo into his T-shirt and the little sucker seems to doze off briefly. But soon his head pops up and the two ferret handlers meander on to terrorize ducks and take in the sights.

One guy working for Reid was just nuts about birds. When somebody dumped two peacocks on the park, Reid started creating a kind of aviary. Soon gifts of pheasants, prairie dogs, barnyard animals and what-not followed. Then the elephant arrived. Reid stole money for his menagerie from the park's operating budget.

There were complaints from some people that the makeshift zoo was a mess and cruel to animals. There were complaints from City Council members that they'd never signed on for a zoo. But in the budget of 1967-1968, the zoo became a line item.

I am at Jesse Bacahui's ramada and I admire the monster pinata he has created for his son's sixth birthday. Based on a robot creature from the Saturday morning cartoon shows, the pinata is exactly the same size as his son and took Jesse twelve hours to fabricate. The hulk holds enough



candy to crush an unwary child.

About a dozen kids zip about the place while the adults eat and sing at the picnic table. Jesse has been in Tucson eighteen years and hails from Hermosillo where he merrily busted pinatas as a kid. He figures he saved fifty or sixty dollars by making his own. During the week he sets tile or lays carpet, but this is Sunday and he throws himself wholeheartedly into his son's birthday.

At the next ramada over a family of Anglos is having some kind of reunion. Two girls pluck ballads from their electric guitars and their high, unmiked voices float over the grass like a memory of Joan Baez. Two gray-haired ladies listen attentively in lawn chairs while down at the other end of the ramada teen-agers play hacky-sack.

At Jesse's ramada it is the same only different. One guy strums a guitar and sings Mexican corridos with a friend. The women talk among themselves and keep an eye on the kids who are playing on swings, slides and jungle gym. Jesse just beams at his pinata.

Around a quarter to four, Jesse climbs up a eucalyptus tree so he can handle the rope on his creation and his son is led out blindfolded to begin

flailing with a bat. He barely nicks the red, white, yellow, green and black monster as Jesse jerks the pinata out of range at the critical moment. Child after child takes a crack at the target while the youngsters on the sidelines scream, "Arriba!" Slowly they begin to wound the creature. First an eye goes, then an ear, an arm, another arm, finally a big leg. After half an hour, the kids are down to whacking at the torso.

One little girl of two swings and is struck by a falling ear and runs screaming off for her mom. At last the beast shatters, candy cascades onto the dirt and a dozen kids pile into a melee grasping for lollipops and other delights. The adults simply glow with pleasure.

And then they turn to the business of the cake.

He retired in 1978 and confessed he was weary with the red tape his growing empire of eighty-four parks and 2,500 acres had created. He had eighteen swimming pools, three golf courses, the zoo, tennis courts, and a budget close to \$9 million. He left a legacy of building mounds on the golf course with compacted trash, of using snapped telephone poles from the phone company for the construction of his zoo.

The City Council changed the name of Randolph Park to Reid.

Night has fallen softly and I walk toward the band shell through a terrain of empty picnic tables. The barbecue pits still glow with coals and all across Reid Park I see these red eyes staring into the darkness. The smell of food still is everywhere, the rinds of watermelons, the scent of potato chips, the lusty aroma of all those hamburger patties.

A crowd coats the grassy surface of the bowl, people perched on lawn chairs, middle-aged couples lying on blankets like beached whales. The mood is mellow, university, white, quietly attentive. Two girls off to the side play badminton without a net. A couple of cops survey the scene while the orchestra tunes itself on stage and the sound check booms out, "TEST, TEST, TEST." The officers quickly decide this throng does not require the services of a SWAT team and turn to other concerns.

It is a very good night to be alive. Watching the people stroll out of the darkness into the bowl is like witnessing the gathering of a tribe.

At Hi Corbett field the Oktoberfest is shutting down and all over the park a shift in gears is taking place. Here at the bandshell, white, middle-class America is about to relax and enjoy selections from "Funny Girl," a couple of movements from a Haydn symphony, a Stevie Wonder medley, and a John Phillip Sousa closing. No Duck Dancing, but still a pleasant offering.

I walk out back and immediately the darkness moves in and hugs me. The red eyes return with the scent of grilled food. I pass a van from a retirement community and just at that moment the disco beat grows louder. At night, on the weekends especially, the north side of the park is taken over by black teen-agers, the west side by Mexican kids. The road is jammed with people standing around, the sides an endless row of parked cars,

*Girls walk past with
small babies in their
arms, guys with their best
party clothes on.*

vans, trucks. Over at the bandshell the orchestra is still fine tuning its instruments as I amble through crowds of kids drinking beer, talking and bathing in the roar of music pouring from various car radios and boom boxes.

Girls walk past with small babies in their arms, guys with their best party clothes on. The voices are not loud, the talk friendly. As I look around the scene I realize that in the morning this grass will be a coin shooter's heaven.

John Leroy Jones, III, deftly introduces me to the local power structure: "I run this park," he allows. Just then the lights dim on the towers at

Hi Corbett Field.

"See those lights go off?" he demands. "I did that."

I am properly humbled. Across the baseball fields I hear the opening strains of "Funny Girl" blast forth while around me the beat is faster, a thumping, pounding, juicy beat, a rhythm so ancient and true it grabs hold of the double helix anchoring my DNA and gives it a good spin. The party here begins around 6 p.m. and goes until "whenever."

"You can relax yourself," one kid instructs me, "get loose. Just a bunch of guys checking out the girls, a bunch of girls checking out the guys."

Others gather around me to finish my education. They hail originally from the East mainly, New York City, Philly, places like that. They work a job, two jobs and then after five days comes the weekend and that means this moment in Reid Park.

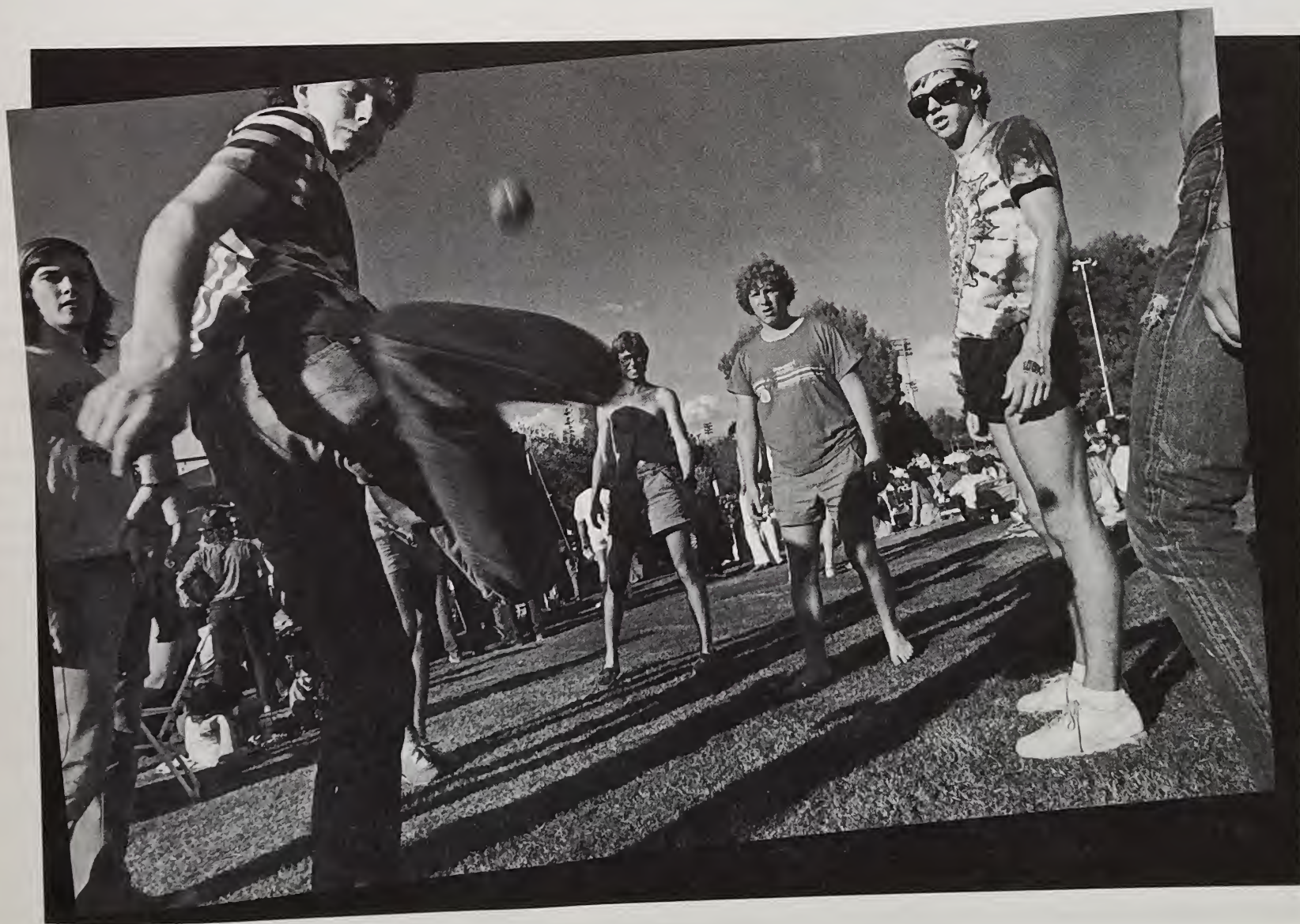
One kid states the nature of American life so plainly even I can grasp it: "Work, work, party, party."

I'm a believer. Reid Park sinks into itself after another hard day and is wrapped with the sound of electric guitars and violins.

I can hear the city's heartbeat and I like the sound. □

There the laborer, the clerk and the merchant could go in the evening with his family...

—Tucson Citizen editorial of the 1920s



LOST THEIR LEASE!

ENTIRE VALLEY OF THE SUN MUST GO!!!

We have a dream: Free Phoenix! Our neighbor to the north must be liberated from the bush league ambitions of the rest of Arizona. The city selflessly contributes a great deal to the state: photochemical clouds to color the sun, the annual serenade of feeding legislators, belching herds of automobiles, a unique nuclear power plant that rivals Soviet thoughtfulness and an architecture surpassed solely by the combined efforts of the American military.

Quite simply, Phoenix is without peer.

For too long this desert megapolis of movers and shakers, and now and then a snorter, has been hamstrung by the lack of vision demonstrated by other, lesser Arizonans, by small-minded types who cherish blue sky, like the desert, savor quiet, enjoy mountains, read books without moving their lips, guzzle cold beer and prefer Mexican food to *nouvelle cuisine*.

Tom Jefferson once noted that he feared for his country when he reflected that God is just. He probably was thinking of Phoenix at that moment.

As our current President has instructed us in his teachings on the bondage of little Central American countries, liberation is as American as easy credit. So the time has come to bring the American spirit back home: Set Phoenix free!

ONCE IN A LIFETIME OFFER

We sell Phoenix to North Dakota. We're talking Phoenix, Glendale, Sun City, Scottsdale, Cave Creek, Tempe, Paradise Valley, Chandler, Mesa, Gilbert, we're talking the whole damn valley. And Buckeye, too—the Palo Verde nuclear power plant is too grand an idea to leave in the care of the hicks who live here just because the weather is nice.

North Dakota shares a deep historical heritage with Phoenix. Both places are accidents of America's fierce financial drives. Back in the nineteenth century, various railroads and bunko artists peddled Dakota as the next Garden of Eden, a magic land where rain would follow the plow and crops would make rich any man with a hoe. Since that happy time, the state has been regularly ravaged by drought, blizzards, plagues of locust, shack-whacky epidemics of insanity and a winter that lasts about eleven months a year.

Phoenix, proudly called Pumpkinville in the beginning, was created by three rascals who excavated some old Hohokam canals, proceeded to raise hay and then fleece the army with feed contracts. Since that high point, the community has gone on to be probably the only city on the surface of the earth that is solely the creation of car dealers, visionary real estate developers and absentee newspaper owners. Burgs like Los Angeles are burdened by a Spanish and Mexican past; Phoenix is a free bird with no history, no roots, no heritage to clutter its march toward total subdivision. This originality is most brightly reflected in the statesmen Phoenix sends to Washington, people who might be branded sociopaths in the provinces, but in the invigorating climate of Phoenix are seen as saviors of the *Republic* (and *Gazette*).

So what we have here is a marriage made in heaven. North Dakota, a frozen tundra that briefly blossoms with endless rows of Wonderbread, would gain a big city in the Sunbelt. Phoenix, a city of visionaries who have learned to crop-dust with napalm, would suddenly possess an entire new state to bulldoze, pave, and convert to parking lots, shopping centers, cute restaurants and enthralling galleries of Western Art.

Everyone could sing, "By the time I get to Phoenix, I'll be in North Dakota."

**LOW DOWN!!!
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS!!!!**

We sell the place for one buck. True, this might seem steep, but to sweeten the deal we accept pesos. The contract will be patterned after the terms of the Central Arizona Project: nothing down and payments spread over fifty years at three percent interest.

The fine print of the agreement will mop up a few loose ends. Phoenix, North Dakota, will relinquish all claims to the Salt, Gila and Colorado rivers. Naturally, residents who chose to live in Phoenix of their own free will no longer can be allowed out into Arizona. Passports will be issued—the South African government will be hired as consultants on the proper forms and type faces. The entire valley will be surrounded with tank traps, laser beams, rows of concertina wire and carefully spaced towers equipped with machine guns and powerful searchlights. The East Germans will be brought in as consultants in this vital work.

All roads leading into Phoenix, North Dakota, will be dynamited. Rail and air connections will, of course, be severed.

No doubt many will feel that items like passports are far too generous, but Arizonans, however out of step, have always been a kind and loving people.



THE NEW ARIZONA!!!

The state's highways will be blissful since no one will have to suffer the drive to Phoenix ever again. On weekends, the White Mountains will seem almost lonely—no more packs of BMWs, no more mobs of earnest faces bidding madly for chalet sites, or at least hoping to get their free gift. White shoes will take their place in museums next to moccasins. The Phoenix 40 will be plopped into the dustbin of history along with tales of Al Capone and other illustrious civic leaders. ASU will join Ajo as one of those hard-to-pronounce words from another time. The Capitol will have to be relocated. The Space Age Cafe in Gila Bend and the Yuma Territorial Prison would be possibilities.

Arizona will look like a donut. Perhaps we can gain renown as the Breakfast State, famous for the hole in the center.

And Phoenix, North Dakota, will be renowned as The Hole.

ACT TODAY! YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH US!

Here's a handy form to petition the governor. There is no penalty for sending in multiple copies. Any Arizonan of any age, sex, creed, race or religion is fully competent to judge the merits of this matter. *Attention residents of Phoenix: please, no crayons.*

City Magazine

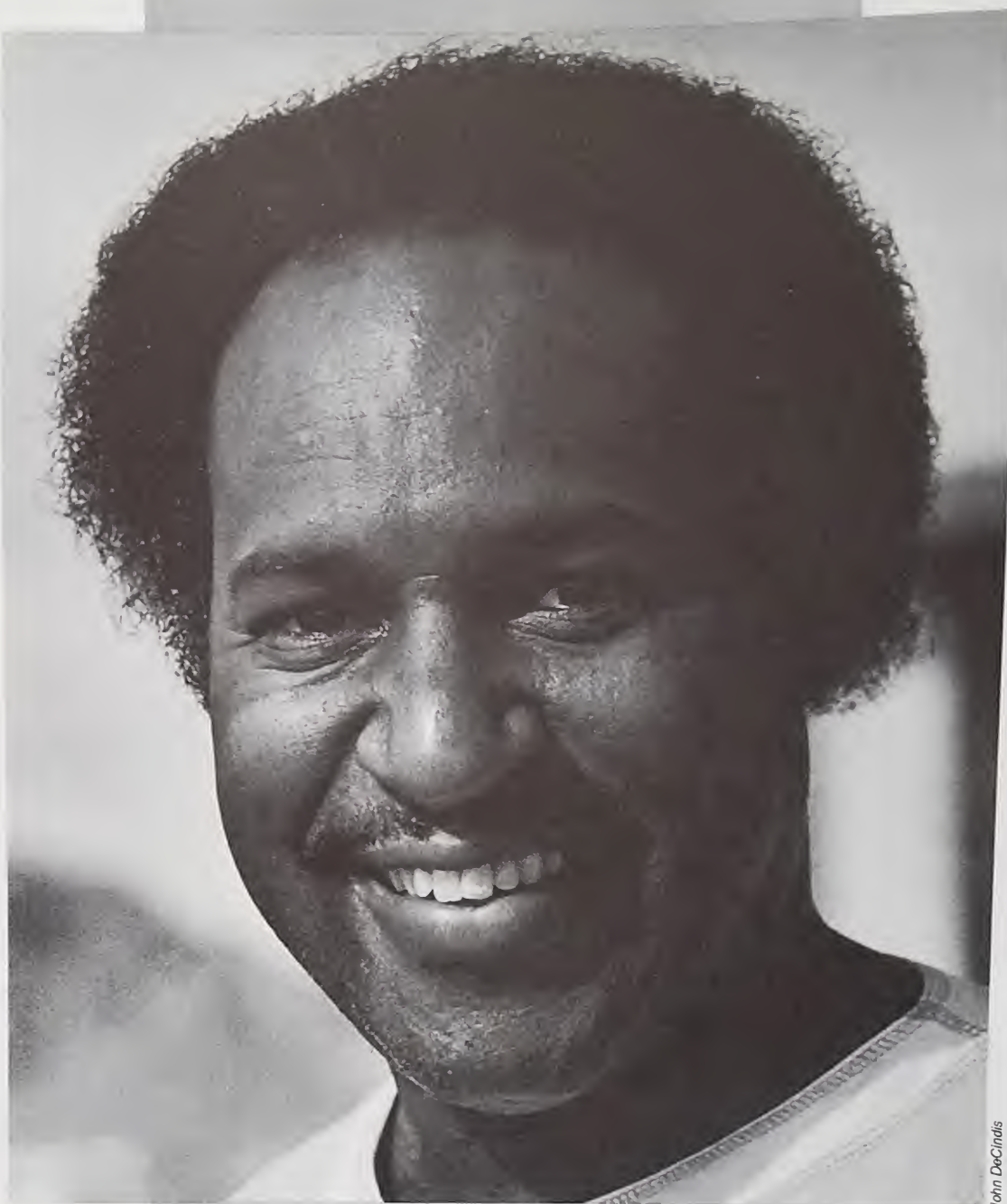
1137 N. 7th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85705

- ☐ Hi! I'm a small minded, backward resident of Arizona and I would like to sell Phoenix to North Dakota for one buck. Or best offer.
- ☐ Hi! Forget the price. I want to give Phoenix to Paraguay.
- ☐ Hi! I'm not interested in money but liberation. I want Phoenix bombed flat.
- ☐ Bill me later.
- ☐ Yes, your salesperson can call on me to discuss your limited offer concerning the disposal of Yuma.

Full Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____



John DeCindis

Ron Brooks

Real talk about happy talk

Ron Brooks, for years a local sportscaster on Channels 4 and 13, is leaving television and moving with his wife and two children to Stockton, California, to work with the blind. He is an ordained elder in the Seventh Day Adventist Church and may be the only sports anchor in Tucson's history who had a contract exempting him from working between sunset Friday and sunset Saturday in order not to violate his religion's Sabbath. He is currently tied up in a lawsuit with Channel 13 over a contract dispute. Recently, he talked about his years in the local television wars.

Two toy poodles, Champagne and Bubbles, bounce around the place and Brooks, thirty-eight, who has been out of a job for months, who can't find work in Tucson radio and television, well, Ron Brooks is feeling okay. He talks easily and his talk is interspersed with laughter.

I'm very comfortable, not in ghettos, but near ghettos, if that makes any sense. I was raised in them. I don't want to be in a slum area where my kids are fighting every day, but I want to be close enough to it where I can drive through on a regular basis so that my kids can see that they're more fortunate than others and appreciate what they have. It helps them a lot....In fact, I tell them, hey, look how these guys out here are living, and they really can't believe it—no food, no clothes, dirt everywhere, rundown house and a toilet that doesn't work sometimes, a stove that takes forever to light, a refrigerator that doesn't keep the food cold. And it reminds me of what I came from, too. A lot of people forget where they came from. Any one of us can drift right back into it at any point in our life from bad breaks. Especially in television, the media in general—you can be here today and gone tomorrow.

It's an environment I grew up in most of my life. In other words, I've been poor longer than I've enjoyed a certain amount of success.

Where were you raised?

South Phoenix before it was part of the city. Dirt roads everywhere. Dirt. We had cotton fields, watermelon fields and all kinds of agriculture. That's what we did for our jobs. Seven kids, my father a laborer, my mother did housework—she cleaned people's houses until she eventually became a beautician. Most of her life she scrubbed people's floors. My father just worked himself to death—I don't plan to work the way he did at a steel factory. He inhaled gases, drank whiskey, had a poor diet.

Many days he worked double shifts just to make enough money to pay for all those kids. He'd work graveyard shift and then when somebody would call in sick, he'd stay over and work another shift. He was always tired—that's all I remember of my father, he was always tired. In fact, my father used to work all night long at the steel factory and then he would go out in the cotton and potato fields and work there. My mother would get the whole family up at five in the morning and we would go out to the fields and father would get off at 8 a.m. and come by and join us and we would work until 5 p.m.

I knew I would get out of where I was born. My father instilled in us to do better than he did. He stressed education. He demanded that we make good grades, that we articulate and speak properly—he did not allow broken, slang, ghetto English in the home. He did not allow the theory that the white man would never let you get ahead. He didn't raise us to hate white people.

He instilled success, he preached it all the time. He said, "I'm going to raise you—you're not going to come out like this, living in some beat-up neighborhood." He said it's a fact that blacks have to be twice as good as whites in many cases to get jobs and keep them but that is no problem; just go out and be twice as good.

I just went to my twentieth high school reunion. Most of them are still doing the same thing. I go back and find a lot of them are dead or in jail. I grew up in a rough neighborhood. People used to cut each other and shoot each other and I had friends killed at parties when I was fifteen or sixteen years old.

How did you get into television?

I was one of the few who just went through the door with no experience and asked for a job. In 1971 at KNPX, an NBC affiliate in Phoenix, I walked in because a buddy of mine got drafted—he was their film editor. But the main reason I tried television is that I got stabbed in the neck with a knife and I almost died. I was working as a mental health technician and one of the patients stabbed me and almost killed me, severed my jugular vein and I was in the hospital sick for many, many months. So I decided to choose a different vocation.

I shouldn't be here. You're looking at a lucky and blessed individual. I had thirty-two stitches in my neck, the knife went in five inches. This was



Ron Brooks, Andre, 8, Marisha, 5, and wife Monette leave town.

in September 1970—five inches deep in the neck. Destroyed my jugular vein and it had to be totally repaired.

I thoroughly enjoyed my work—I did everything from shock treatments, to giving out medications, to psychotherapy. I did one-on-one, group therapy—in fact it was during a group therapy session that this happened. A guy just slipped up behind me and stabbed me in the neck before I knew what happened. It was a new patient who I didn't know very well.

"You'll work out perfect here because we've got all kinds of lunatics in this business."

Was the change to television hard?

The guy running the station was Hugh Harelson, the publisher now of *Arizona Highways*. A nice guy, a class act. He asked me if I had any experience. I said none, I'd been working as a

mental health technician. He said, "You'll work out perfect here because we've got all kinds of lunatics in this business." And sure enough he was right.

That was January of 1971, and in nine months I was a news reporter. I didn't know what I was doing but I sure gave it a shot. I started at \$340 a month.

In June of 1978, I came to KVOA, Channel 4, as the sports director. I stayed there until October of 1982 and went to Alabama and took two years of theology and got a job there as a news reporter. I was the news reporter, I co-anchored the weekend news, I was a field sportscaster and I did a television talk show. I also was a consultant to a home for wayward children. I also did a prison ministry. I was killing myself. I made \$16,500 a year. I had a wife and two kids, so you can imagine. It was rough times.

What happened to your ministry?

I wanted to be an evangelist and when I found out there was an opening for a job here in Tucson and they were really hot to hire me at Channel 13, I decided I would go into a self-supporting ministry. You are not paid any money whatsoever—you don't accept any money. I am an ordained elder in the Seventh Day Adventist Church. I've been preaching for four years, maybe twice a month. I talk to all denominations, I've preached in prison. There's a lot nice people in all denominations.

You're in a racket that is not exactly the theological center of the city. What's it like being a preacher in commercial television?

Actually, people respected me. Now, sometimes guys would tease me, call me preacher or reverend. They'd come around and say, "Let's go out and smoke a joint tonight," or, "Hey Rev, let's go get a beer." They'd tease me like that and say, "Hey, remember when you used to go out and have a beer with the guys? Let's go."

Let's talk about the people you worked with.

Michael Goodrich (Channel 4 weatherman) is a very, very private person, both at work and away from the television station. He's the same person, he's not a phony, just very, very private. His whole life is essentially going home and going to the TV station. He does four shows a day. Even when he takes a vacation, he goes into seclusion. He goes to the beach and is a beach bum in San Diego. By his own admission he just goes and hangs out at the beach. Or he'll go to some town where nobody knows him and take in a movie and hide out in the hotel. He rarely makes any public appearance because the people just swamp him, he's so popular.

He is probably the most popular person I have ever worked with. I am totally amazed at his popularity. I have seen people go up to him, I have heard people call—I shared an office with him and I'd take some of the phone calls. People would call him every day, every day, especially the little old ladies. The elderly people just love him. I don't understand it because he is kind of dry in his delivery, his humor is kind of a dry humor, he is not flashy.

He shoots guns.

Once this guy threatened my life over a period of weeks and then called up and told me he knew the street I lived on and that he was going to gun me down that night. Michael Goodrich followed me home to make sure it didn't happen. So he's not afraid. If this guy had appeared, Michael would have been there to help me. He's a trooper.

I mean would you follow me home if you thought some dude might be parked out there with a 30-06 in the bushes somewhere? You don't want to get gunned down with me. I respect him a lot for that because he didn't have to do it, he volunteered.

I called my wife and told her to get out of the house and she went and stayed with her mother. I told her I had to go home and make sure every-

thing was okay because this guy claimed he was going to kill me tonight. The guy told me what street I lived on, he said, "I'm going to get you, I'm going to be waiting for you on Thirty-sixth Street." This guy had made up his mind he was going to kill a "black" person—he didn't use the word black, you know which one he said.

But Goodrich followed me over there that night, and came in the house and we walked through the house and everything. I'd called the police and all that and they'd just said, "Hey, if you have any trouble just let us know." How are you going to let them know if you're dead?

What's the biggest pressure in the business?

The contract is the biggest pressure to any

anchor person because even though you sign a three-year contract, they always have an out. My contract had an out every year, a renewal date. Some contracts have a renewal every two-and-a-half months—which I had at Channel 4. Every two-and-a-half months they could let you go.

As a sportscaster, your biggest problem is the die-hard sports fan, not the casual sports fan, but the die-hard. They have almanacs at the their bedside and they wait for you to make a mistake. They keep you sharp. They call you for predictions—of course some of them are bookies, I'm sure. A lot of bookies want to know the point spread. They will drill you to death.

What else?

I got ripped once for wearing a baseball shirt and cap during an interview. The news director called me on the carpet; he said it was unprofessional. I got seriously reprimanded with a letter in my file and the whole bit. And the funny thing about it was that the public loved it.

You've got a color code, you're not supposed to wear certain colors. You can't wear light blue because of the background; it's a technical problem. Certainly, you can't wear any loud colors; they wouldn't want you to wear red. Black is a no-no; so is anything that is too flashy. You know, flowery colors. And you almost always have to wear a shirt and tie while anchoring live on the set.

What about the happy talk format?

Happy talk is really mostly phony. A lot of your consultants have formatted happy talk that they encourage you to do. The thing is almost every anchor person, weather person or sports guy communicate before they come on the air. And they'll say, what is your first story, and I'll say such and such a thing and they'll say, well, I'll just say something like this. It's very rare that an anchor or weather person will hit a sports guy with something off the top of their heads.

It's like you be the newsman and I'll be the sports guy.

You say, "Well, what's your lead story?"

I say, "I'm going to lead off with the U of A playing USC this weekend."

"Well, what's the big deal with the game?"

I'll say, "Well the quarterback is hurt and we don't know if he's going to play."

Okay, lights on, camera comes on and he says, "Wellllllll, Ron, I guess the U of A is really worried this week. The quarterback is hurt."

And I'll say, "You're absolutely right there," and bang! You go right into your script.

I'll tell you something, most anchor people don't get on, they're not friends. They're not buddies, they're not necessarily enemies, but they're not the friends they try to make people think they are. They'll have shouting matches in the back room and then they'll go out there....

I've actually been called into the news director's office just prior to going on the air and been chewed out. And then told to go out and be a happy guy. That happened to me many times. A director will call you in and say, "I didn't like that interview you did. Now go out and have a good show." Literally, they'd call me during the newscast and I'd actually be in there getting my butt chewed out and then they'd say, "Well, you got a show to do, we'll talk about this later."

That's when it's hard to go out and be a nice guy.

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Did you ever have consultants work you over?

When I was at Channel 4, the consultants flew me to Chicago to look at tapes and all this stuff. First thing they do is—what do you call it when they take you in a room and then interrogate? It's like a brainstorming session. They sit you in a room for about two or three hours and they go over techniques and how you should look and happy talk and when to smile and when to sound serious and when to raise your voice, when to move, when to be still.

And then they make you go in a room and look at tapes of other sportscasters they like and the funny thing was that one of the tapes they used was of me, so I actually sat there looking at myself.

Everybody in the business resents it. I don't know one single person who likes it when the consultants come around.

Ever see anybody get in trouble over a consultant's report?

Sandy Rathbun (a Channel 13 reporter) told me herself that she was perceived as "a dingy blonde." That's what the research showed. And I don't understand that because I think Sandy's good. But it happens all the time. *[Sandy Rathbun agrees that a consultant once reported the audience perceived her as "a dingy blonde" but states that consultants "were real helpful" and that their assessments have never negatively affected her career].*

Patty Weiss (Channel 4 co-anchor) always scores well. She's perceived as the girl next door. Bud Foster is just there, he's the guy who doesn't rub you bad either way, he's a middle-of-the-road anchorman and he's a heck of a nice guy. I know him personally, but in the research he's just okay, an okay guy. He doesn't offend anybody and he doesn't get anybody too charged.

Vic Caputo (Channel 13 anchor)? I've never heard much on his research but he's a personal friend of Jay Watson, the general manager. In this business there are a lot of people getting hired by their friends—they both came from Detroit. Vic was really out of the business when he came out here—a lot of people don't know this—he ran for public office and lost.

Are you glad to be out of the business?

Right now, I feel great, I feel relaxed, I can spend time with my kids. I have never had Christmas and Thanksgiving off in any given year. In fifteen years, I've never had all the holidays off. Never. Now we can have Thanksgiving dinner, Christmas dinner together.

I used to get up in the morning tired with the kids going to school and when I came home at night they'd be asleep. You know, that's no way to live. I don't want to be a parent who never got out to throw a ball with my son, to wrestle with him on the floor and go to the park and to the zoo. I want to spend time together and talk about things and go to the top of the mountain.

But the pressure—I used to come home tense a lot, always crying to my wife. I had no personal, private life.

I just don't have any desire whatsoever at this point in my life to even be at a television station, to be in that environment. I've got mixed emotions about leaving Arizona. It's my home. I've got a lot of friends here, a lot of friends. Tucson has been good to me. □

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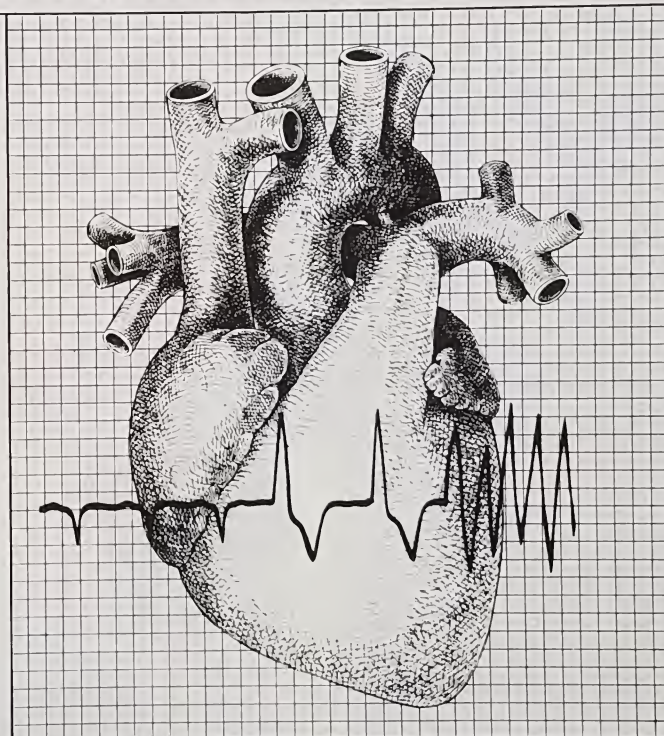
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Live Stock

*The Arabian glut has
Tucson Investors watching
where they step.*

By Ray Ring

Photography by Tim Fuller



Tending the herd, 1986.



The Arabian baby factory: this filly was worth \$40,000 the day it was born on the McCleod Ranch in Sonoita.

Janice Keeling had to sell her diamond ring to come up with the cash for her first Arabian horse. She knew the \$5,000 wouldn't go very far. "We didn't think we could possibly afford anything, except possibly a baby," she remembers. Prices in fact were a lot steeper when she and her husband Herbert, a manager at IBM, visited the Arabian auction in Scottsdale. That's where the idea really took hold. As the bidding for top horses nosed into six figures, "we realized the money-making possibilities," Keeling says.

Their blood up, the couple rushed out to scout for a good deal on an entry-level Arabian. At a ranch owned by a Phoenix advertising executive, they spotted a seven-year-old mare that moved well. "We liked her looks and didn't know anything else about her," Keeling recalls. The deal was struck, and the greenhorns came back to Tucson with the animal, a new pickup truck and trailer and some books on how to take care of horses.

Put into service as a baby factory, the mare wound up producing one filly that sold for \$21,000, and another that fetched \$25,000. A colt arrived

last spring, instantly worth \$2,500, according to Keeling, and still another colt, now gelded, serves as Herbert's "pleasure horse" while he's riding the couple's four-acre ranchette on Tucson's far East Side. "We got lucky, very lucky" on that \$5,000 mare, Janice Keeling says. Seven years into the business of breeding Arabian horses, "Things have gone very well. God has really blessed us."

The blessings—and the money-making possibilities—of raising Arabians have attracted a surprising number of Tucsonans who are not the traditional weather-beaten, plug-chewing cow-punchers of Southwestern past.

Perhaps it's a sign of the times. Once horses were essential here as basic transportation, emergency vehicles when Indians attacked and as working partners for cowboys on the range. Now the Indians drive pickups, much of the range is choked with townhomes and only rarely do you see ponies hitched outside of the neighborhood McDonald's.

Still, horses hang on in the city—as a hobby, yes, but also as part of the soul of this town. And lately the chic, sexy Arabian has become a meas-

ure of status as well. Forget the lowly cow pony. The Arabian is a four-legged Mercedes-Benz.

This beast doesn't just sit there gathering dust in the garage. An Arabian can make money for its owner, big money. It's a tax shelter and an income-producer. You can treat it on the books like an apartment building. No wonder Tucsonans are out scouting the globe for the best in Arabians. No wonder so much high-finance wrangling is going on.

Who was that jetting to Germany to lay out \$40,000 for Fatima Asil, a mare of distinguished Egyptian lines? The Keelings, aiming to set up a limited partnership based on breeding the mare. Who bought in? Other hands at IBM, a manager of a Walgreen's drugstore, a CPA and a publisher.

By the time Fatima Asil, then less than a year old, arrived in Los Angeles in a Lufthansa 747, her management plan was taking shape. Ten shares of stock were issued in Asil Bloodstock Ltd., for \$5,000 a crack. The Keelings held one share and the rest were sold to the partners, none of whom are at home in the saddle. "They come out to pet the mare and take pictures," Janice

Keeling explains.

It took three years for Fatima Asil to reach breeding age, and another eleven months for her first foal to arrive. But the waiting paid off in April. The new little filly could be worth \$90,000—"Certainly a fair price," according to Keeling. "Her value will appreciate dramatically as she ages. In three years, she'll be worth \$250,000." Even so, there was no hurry to put the filly on the block. "Nobody who invested in this deal is needing money," Keeling says.

After all the success, riding the spiral of profit and reinvestment, Janice Keeling would recommend the Arabian horse business—but not, surprisingly, as a way to make money. The only reason to get into Arabians at this point, Keeling says, is "if you enjoy horses."

A local tax attorney, who asked not to be identified, puts it a little more frankly: "I tell my clients to keep away from all this horse crap. Some of them go ahead with it anyway. They are losing their asses."

Marketing brochures try to explain the mystique of the Arabian horse by listing previous owners who are among the elite of all times. Napoleon rode one. So did George Washington, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Alexander the Great, and a parade of Spanish conquistadors and battlefield generals down to George S. Patton. In ancient Egypt, the pharaohs' chariots were yanked along by Arabian chargers. The horse even served as a model for winged Pegasus, the equine of Greek heavens who occasionally deigned to drop down to Earth. Thoroughbreds, quarter horses, Western mustangs, all horses in competitive sport today, are descended from the Arabian line. No other breed can be traced as far back in history; no other breed has engendered such romance, and hype.

"Nature, when she made the Arab, made no mistake," one author observed more than seventy years ago. Some of the credit can also go to Bedouin nomads, who relied on the horse for skimming across endless desert sands. According to the Prophet Mohammed, God bestowed the horse on mankind with the offer, "Here is a handful of wind." Ever since, the tribes have helped perfect nature's perfection through selective breeding of Arabians over countless generations.

Today's purebred presents the classic chiseled appearance, with neck arched, tail bannered high and dark, soulful eyes. "An abundance of natural vitality, animation, spirit, suppleness and balance" is shown by the breed, according to the *American Horse Show Rule Book*. Yet for all that, Arabian horses aren't good for much of anything in the eyes of some horse people.

"I wouldn't give you a nickel for any one of 'em," drawls Joe Lawrence, who's been trading and selling horses in the Southwest for nearly three decades. "All they're good for is show."

Arabians don't win fat purses at the race tracks. They're too slow in sprints. They're also



Herbert and Janice Keeling with the mare Ghazala that started it all for them.

smallish and tend to be highstrung, so not many ranches use them to cut cows. "They can't stand the pressure," Lawrence says. "They go crazy, their eyes pop out when you whip 'em. Out here you need a good cold-blooded horse, a quarter horse or a mix with no breeding, just big bones, strong and calm."

Of course Arabians can do some things well. They make sturdy cross-country mounts, able to cover twenty-five or fifty miles of rugged terrain in a day for any rider who's hell-bent for an endurance test. And they are often touted as intelligent family pets. But that doesn't explain

*According to the Prophet
Mohammed, God
bestowed the horse on
mankind with the offer,
"Here is a handful of wind."*

what's happened: fifteen years ago, there were only 50,000 purebred Arabians registered in the U.S. Today there are nearly 300,000. Fifty thousand Arabians were added to the register in the past two years.

"They got to be a fad, an elitist executive fad," says Joe Brown, another veteran horse trader and cowboy. "For a while there, all you heard about was Arabs. Every time you saw a dude he had Arabs on his mind. These old horse traders saw 'em coming and just invited 'em in."

Suddenly, beginning in the late 1970s, every-

one who was anyone was getting into Arabians. Merv Griffin, Jackie Onassis, Bo Derek, Armand Hammer, Jane Fonda and Meadowlark Lemon were among the celebrities attending pricey auctions. Las Vegas phenomenon Wayne Newton, country singer Kenny Rogers and director Mike Nichols rounded up large herds of the horses. Where big names led the way, other investors were quick to follow.

"Horses became an international commodity," says Mike Nolan, director of the American Horse Council, based in Washington, D.C. "Horses were seen as a good inflation hedge, and—particularly Arabians—were prized in many countries. They were reasonably portable, and they could reproduce themselves, which gold and jewelry could not. And there was an element of fun that most other investments could not provide."

There also was an element of tax breaks. Before Congress went to work this year, the federal tax code smiled on people who raised livestock by allowing speedy write-offs for expenses, and reduced tax rates on income from offspring that were sold. Consider the example of the Keelings' imported mare: her \$40,000 purchase price could be depreciated, written off totally over five years; the cost of flying to Europe, bringing her back, feeding her, providing a place for her to stay, everything from buying horse magazines to attend-

ing horse shows, could also be written off; and any income from the sale of her foals, once they were held two years, would be taxed as capital gains—at less than half the normal tax rate for the affluent investors who joined the partnership.

"Most of the partners were in the fifty percent bracket," Janice Keeling says. "They wanted a tax shelter as much as a profit-making venture."

The tax advantage lured in a wide variety of investors—"the landed aristocracy," according to Ehud Yonay, editor of the national *Arabian Horse Digest*. Some were seeking a way to write off the expenses of having a few riding horses; others were looking for quick and sizable losses to offset income from other sources, such as real estate, medical practices and oil and gas leases. "A lot these investments were gone into as full tax losses," says Yonay.

As Arabians became fashionable, prices didn't just jump; they took off like mythical Pegasus returning to Olympus. By 1984, a single mare of breeding age went for the record sale price of \$2.55 million during the week-long auction blitz staged amid glitter and nightclub ambiance every February in Scottsdale, and considered a barometer of the industry. On the average, horses sold that week by Scottsdale's Lasma Corp., then the nation's largest breeder, brought \$434,000 apiece. Lasma could afford to be reasonable, having just completed a rather lucrative syndication deal on a stallion: some thirty shares had been sold to investors, at \$375,000 a share, for a total of more than \$10 million.

"A horse in the \$30,000 to \$50,000 category

doesn't get you the tax advantage of a horse in the \$2 million category," explains Howard Shenk, director of the Arabian Horse Owners Foundation, a national organization that promotes the industry from its base in Tucson. Write-offs are larger, and income from foals is higher—"It works best with expensive horses," Shenk says.

Even with the tax breaks, can one horse that will never finish in the money at Belmont or Churchill Downs or Hialeah be worth that much? Well, sort of. An Arabian stallion from the best blood lines can be put into service as a stud up to 100 times a year, typically earning \$1,500 to \$5,000 a fling. A mare can be turned into a professional mother, producing a foal every year, which can then be sold. But the economic structure is illusory, based on nothing more solid than the whims of the marketplace and human fancies.

"It's a merry-go-round: you buy my horse, then I buy yours. The buyers just move horses around in a circle," says Bud Miller, one of many breeders in Tucson who are critical of the runaway inflation in Arabians.

Any old riding horse is worth a few hundred, maybe a few thousand dollars. Other than that, the only real value of any horse is how much they give by the pound down at the rendering plant. It's a bit of horse-trading folklore that seems to have increasing relevance for many breeders and investors who galloped into the Arabian business.

Because now, of course, prices have plummeted, the market is glutted with horses and there aren't enough customers to go around. Some people who got into Arabians have been left with just what the Prophet Mohammed predicted: a handful of wind.

"The industry is in disarray," says Robert

DeRose, who owned a breeding operation and stables, Tucson Arabian Park Ltd., that struggled for years to make a go on the East Side. "The garbage that's in the industry is being swept up now. The hype, the super-hype, the charlatans, the fast-buck artists, all that trash is being swept away."

DeRose, a former New York stockbroker and money manager who has left Tucson for California, says the Arabian market is "overcrowded with breeders." A lot of people who bought into Arabians were "sold a bill of goods," he says. Hustlers "made up prices for horses and sold them to passive investors who don't know a horse from a donkey.... That game was hot for a while. Sooner or later it had to stop."

In this year's Scottsdale auctions, total sales dipped below \$30 million, down nearly forty percent from the peak a year before. At the larger auctions the average horse sold for a mere \$93,688. No horse sold for more than \$600,000. Other problems include lawsuits filed by dissatisfied customers, claiming skills were used in previous auctions to jack up the bidding.

"The top blew out" of the Arabian market, says foundation director Shenk. "Generally speaking, those million-dollar deals didn't produce the offspring to pay for the investment. All of a sudden people woke up to the fact that there weren't that many making money on it."

Ten "major breeders" around the country have gone bankrupt in the past year, according to DeRose. In Scottsdale, Lasma Corp. has sold off much of its herd, according to industry sources. (Lasma officials declined to be interviewed.) One breeder in Florida, advertising the "liquidation sale" of his herd, threatened to shoot all the horses that didn't sell.

Things aren't quite that tense in the Tucson region, home to several dozen Arabian breeders and hundreds of people who have gotten into Arabians in one way or another. While most local breeders have small operations, some attract customers and investors from around the country, and a few are known internationally. Tucson may not have a reputation equal to Scottsdale, but that's not all bad.

"There's a lot of nice people in the horse business in Tucson, and some not so nice," says DeRose, who at various times served as president, vice president and regional chairman of the Southern Arizona Arabian Horse Association. "There aren't a lot of hype artists in Tucson," DeRose says. "Very few horses were selling there for \$50,000 and above. Mostly it's Mom-and-Pop type operations. But I know they're being affected."

A proliferation of ranchettes and small Arabian herds on the far East and Northwest sides is evidence of how much the business has caught on here. "They all sprang up about the time IBM came in," says cowboy trader Brown. "Every dude with five acres was putting up a sign for Arabian horses. They're not horsemen. They're just executives who were dabbling in it."

"Some of them, you'd be so depressed if you saw their places," says another trader. "They got two horses in a wire pen that's full of manure, and a ranch sign."

"A lot of people in this business don't know what they're doing," agrees Ruth Keplinger, owner of Rulaja Arabians in Catalina, one of the more established ranches in the region. "You can tell when they come in the show ring and don't know how to ride, how to handle their horses."

Some people who got into Arabians appar-



A prize stallion from the McCleod Ranch in Sonoita.

ently didn't figure on the high costs of food, vet care, training and the promotion and shows that establish the reputation of a herd—costs that range from \$2,000 to \$12,000 a year for each horse. Some people simply had bad luck—horses becoming infertile, or blood lines not proving out, or mares and foals dying in birth. One group of investors lost their first foal at birth, regrouped and then lost the second foal.

"Being in horses is a risky business," says breeder Janet McLeod.

One Arabian business in the region went down this year, according to a search of court records: Sun Valley Arabians, owned by Herbert and Barbara Carabeo of rural Cochise County, listed twenty-one purebred Arabians among their assets when they declared bankruptcy last March, after nine years of operation. The Carabeos won't comment on their own difficulties, but other breeders are more candid.

"I can't tell you how much it's cost us, how broke I have been for many years," says Anna Sales, who started her small Arabian herd in Catalina in 1979, just as the boom hit. She had never been on a horse—"I never knew the front from the back." Since then, she and husband Harry, a machinist at Hughes Aircraft, have poured out about \$10,000 a year for upkeep of the herd, which never numbered more than fifteen. "I haven't made any money, ever," Sales says. But she has read all the books and articles about the noble heritage of the breed, and is quick to give the rundown on how her stallion's great-grandfather was brought from Europe by General Patton.

"I have what they call 'Arabitis,'" Sales says. "I have begged, borrowed, I don't know what all. I am breaking us in this deal."

A bout of Arabitis has left another local breeder behind the counter of a donut shop, instead of out at his corral. Larry Gamester took the indoor management job recently "to try to make enough money to support my horses." He estimates his income from Arabians dropped by two-thirds in the past two years as competition for customers intensified.

"The market is saturated" with Arabians, agrees Elaine Dunbar, whose husband Dan had to return to work as a marketing executive to help support the couple's ranch, Silverbell Arabians near Arivaca, one of the oldest Arabian operations in Southern Arizona. After the stampede of new breeders who smelled easy profits, Elaine Dunbar says, "there is so much breeding going on that sales are quite difficult."

All that breeding is producing more and more inferior Arabian horses, an outrage to many in the industry where blood lines and genes have been refined and protected over hundreds of equine generations. These days, "everybody who has a stallion wants to breed him, whether he's the right material or not," says Ruth Keplinger. For most breeds, the ratio of mares to stallions is strictly kept at about 20-to-1; for Arabians, it has slipped to 2-to-1. "We've got too many stallions that should have been gelded," Keplinger says. But she does understand some of the reluctance: "You hate to geld."

At least one of the bargain stallions in town

was taken out of circulation permanently this summer because there weren't enough interested customers. "We gelded him in July. We're no longer breeding," says Janet Paulk, who with her husband Claude ended up with just two horses after trying to establish a business in Arabians. "Unless you have a lot of time and money to put into it, it's not very profitable," Janice Paulk says.

Even some of the larger breeders in Tucson, particularly those with other sources of income, are thinning their herds, backing away from the Arabian business a little. "Some of them have been forced to consider if their financial commitment should have been what it was," says Loren Christenfeld, a prominent tax attorney who is "heavily involved in the horse industry."

However, large breeders themselves are reluctant to acknowledge any problems. Despite estimates from many industry sources that prices have dropped fifty percent on the average, "our prices are holding about steady," says Bud Miller, a wealthy entrepreneur who with his wife Nola owns MK Arabians, based on an East Side ranch of 100 acres. The Millers owned 200 Arabians back in Ohio; the herd was "narrowed" in the move to Tucson eight years ago, and now the couple runs only fifty head. "We're trying to reduce the number by fifty percent," Miller says. "I have other (business) interests." He concedes that the market for Arabians is "expanding in the lower

areas of value."

To overcome market adversities, some breeders are emphasizing promotion as never before. Al-Marah ranch, the largest breeder in town and once the largest privately owned herd in the world, spends \$40,000 a year on advertising its horses everywhere from billboards and local TV to national magazines. While the Al-Marah price list includes horses selling for \$150,000, a recent full-page ad in *Newsweek*—showing the splendid stallion Count Pine rearing high—promised that "all you need to own one—ready to ride—is \$3,000." Some Al-Marah Arabians can now be had for as little as \$90 a month; youngsters can take home a new gelding for free, promising only to stable, feed and care for it, then return it in a few years or pay \$850.

"Really, we have a horse for every pocketbook," says Bazy Tankersley, owner of Al-Marah, whose herd was originally gathered more than a hundred years ago by Lady Anne and Sir Wilfred Blunt, British nobles. "It's sort of a crusade for me," says Tankersley, who thinks everyone can benefit by experiencing the natural world atop an affordable Arabian. But other breeders say her "crusade" is only making it tougher on them by feeding the market with bargain-priced geldings.

Al-Marah's herd was pared down for the move here from Maryland ten years ago, and only



Arabian owners show their colors at the Santa Cruz County Fair.

recently has it been built up to the 200 head that Tankersley wants to maintain. Now, with the herd at "full production," Al-Marah must sell seventy-five horses a year—many of them geldings that are raised inexpensively on Tankersley's other ranch, a huge spread in the pines along the Mogollon Rim. Up there, the young horses roam free and eat range grass for several years, until they are old enough to be sold for riding; overhead amounts to a few salt blocks, and a horse a year lost to mountain lions.

So many horses are for sale here that many people resort to giving them away. "I've had more than 150 offers of horses (of all breeds) in the past year," says Bill Schurg, who runs the horse breeding program at the University of Arizona's department of animal sciences. "We haven't accepted many Arabians because we feel their marketability isn't as great," Schurg says.

The alarmed Arabian industry is pursuing all sorts of new marketing strategies around the country. Racing, where Arabians compete only against other Arabians, has been established in more than a dozen states, and a push may be made soon in Arizona. Prize money in racing and at Arabian shows is being increased, and the variety of events is being expanded to encourage amateurs who have bought less expensive and less accomplished horses. And more than ever before, the aristocratic Arabian is being advertised as basic transportation.

"There are still people who sell them as living works of art," says Shenk of the Arabian Foundation. "But most people are getting down to basics. We're in the recreational vehicle business."

Desperation hasn't ridden down everyone who got into Arabians, not by a long shot. Many breeders say the market is merely undergoing an overdue readjustment, and a good solid Arabian can still be had for between \$5,000 and \$20,000. "Prices are still way above those for any other breed" for unproven colts and fillies, says Marinel Poppie, a veterinarian who runs about twenty Arabians on her Alpine Arabian ranch.

Despite all the turmoil, Poppie has a prize colt she hopes will "blue sky"—command a high price as a grown stallion. Over at Asil Bloodstock Ltd., Janice Keeling is confident the partnership's first foal is worth \$90,000, perhaps as much as \$250,000. Al-Marah recently imported a \$100,000 stallion from Australia, and is buying another stallion for \$1 million. To many in the industry, those prices are unrealistic, if not incredible. But no one denies that troubles for some breeders and investors have only increased the opportunities for others.

"A lot of people are in distress. We've found some really top quality horses for reasonable prices," says Rhoda Fezzey, who is expanding her small East Side herd, J.A. Princess Ltd. Arabians, even though it has yet to show a profit in six



Bazy Tankersley and some of the honors won by her Al-Marah herd.

years of operation. Fezzey supports her Arabian habit by drawing on her savings and assistance from her father.

"This is probably the best time to buy a horse," says Sharon McLeod, who owns a 160-acre Arabian ranch north of Sonoita with her husband Gary, a dentist who commutes by jet to his practice in Reno. The McLeods run more than fifty Arabians and offer a variety of investment oppor-

"Ronald Reagan has Arabs on his ranch. Every time you see Reagan through a telephoto lens, he's riding that gray Arab."

tunities—joint ventures, syndications, partnerships. They survived the disaster of their top stallion suddenly dying of illnesses a few years ago; the stallion, syndicated for \$1 million, was insured for fifty percent more than that.

These days the McLeods have scaled back somewhat, but they do offer "breeding packages" to investors who put up \$600,000 or more for two mares and the services of one of the McLeod's stallions. The packages are "very affordable," says Sharon McLeod. "You can get into these packages anywhere from \$20,000 to \$30,000" by buying a single share, she says, adding that some people

are still ready to take the bit in their teeth and buy an entire package to begin their own breeding operation.

Her customers are "people who have a high tax liability"—doctors, lawyers, industrialists, an oil baron, the owner of a Rolls Royce dealership, hailing from Chicago, Oklahoma, New York, Texas. "The high-end horse is maintaining its value," McLeod says. Mares of better Egyptian blood are "consistently selling for \$150,000 to \$250,000."

The tax advantage of investing in Arabians "far outstrips any real estate" opportunities, according to McLeod, who also offers business consulting to medical practices around the country. Even with the revision of the tax code, she says, "we're going to be all right."

The tax rewrite will likely require investors to be more involved in the day-to-day operation of a breeding business, and eliminate the capital-gains benefit, meaning income from sales of offspring will be taxed as regular income. But other forms of investment are being hit harder, and by comparison horses may be left even more attractive than they were. All in all, the reforms are "very favorable to the industry," says editor Yonay.

"I find it hard to believe there's going to be any serious consequences" from tax reform, says breeder Dan Dunbar. "Ronald Reagan has Arabs on his ranch. Every time you see Reagan through a telephoto lens, he's riding that gray Arab."

"Two things will keep the industry going," observes tax attorney Christenfeld. "Number one, the possibility of making a big hit"—a huge profit on one deal. "Number two, even if you are unsuccessful in the short run, you're having a good time. If a guy gets burned in oil, he may give it up; but if he gets burned in horses, he may stay in, if he can afford it, because he likes it so much." In that way, Christenfeld, adds, "owning horses is a disease."

When Ann Moureaux rides Munch, her three-year-old Arabian gelding, up into the canyons of the Santa Catalina Mountains north of the city, she isn't thinking about the ups and downs of the market for Arabians. She doesn't care about how her cowboy friends "laughed unmercifully" when she brought home an "A-rab." She doesn't rage that the \$3,500 she paid last year is far more than what the horse is worth now.

Out on the trail in the early light, Ann Moureaux is focusing on the easy way her horse picks his way across the rocky terrain. She's lost in the beauty and the quiet, and the sight of a cactus making a foothold for itself on a narrow ledge. "I know I paid too much" for Munch, she says. "I didn't know that much about horses. But I have no sour grapes over it. I have a horse I can enjoy. Everybody in horses pays too much for a horse sometime or another." □



Shannon Travis Stolkin

Rex Allen

After the Hollywood years

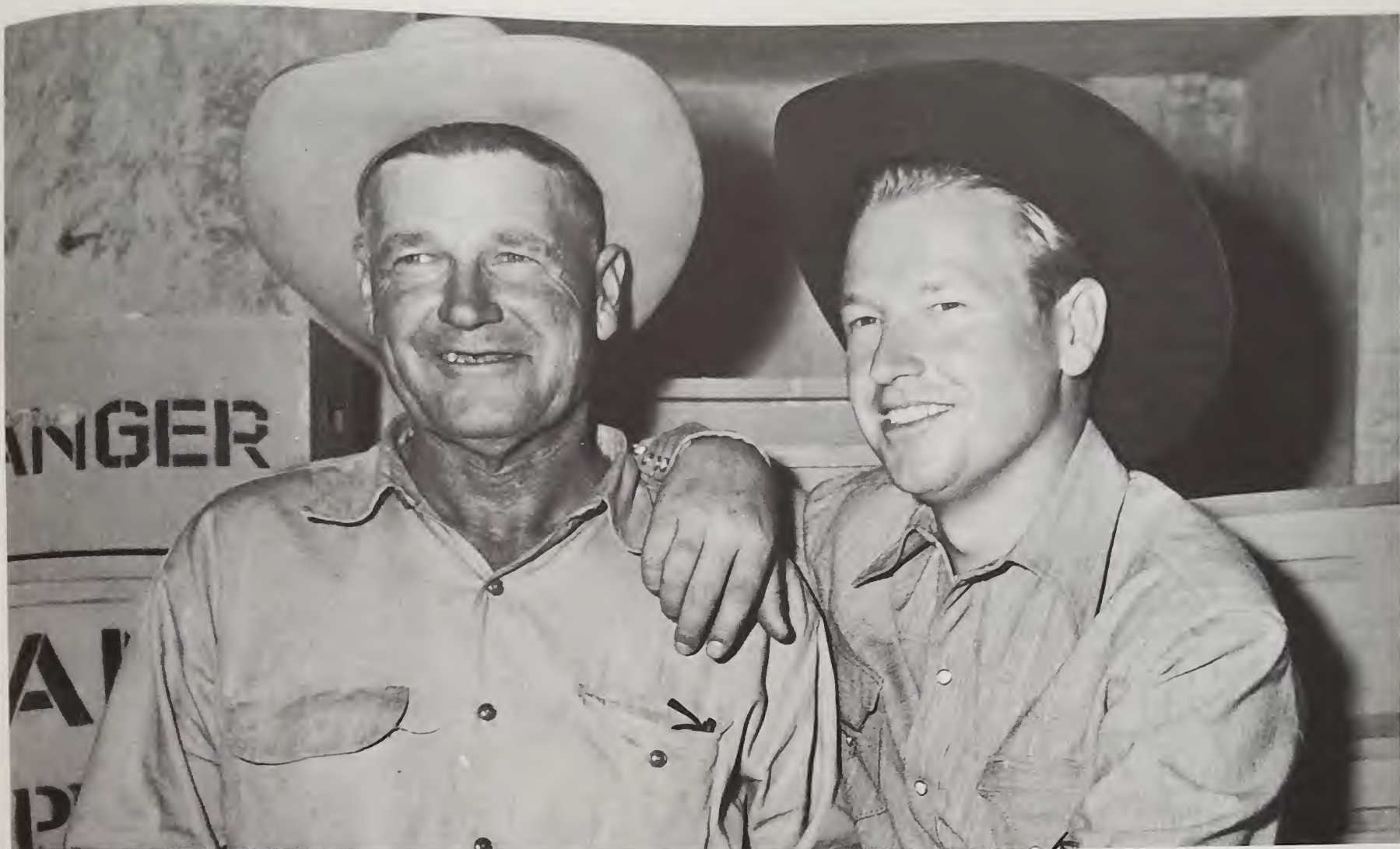
By Shannon Travis Stolkin

Rex Allen is hoisting a dripping spoonful of homemade peach cobbler to his mouth when he is interrupted by a curious kitten that has found its way to the table top.

"Down! Git down you little bastard!" he warns in a booming baritone, admonishing guests to unite and refuse the bold beggar.

The cat scurries away, leaving Allen to the dessert baked by his aunt Ruth Gardner with fruit from his own forty-acre orchard near Willcox. The cobbler is delectable, indeed, but Allen's portion will go unfinished. With a satisfied sigh, he confesses to having just put down "a real good helping of Mexican food at a place down the road—Nogales" and complains that his belt buckle is pinching an expanding belly.

Allen apologizes for his language and absent-mindedly strokes the errant kitty. A silver miniature Schnauzer and a cheerful yellow Labrador puppy vie for equal attention. Allen sips from a mug of coffee and



With his father Horace, a Willcox rancher and builder, in 1955.

shoo away his visitors—Aunt Ruth and Cousin Mary—so he can clear the table and rinse the dishes. He is a self-sufficient coot and he'll be damned if the ladies are going to wait on him. Allen rises to perform his chores and the women make themselves comfortable in their host's modest "bachelor quarters."

On this sunny day in a Sonoita valley shadowed by the Santa Rita Mountains, Rex Allen is unintentionally demonstrating how the life of "Mr. Cowboy"—rancher, roper, singer and screen star—has come full circle. After a Hollywood career that spanned three decades and spawned more than thirty-five movies, three gold records, thousands of concerts and personal appearances and a coveted Hollywood sidewalk star, Allen has slowed his pace and returned to a simpler life in his home state.

Rex Elvie Allen was born in these parts on New Year's Eve, sixty-five years ago, and grew up a scrawny, cross-eyed kid in and around the dusty cattle town of Willcox. Though he eventually enjoyed the comforts that big money can provide, the Depression-poor son of Horace and Faye Allen had only nature and a steady string of chores for his early diversions. As a youngster, Allen would split wood, hoe weeds and herd the cattle and goats on his family's Mud Springs ranch in the Winchester Mountains. For the Allen family, life on the homestead was a daily challenge against predators, disease and crops that failed. "We kinda worried a lot what we were gonna eat sometimes—jackrabbits or beans," Allen remembers.

In 1926, five-year-old Rex and his seven-year-old brother Wayne were weeding when Faye

asked the boys to fetch her a drink of water. On the way to the well, Wayne was struck by a rattlesnake. Despite a little medical technology and a lot of prayers, the boy died. At Faye's insistence, the family left Mud Springs for good, resettling on land closer to town.

The "city" of Willcox, touted then as the Cattle Capital of the World, became home to the Allens. Horace supported his family with a small trucking business that occasionally took him to Sonoita with tow-headed Rex tagging along.

"I guess that's when I fell in love with this area," says Allen, who toyed for decades in the

What he wants to do is live quietly, although Allen's move to Sonoita did not go without notice.

Hollywood glitz with the idea of returning to Southern Arizona one day. He knew then, he says, that the hilly land dotted with mesquite trees and windmills would make a comfortable retreat. And it has. For nearly a year now, Allen has lived in an immense log cabin (albeit, one with skylights, carpeting "and all those modern conveniences") about thirty-five miles southeast of Tucson.

Here, Allen rises with the sun from a superking, four-poster bed of alder wood buried in a ten-foot-square quilt made lovingly by Aunt Ruth. He

tends to his critters and conducts occasional business from a paper-littered desk that competes for space with the dining table. Twenty-one pairs of cowboy boots that line a bedroom shelf and a genuine cowhide sofa are the sole testaments to his days as a silver screen cowboy.

Twice divorced, Allen is on his own now, although a hired hand named Dutch ("He takes care of me—me and the other dogs") pitches in to keep things running smoothly, especially when Allen makes one of his monthly trips to Los Angeles to do voice-overs and commercials that include See's Candies, Purina and Ford. The commercials are a quick and easy buck, Allen admits. "I keep busy with them, and I don't do personal appearances any more. I choose what I want to do."

What he wants to do is live quietly, although Allen's move to Sonoita did not go without notice. When he made an appearance in the local post office last year, residents squawked for days about their newest neighbor. They still point with pride at the ink-blue Cadillac bearing plates that proclaim the driver a "COWMAN" as it travels the winding dirt roads of the sparsely populated valley.

Just as Horace Allen, a colorful and well-liked figure in the Sulphur Springs Valley, introduced his son to the beauty of the Sonoita area, he also sparked in Rex a love of Western music. As a boy, Rex often accompanied his dad to places like Klondike, Sunset, Ash Creek and the Old Horton Place, where Horace played his fiddle. Eventually, Horace bought Rex a six-dollar, Sears, Roebuck & Co. mail-order guitar and the boy mastered the instrument in no time. Soon, he

was playing and singing the cowboy songs he'd heard at home.

"He drove everybody crazy—they said, 'Why don't he shut up?'" recalls Ruth, a Willcox resident who remains Allen's most loyal fan. Ruth became a surrogate mother to nine-year-old Rex when Faye died.

Fortunately, he didn't take the advice of his early audiences, and with practice and puberty developed a rich, throaty baritone voice that delighted listeners in the local barber shop on Saturday afternoons. "That's where the people gathered and I sure loved an audience," Allen says, smiling at the recollection. On good days, the young entertainer was rewarded with quarters—"real good money!" As a teenager, Rex's singing was so impressive that his high school music teacher gave him special encouragement, although she thought he ought to aim for a career in more respectable sounds.

"That woman hated to hear me sing cowboy songs," Allen recalls with a sly grin. "She told me to stop that trash, but I was just raised a ranch kid and I've been a cowboy all my life."

As the young man with a velvety voice received acclaim throughout Arizona, he secretly pinned his hopes on a career as a rodeo man. But the folks in Willcox had other ideas. They were proud of Allen's singing. They also were painfully aware of his roving left eye, which tended to rob him of the exuberance they expected from a young buck with such talent.

"I was bashful and I took a lot of teasing," Allen remembers all too well, but adds: "I got to where I could fight pretty good 'cuz nobody could tell where I was gonna swing. Hell, I could see around a haystack!"

Members of the local Rotary Club took up a collection and twice sent Allen to the county hospital in Douglas for corrective surgery. It failed. But a few years later when he was twenty-one and launching a singing career in Chicago, Allen found a surgeon who enabled him to see straight ahead with both eyes for the first time.

"I know they tried and tried to fix that eye, but they just couldn't," Allen remembers with appreciation. "When I was living in Chicago, I went into a clinic and it just happened that one of the best eye surgeons in the country was there and he was able to fix that eye." With a bill for seventy-five dollars and six months to pay it, the young cowboy reveled in his new and handsome appearance.

"There's no question but that doctor changed my life," Allen says about "Dr. Nugent," whose first name he cannot recall. Although the eye surgery played an important role in shaping Allen's singing and acting career, the lean years preceding it were equally important.

After his graduation from Willcox High School in 1938, Allen turned down a chance to further his education ("I had a scholarship to the University of Arizona, but I couldn't figure a way to feed myself!") and followed, instead, his dream of winning fame and fortune as a bronc rider. That plan lost its appeal, however, with mounting indignities and pain from nervous tumbles to the hard ground. "After I'd fallen on my bottom a few times, I decided to do something different," says Allen, who had to admit that his skills as a Cochise County cowboy weren't developed enough to compete "with the big boys."

Eventually he wound up in Phoenix, where "I carried a hod during the week and sang on the radio on Saturdays" at station KOY, where future Arizona governor Jack Williams was the an-



The famous Hollywood tailor Nudie made 300 suits for Allen.

nouncer. By the end of that summer, the six-foot-one Allen weighed in at 131 pounds, and figured his well-being lay with music, not cement. He tried other radio stints in New York and New Jersey, where, his children remember, he claims to have waved good morning to Albert Einstein on the sidewalk on his way to work each day. But

"They were looking for another idiot in a white hat."

Allen also remembers "singing and starving to death. I couldn't get enough money for a bus ticket back to Willcox or I would have gone home."

Instead, he went to Chicago, where he got breaks with the eye surgery and a successful hitch with radio's weekly National Barn Dance—"The place to be if you were a country singer." In the

1940s, National Barn Dance was a stage for the top names in the business. It amassed an impressive nationwide audience that listened faithfully to Gene Autry, George Gobel and the Williams Brothers, among others. The movie moguls began to notice Allen, who was making a name with such songs as "Crying in the Chapel," "Streets of Laredo," "Don't Go Near the Indians" and "Tiny Bubbles."

The year was 1949 and Hollywood had some mighty big boots to fill. Roy Rogers' movie contract with Republic Studios had expired and he was moving from the big screen to television. In a frantic search for another singing cowboy, the men from Tinsel Town looked to Chicago—they had discovered Autry singing there earlier—and found in Rex Allen their blue-eyed blond hunk to continue the Western B movies that so delighted the Saturday matinee crowd. What Hollywood saw in Allen was a singing cowboy who looked the part and wouldn't need riding lessons. Or, as Allen remembers it, "they were looking for another idiot in a white hat."

Everyone had a title then. Rogers was known as "King of the Cowboys"; Autry was "America's Favorite Cowboy"; and Tex Ritter was "America's Most Beloved Cowboy." Although Allen assumed the title from his first movie, "Arizona Cowboy," he later was known as "Mr. Cowboy".

Allen grimaces at the memory of his movie debut. "It was pretty bad acting," he admits. "I didn't know how to act and I never did learn!" He picked up enough, however, to complete about thirty-five movies with the help of his famous horse Koko and sidekicks Buddy Ebsen and Slim Pickens. And although adventures like "Colorado Sundown" and "Border Saddlemates" were hits at the box office, Allen cringes now at the memories of skimpy budgets, inane plots and rapid production schedules.

"Just to give you an idea, we shot those films in seven days, and \$40,000 is the most they ever spent on one of my movies," Allen says. The films were all black and white, and Allen says action footage from other movies often was spliced in rather than staged again. "Gawd, I used to find myself decked out in wardrobes from old John Wayne and Roy Rogers movies so that the old fight scenes they were mixing in would match up," Allen chuckles. And if the editing seemed familiar, the plots left no doubt. "We only had six of them—there was either the bad sheriff, gold smugglers, cattle rustlers, saving the homestead, cattle disease or natural disaster, which was usually a flood."

Allen says he was great at blazing the trails and shooting bad guys, but laments, "I never did get to kiss the girl." The productions were classic for their purity and lack of attention to detail. Westerns could be set anywhere from the Texas plains to the Colorado Rockies to the Arizona desert—yet most of them, Allen remembers, were

shot within a hundred miles of the Hollywood studios. "Yeh, and you could tell it, too," he snorts.

Grade B or not, those movies established Allen as a bona fide hero in the hearts of every young would-be cowboy. And Allen did his best to live up to his carefully carved reputation, appearing on one occasion at thirty theaters in three days to pass out his trademark silver bullets and sign autographs. At another appearance, Allen pranced his horse out onto the eighth-floor balcony of a hotel. Allen's oldest son—singer Rex, Jr., who sometimes went along and later wrote the

*"If God were a
westerner, he'd sound
like Rex Allen."*

song "The Last of the Silver Screen Cowboys" in honor of his dad and the others—says "Mr. Cowboy" took his role seriously. Allen refused to be seen smoking or drinking in public and he went out of his way not to disappoint the lines of kids waiting for a handshake. "He really believed in the heroes and it's just a shame that we don't have them anymore," the younger Allen says.

As the heyday of the Western movie rode slowly into the sunset, television was gaining in popularity and the studios finally relented, allowing Allen to appear before the television cameras. During the mid-1950s, he starred in more than seventy episodes of "Frontier Doctor," car-

rying the satchel of a real-life Cochise County physician, Dr. J.C. Wilson. Allen says Wilson often traveled fifty miles to make house calls on his patients, who occasionally included members of the Allen clan. When Allen signed to do the series, he asked the old doctor if he could borrow the rugged black bag Wilson carried on those calls. "The doctor said he would be honored," Allen remembers.

By the time he moved to television, Allen was recognized for both his singing and his acting—poor as he claims it may have been—and he was living the good life, lunching with friends at the Brown Derby and relaxing at his forty-acre ranch in Malibu Canyon. There his neighbors included Mickey Rooney, Ben Johnson, Barbara Stanwyck and, yes, Ronald Reagan. They shared a fence, and sometimes cattle.

"Yeh, he had cattle that got mixed in with mine, and I had cattle that got mixed in with his, and once in a while we had to straighten 'em out." Allen remembers his first meeting with his next-door neighbor. "I didn't have any idea who he was, but I said, 'By the way, I'm Rex Allen.' And he said, 'I know who you are—I'm Ron Reagan.'" That was when Reagan was hosting "G.E. Theater." After that, the two often "rode the fence" together—"Dutch" Reagan was a fine horseman, says Allen—but they didn't become close until 1964 when both hit the campaign trail for Republican crony Barry Goldwater's bid for the presidency. Moving from town to town, Allen and Reagan would swap stories at night in a series of seedy hotel rooms—a bit different from the lavish, antique-filled rooms of the White House where they visit these days.

Another one of his Hollywood pals was John Wayne, who once said, "If God were a Westerner, he'd sound like Rex Allen." The two said howdy



With the Sons of the Pioneers on the "Rex Allen Show" on CBS, 1951.

every day (their offices were next door at Republic Studios) and shared some business ventures. "Duke was a dear, dear friend," Allen says. Many of his other buddies were those who, like Allen, endeavored to carry out the Western sound.

"What I remember about those days is that Dad was famous for his parties," says Rex, Jr. "About every six months or so, he'd throw a big wingding and you'd see people like Slim Pickens, Bob Nolan, Ken Curtis and the Sons of the Pioneers—all the old cowboys." Allen owns up to his reputation as a host at events that kept growing, especially his annual New Year's Eve celebration that doubled as his birthday party. His ranch house, all 8,000 square feet of it, certainly was adequate for entertaining. "I could put 200 people in my living room and lose 'em," he likes to tease. At his giant barbecues, guests who included Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and Hank

Williams, Jr., took turns entertaining. And even those who didn't make a living with their voices—probably for good reason—were known to join in the singing. Champion rodeo cowboy Larry Mahan, for example.

"Larry was playing the guitar and trying to sing and ol' Casey Tibbs comes running into the kitchen and says, 'Hey! Hey! You got a great big pot and a big spoon?'" Allen recalls. "I said, 'Well, I guess, but what do you want it for?' He didn't answer, but he ran out and gonged Mahan!"

Though Southern California was good to Rex Allen, the acres of ranch land and the six-bedroom home he occupied sometimes seemed like only another stop as he traveled the road of success, making concert, fair and rodeo appearances on perhaps 200 days a year. Allen, who sparkled in a collection of rhinestone-studded Western outfits and boots of sharkskin, alligator, cowhide and

kangaroo, says he loved the contact with the people. But those trips could be downright depressing when he longed to be with his family, which eventually included four children: Rex, Jr., now singing out of Nashville; Curt, also involved in the Nashville music industry; Mark, a dance jockey in Colorado; and Bonita, an aspiring actress in California.

On the road trips: "You work a rodeo and the whole town is up, and the crowds are around and everyone is happy. Then the next morning, the town is deserted, the arena is empty, there are cigarette butts and beer cans. So you get out of there, you get on that bus and you go...."

Don't get him wrong; those were good days, Allen insists. But they were days for a young man at the height of his career. Rodeo shows and concerts hold even less appeal for Allen now. "God, that's why I'm old," he quips. Allen's stage appearances these days consist of two or three concerts a year with Rex, Jr., who for the past ten years has taken his dad's place at Willcox's Rex Allen Days, a tip-of-the-hat established by his neighbors thirty-five years ago. Allen still has a fondness for the place, and makes sporadic surprise visits to check on his apple crop, to see Aunt Ruth or to emcee the local beauty pageant, but his days in the hometown spotlight are limited. It is difficult to relax, or to avoid hurt feelings by saying no, when everyone in town knows your name.

He keeps busy with the commercials, which came after Disney discovered his talent for narrating when they signed him to do "Incredible Journey," "Yellowstone Cubs," "Hollywood Coyote" and more than 100 other films and projects. In fact, Allen's voice is familiar nationwide. (Locally, he gives us "straight talk, honest values" for Holmes Tuttle Ford.) And he remains on the road with trips to Oklahoma, where he was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame (he serves on its board of trustees) and to Texas, where he is a spokesman for Tony Lama Boots.

Allen says he wants to keep up his occasional

street smart.

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It is difficult to relax, or to avoid hurt feelings by saying no, when everyone in town knows your name.

work (he has plans for a bigger home and a recording studio on his Sonoita land) but he insists that his days in the fast lane are over "and I'm back in the land I love." In fact, he says, "I never really left Arizona—I was just visiting California for thirty years."

Allen is tickled pink, he says, to forego the raucous Hollywood parties for more intimate gatherings with family. Grandson Wyatt and daughter Bonita have been recent visitors and this fall he invited a slew of relatives to his new home to celebrate "Cousin Day."

During that get-together, Allen the star reverted to Allen the ornery Willcox boy. He posted a sign falsely declaring his bathroom "out of order," forcing his guests to use his most recently completed addition to the Sonoita spread: an out-house. Allen shrugs. "I wanted to get back to my roots." □

STRAIGHT SHOTS

ON THE MESA: THE KATE CORY IMAGES



A LINE OF ANAK'CHINA, the bringers of gentle rain, enter the plaza at Sichomovi.

Kate Cory had the doors in her Prescott home installed upside down so that children could not open them. She wore ragged clothes and was so thin townspeople fretted she could not afford to eat. No one knew what she did for money or much else about her. On June 12, 1958, she died at age ninety-seven.

Now, thanks to a new book edited by Marnie and Marc Gaede (*The Hopi Photographs: Kate Cory: 1905-1912*, Chaco Press, La Canada, California, \$19.95 paper, \$35 hardcover) we know something about Kate Cory that she may never have realized herself: she was a gifted photographer. In 1905, she left New York at age forty-four and got off a train at the Hopi mesas. She moved in and for seven years took pictures of life in the villages. Because of conditions at Walpi (developing her shots in rainwater with dead rodents floating in the barrel), Cory never really got to see the clarity of the images she was recording. And since the Hopis have largely banned cameras since 1917, no one is likely to record again what Kate Cory witnessed.

For some reason the tribe accepted her and her photos reveal a people at ease with her camera. She left 612 negatives, 68 of which appear in the book. Some were badly damaged and in salvaging one particular image, 10,000 scratches had to be removed by hand (the book itself, with varnished duotones, is clearly a labor of love on the part of the Gaedes).

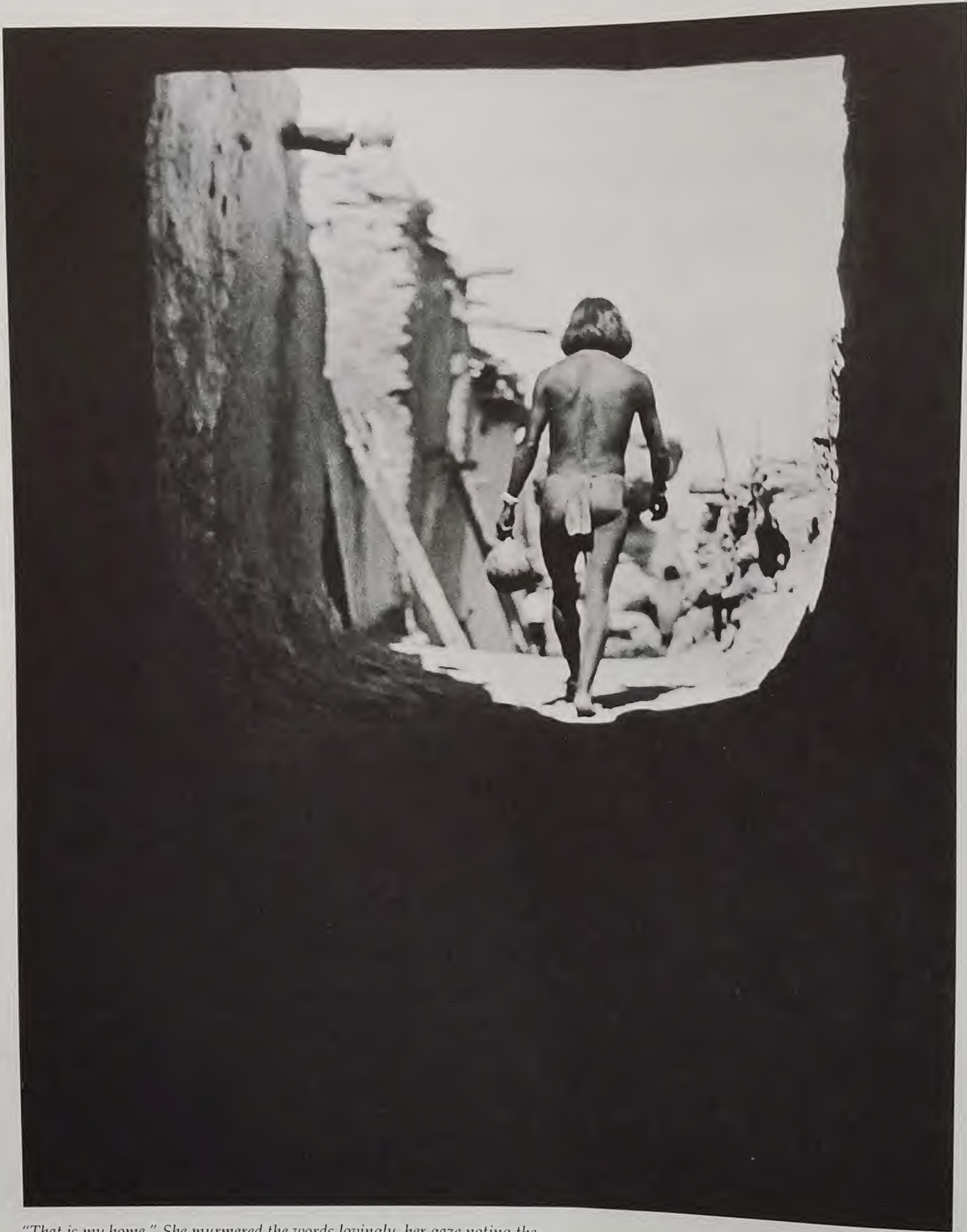
The photos reveal an interior view of life in the villages, one so relaxed at times that the paraphernalia of photography is forgotten for brief moments and we are suddenly back in a world that has been lost. One shot in the book captures the violence at Old Oraibi when the village split in 1906, the only known photograph of the incident. Its existence is a testament to the trust that must have existed between Cory and the Hopis.

Cory left the mesas in 1912 and wound up in Prescott where she built her strange house and devoted the rest of her life to paintings that have not won her much of a reputation. Living simply herself, she helped out others with gifts of food and in one case gave a man and his wife a house and lot. Her negatives languished in storage, though presumably she used them as the basis for some of her paintings.

Little is known of her later life or her subsequent contact with the tribe. But one day a Hopi did come to visit and he noticed an old digging stick in Cory's collection of artifacts. He told her it belonged to the Hopi Cloud Clan and had long been sought so that fertility of the fields could be sustained. Cory returned it to its rightful stewards.

Now Kate Cory herself is being restored to her rightful place. In the following pages are the images of this singular woman who got off a train in 1905 and for seven years captured a world now distant for Hopis and non-Hopis alike.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



"That is my home." She murmured the words lovingly, her gaze noting the uneven line the falling stone houses made against the blue sky. "Yes," she thought, "in that place of ruins is the evidence of my beginnings. My roots are there. A part of me is there still, in the old home of my parents, in the hill house of my grandmother, in the very dust that whispers in the streets where I played so long ago. Is that where I belong, now?"

No Turning Back

POLINGAYSI QOYAWAYMA (ELIZABETH Q. WHITE).
UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, ALBUQUERQUE. 1964.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



A LINE OF SNAKE SOCIETY MEN DESCEND First Mesa on their way out to the valley to gather snakes for the approaching Snake ceremony.

"The Snake men are going out to hunt. After breakfast they go out in a line. After they go down to the foot of the mesa, they go two by two. People have to keep away from the hunters. If anybody meets these Snake hunters, he has to go with them. They have to give him a snake to take into the kiva."

A PUEBLO INDIAN JOURNAL 1920-1921
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
Crow-Wing from Elsie Clews Parsons (1925)

STRAIGHT SHOTS



A YOUNG HOPI GIRL wearing the traditional butterfly hair whorls and maiden shawl.

"Only one old man had a definition of a pretty girl, which was in terms of ancient dress: she wears her hair in butterfly whorls, whitens her face with corn meal, wears a woolen dress (manta), and goes bare armed, bare legged, and bare foot..."

HOPI OF SECOND MESA
Earnest and Pearl Beaglehole (1935)

STRAIGHT SHOTS



IN THE PRELIMINARY VIOLENCE that led to the division of Old Oraibi in 1906, three Hopi men struggle outside of a house.

"Thereupon, the Friendlies set about clearing the village of Shungopovis. They began at the very spot where they stood; but every Friendly who laid hold of a Shungopovi to put him out of doors was attacked by an Oraibi Hostile, so that the three went wrestling and struggling out of doors together."

ME AND MINE

Helen Sekaquaptewa from Louise Udall (1969)

STRAIGHT SHOTS



THESE YOUNG HOPI HORSEMEN are dressed in the fashion of their non-Indian contemporaries of the same age and era.

"The mature Hopi has a thick figure, not inclined to fatness, but with barrel-like lungs and a sturdy back. He would make a fine wrestler. As he has accepted things of civilization via the trader, his costume is not radically different today. The curious dresses of the olden-time, of buckskin, cloth of native weave, and feathers, such as may be seen in the Harvey collection at Albuquerque, have disappeared from the mesas and to the younger generation are unknown."

*Bureau of the Smithsonian Society
Lester C. Smith (1925)*

Tamales

By Jim Griffith

One of the things I can get steamed up about is the kind of general intelligence test one still occasionally sees in the schools—the sort that assumes the values and experiences of a kid growing up in the New York suburbs to be a sort of national norm. One day a bunch of us decided to create such a National Intelligence Test that used Southern Arizona standards. You know—"The weather is so terrible outside that Mother makes us play indoors all day. What month is it?" The answer, of course, is "August." If you answered something like "February," you're detached from reality and obviously in need of psychiatric help. One of the questions was "It's December and my mother and aunts are in the kitchen all day working. What are they doing?" The answer, of course, is "making tamales".

Starting sometime in December, many of Southern Arizona's Mexican families—and O'odham and Yaqui too—will be occupied making these delicacies. Tamales are a traditional Mexican dish consisting of some kind of dough that has been wrapped in leaves and steamed. This is how to make Christmas tamales in Southern Arizona: you take meat and stew it for a long time in its own juices, adding a sauce of red chile. Then you prepare a masa or dough out of dried, ground corn, some shortening, and a little salt and chile sauce. (Or buy the masa and then add the other ingredients. Most folks do it this way.) You smear a gob of masa on a softened corn shuck and then spoon some meat onto it, perhaps with an olive or two in it for added flavor. You then wrap the whole thing in corn shucks and steam it. The results are irresistible. The process of making tamales can be almost as exciting as the eating of them. As Diana Kennedy says in *The Cuisines of Mexico*, "Tamales are made for an

occasion, and an occasion is made of making them." Whole families, sisters, aunts, cousins, mothers, grandmothers and daughters, get together at this time of year and produce dozens upon dozens of tamales—and this turns into a sort of party itself. Everyone catches up on what everyone else is doing, old stories are retold, family bonds are reaffirmed. And a lot of tamales get made in the process.

That's not all. In the summer, when the corn is fresh from the field, folks make green corn tamales (*tamales de helote*). These exquisitely sweet delicacies are made of fresh ground corn, a little chile and

perhaps cheese, and some shortening. They, too, are wrapped in corn husks—fresh, green ones now—and steamed. And then, by golly, they're EATEN! I personally can account for maybe a dozen at a sitting. And there are sweet tamales, filled with beans and cinnamon and coarse brown sugar. And that's just in Southern Arizona.

For tamales are all over Mexico—they are one of the truly ancient foods of that great land to the south of us. The Aztecs ate them, and the word itself is Aztec, not Spanish. (The singular of tamales, by the way, is *tamal*, NOT *tamale*!) They have always been fiesta food, and have always existed in a wonderful

variety. One ancient Aztec recipe involves mixing corn tassels with amaranth seeds and the meat of ground cherries!

I don't know if you can get that kind any more, but it is true that every region of Mexico has its own tamales. In the south, in Oaxaca, tamales are wrapped in banana leaves. Some tamales are tiny, some huge. On the east coast, one local *tamal* is called a *sacahuil*. It is three feet long and is stuffed with a whole loin of pork, seasoned with chiles and other spices, and cooked overnight. In Sinaloa on the west coast, tamales are filled with shrimps. They can be filled with fish, pork, prunes, pumpkin, pineapple and peanuts (I'm quoting Diana Kennedy again) and they can be made of black corn, purple corn, fermented corn dough, or even rice. But wherever you are in Mexico, you can find them—a real, living link with the Aztec past and the days long before Chris Columbus or Cortez were ever heard of. They are real folk food—everyone makes them differently (and, as one friend told me, only Mother makes them RIGHT!). And on top of all that, they taste good.

I'm not going to get involved in the bitter debate over who sells the best tamales—the whole point of that game, after all, is to eat tamales everywhere until you make up your own mind, reasoning foggily through a haze of masa, red chile, and lard. If you want to make your own, there are two books I use a lot. One is Diana Kennedy's *The Cuisines of Mexico* (Harper and Row, 1972). The other, a collection of regional recipes from the Pimeria Alta, is Amalia Ruiz Clark's *Special Mexican Dishes, Easy and Simple to Prepare* (Tucson: Roadrunner Technical Publications, 1979). Better still, learn from watching and helping one of the real experts—one of Southern Arizona's thousands of regional folk cooks. □

Jim Griffith directs the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



Bettina Single

Big Bad



Boojum

This is the Christmas present for the person who has everything, has nothing or is bored by modern times.

The first scholarly guy to spot one of these babies in Sonora reeled back, thought of a reference in Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark* to a mythical thing found in far-off badlands and promptly said, "Ho, ho, a boojum, definitely a boojum!" That was Tucsonan Godfrey Sykes in 1922. In Mexico they will have none of this Alice In Wonderland language and persist in calling the plant *cirio*.

Basically what you're dealing with here is an upside-down carrot with stiff fur. Or if you like Latin, *Idria columnaris*.

For the hardball consumer, a boojum has two big virtues. One, it will outlast you. And your

children. And your children's children. And possibly the continent of North America. Nobody knows quite how long such a plant can last, but one expert guess is 700 to 800 years.

Besides its outstanding value as a long-term investment, the boojum is a great rarity. In Mexico, it is found only in a limited area of Baja and a tiny dot of Sonora along the coast. Until recently, anybody with a hundred bucks or so could buy one a foot or two high that had been illegally dug up in Mexico and brought north to satisfy *Yanqui* plant lust. Mercifully, those days of carnage are over. According to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, the Mexican government has clamped down on this sinful boojum trade and now demands proper papers for exporting, documents which even the Desert Museum finds almost impossible to obtain.

But don't despair. Boojums grown from seed can be bought in Tucson for \$4 to \$10 at select nurseries specializing in desert plants. These little tykes are three to four inches tall. Given sound growing conditions, a boojum can spring up seven inches in a season. Given basic Sonoran desert dry years, a boojum won't budge at all. But there is one boojum in Mexico that stands seventy-six feet high. Go for it.

Buy one of these plants and you have a reason to live, perhaps live 700 to 800 years just to see how your investment turns out. The next time a friend shows up in a new Ferrari, trot out your boojum and watch the wretch melt down with envy.

Have yourself a weird little Christmas. □

Greedway

You think speedway is bad now? You ain't seen nothin' yet.

By Vern Lamplot

Sometime in the 1960s, *Life* magazine anointed Speedway the ugliest street in America. This was never true—I've been on roads in three other cities that are at least as ugly.

That's why I was pleased when some city planners came up with the idea of burying the sucker inside the Speedway Tunnel. If they couldn't make Speedway pretty, at least they could make it disappear entirely next to the university.

The reason for suggesting the tunnel was to make traffic move better. I don't care if traffic moves faster—if gridlock is good enough for eastern cities, it is good enough for Tucson (besides, the reversible lanes are more exciting than the lottery, which always is won by some dude from Scottsdale who doesn't need the money).

Unfortunately for the city staff, Tucson voters have always cared more about the way an idea is presented than the idea itself. Just ask City Council members who voted ten years ago to raise water rates, if you can find them. And the tunnel idea, well, this seemed more like Bob and Ted and Alice sitting around the office, staring into their pen caps, pretending their T-squares were nine-irons, and saying stuff like, "You know, what we

really oughta do is just bury the damn thing."

But unbeknownst to city and university planners, there was something in it for just about everyone to hate. Many citizens feel the city has been less than forthcoming about certain rezoning cases, so they weren't about to trust an idea that came from staring into pen caps. Others feel the university is already huge and arrogant and if something benefits the university, the hell with it. And County Supervisor Ed Moore feels the city should have checked with him first.

Unpopular as it was, the tunnel solved the problem of moving cars without widening the whole darn road. Now the politicians are back to staring into their pen caps, a shuddering thought. Here's a forecast of what we'll see next:

Five years from now—

City Councilman Roy Laos announces a new highway plan for Speedway that he says will not only increase vehicle capacity, but generate revenue for the city. The plan would create a series of mini-underpasses that would dip under existing roads at Park, Mountain, Olive and Cherry.

Vehicles exiting Interstate-10 would attach their bumpers to a chain moving up a trestle, hoisting the cars more than 130 feet into the air. The cars would zip at high speeds down the trestle, through the dips, and then rocket around the UA campus on a curved overpass. "It would be a tourist attraction, and I think we could recover most the

cost," Laos will say. "We would charge two blue tickets."

Ten years from today—

City and county officials cut the ribbon joining the last two lanes that had separated Speedway and Grant. The new forty-lane highway, to be known as Greedway, has been progressively widened to include Grant, Pima, Speedway and all the streets in between. Supervisor Ed Moore still isn't pleased. "Sure, you can get from Houghton to Grande Avenue in nine minutes, but it doesn't do much for north-south traffic," he will observe. All of the buildings in the path of the highway have been torn down, except for University Medical Center, which was placed on stilts above the roadway. City officials say a left-over median strip will become a new city park. See you at the red light.

Twenty-five years from today—

Two UA architecture students report they were walking along Speedway at 3:15 a.m. when a strange, blinding, violet shaft of light appeared from the night sky, beaming down on the southeast corner of Olive and Speedway. When the light subsided, a mysterious crystalline trophy was left embedded in the sidewalk.

University analysts so far have been unable to decode the symbols on the trophy. "We can't be sure, but it appears to be some sort of intergalactic award," says a UA researcher. "It's funny, but the only symbol we're fairly sure of is 'ugly.' If we find another of these things in front of the Arizona Bank Building downtown, we'll know we're on the right track." □

Vern Lamplot has been a reporter, commentator and producer for radio and television, and is a long-time observer of Tucson politics.

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BUSINESS

Meet Mr. Clean

You're gonna be spiffy. And broke

by D.M. Bruder

The new Environmental Quality Act of 1986 has got a few surprises in it for Arizona business. When the law went into effect on August 13th, land buying and development, especially for new industry, took on some new and costly liabilities. Larry Hawke, State Representative and the bill's guiding force admits, "There's going to be a shakeout period in this legislation."

Marginal operators—those who cannot afford the expensive technology—will be wiped out. It's that strict. Small manufacturers and service industries, such as electroplaters and service stations, will be hit. There are 126 priority pollutants and the regulations call for, in some cases, zero discharge: this means the wastewater must be completely clean of specific chemicals before it is released. Arizona has numerous owner-operated companies of three to twenty employees that can be considered marginal—financed just by business generated income. Complying with the law will require an investment above their resources or beyond their political clout. If the marginal operators can't provide the ability to clean their wastewater or get permission to dump it onto the ground they will be put out of business.

One industry won an exemption to the regulation—agriculture. Rather than risk putting elements of the industry out of business, trade-offs were made regarding the quality of water. The argument was offered that agriculture dependent on nitrogen-based fertilizer was necessary and it's existence would be threatened if farmers were forced to comply with groundwater quality standards.

Labeled a "vital" industry, agriculture uses eighty-four percent of the water and provides nine percent of income in the state. The trade-off is that if an aquifer (underground water supply) is contaminated by agriculture to the point that the water is undrinkable, then that aquifer will be written off.

Built into the legislation is implied liability for clean-up of pollution which can be traced to particular parcels of land. "It will be very difficult for people to pose as innocent purchasers," said Roger

Farland, an attorney who helped write the law. "If anyone is dumb enough to buy a property in which people were processing pesticides or burning up old tires or doing something else that seems fairly bizarre, they better bloody will check on that property before they buy it."

Water samples have to be collected and tested to determine if any of the 126 priority pollutants is present. If there isn't a well on the property or one nearby, a boring to the the water table may be necessary. To prove your innocence or guilt is expensive. Borings and tests could cost up to \$20,000, depending on the land. A Superfund has been established in the event landowners refuse to clean up contamination, but by then the courts will have taken the land away and the former owners, no doubt, will be clerking in convenience stores while paying the \$1 million-a-day fine.

Illegal discharges and midnight dumping has been going on for decades and will very likely increase now that this law is in effect. Jack Pfister, president of the Salt River Project, admits that this law will "encourage illegal dumping" by its strictness. He cited observations of cesspool dumping into open canals. With this wild card present, pre-development or raw land purchasers would be wise to have the parcel thoroughly checked out before taking title to the property.

A new breed of bureaucrat is emerging out of this legislation: the technocrat. An engineering and scientific hybrid, the technocrat will confound the businessman with statistics and strange units of measurement only another technocrat can verify as acceptable. Then a permit to dump is issued. Sort of like car emissions tests in which each auto is certified to pollute the air a little bit—but only more expensive.

Two unknowns were thrown into this game. First, there is no money to pay for the massive bureaucracy. Second, now that it's a law, you can be told that carrying out the regulations assumes a level of technology that no one is sure even exists. Outside of that, cleaning up our water supply will be a piece of cake.

D.M. Bruder owns a planning and consulting service in Tucson.

Make Mine Twenties

Dealing with schmucks on the graveyard shift.

The zone manager sweeps the shards of green glass from the floor of the Circle K across from the University of Arizona stadium. The face is a badlands of shot feelings, the shirt is white, short-sleeved and plowed by a red tie. He is balding, around forty, and his eyes announce this is not a good day.

"Had a robbery around 4:30 a.m.," he explains in a flat, weary voice. He looks down at the heap of gleaming glass he has piled up and drones on, "Somebody shot the window out."

English sparrows sit indifferently on the ledge where a morning breeze now blows through the blasted window. A neighboring pane of glass hosts a poster announcing a \$10,000 reward for information about the murder of two Circle K clerks on 36th Street during the night of June 11. And next to that is a bright message from the Sheriff's Department denouncing drunk drivers and advising the laity that "JAIL IS THE PITS."

On Thursday, August 7, at about 9:15, the suspect entered the Circle K at 1770 W. Roger Road. He nervously paced the back of the store until a customer left. He then approached the clerk and revealed a gun....

—88-CRIME Report

We've all had the experience. It is one, two, three in the morning and we are up for some reason and we pull in at a convenience store. The place glows like a television screen out into the empty parking lot. You walk in and there is this look in the clerk's eyes and you instantly know what he or she is wondering. You begin to smile, talk a little too loudly, flail about searching for a gesture that will prove you are a customer rather than a strong-arm robbery specialist.

At that instant you sense Tucson has ceased being a town.

There are about 130 Circle Ks in Tucson and as of August 1, about fifty of them had been robbed this year. Phoenix, not to be outdone, had 102 convenience stores bagged in the first six months of 1986. The newspapers in the Phoenix area rattle with a debate about whether clerks in such establishments should have the right to bear arms. The companies all say no and promptly fire anyone who takes a gun to work. They argue, not without reason, that no one should die for the few bucks in the till and that, in any event, an armed clerk is just as likely to accidentally blow away an innocent bystander as a robber. Then there would be hell to pay in court. Two clerks in separate Phoenix incidents, one a man and one a woman, recently have pulled out guns and gone at it. Both were fired.

In Tucson so far, no clerk has started a fire-fight. There have been the two recent killings, and others over the years, but basically the defense against robberies has been the installation of drop-safes the employees themselves cannot open and the tendency of local cops to make coffee stops at the lonely stores.



He yelled, "Give me all your money. Put it in a paper bag. Hurry!" The clerk put the money in the bag and the suspect yelled, "What's under there?" indicating the drawer. The clerk removed the drawer to show nothing was under it.

—88-CRIME Report

Kirk, who was on duty alone at the store across from the stadium at 4:30 a.m., is about thirty, slight, with sandy hair and a trim beard.

"You could say," he slyly notes of his recent visitor, "that he made an unauthorized withdrawal."

He was in the back then, getting the mop and bucket for a little clean-up during slack time, when he heard the "ding-dong" bell indicate someone had entered the store. He figured it was a delivery man who usually descends at that hour. When Kirk came out front, he was greeted by a young guy in his twenties and the young guy was holding a derringer. The visitor told Kirk to give him all his twenties. Because Circle K uses a drop-safe that the clerks cannot open, Kirk only had \$40 in the drawer.

As the guy left, Kirk stood there by his empty cash register and then suddenly the man looked back and fired a round through the window. Kirk could tell the robber was not trying to hit him and he just kept watching. Now he is a little puzzled by his calm—after all, the robber fired into the store. But that's the way it happened and he remains unshaken. His voice, as he recounts the night, is bored and even.

After the shooting, he finished his shift, went home and slept like a baby. And now on the following night, he is back at work, the window has been replaced and it is like nothing ever happened.

In the game room, the video machines whine, sputter, crackle and roar. David, the manager, sits down and allows that robberies and shoot-outs make it harder to get new hires.

"Who," he asks, "wants to lose their life to some schmuck for \$20?"

He is irked by the incompetence of the robber

who "didn't even know what he was doing." The guy came in and said, "Give me your twenties." apparently ignorant of the policy at Circle K stores of stashing almost all of the money in safes just so guys with guns can't come in and steal it. And then, he says, the damn cops took seventeen minutes to respond to the call.

David is asked why the zone manager looked so beat after the robbery.

Oh, David answers, he had a robbery at another store the night before and he was suffering "from sleep deprivation."

The suspect shouted, "Get down on the floor. Stay there at least ten minutes. If you don't, I'll blow you away." The clerk stayed there several minutes and then found the phone dead. He waited a few more minutes and then went outside to call the police.

—88-CRIME Report

The night slips toward first light and this Circle K squats a block from Speedway and Stone. A block away is a park where bums like to hang out. The morning papers have just arrived and lie in piles on the floor. Two customers seem to dawdle near the cash register, the woman decked out from head to toe in denim, the guy slumping near the till with vacant eyes. His arms are covered with ornate tattoos testifying to his interest in the female form and his hands have cruder work, the evidence, often as not, of idle hours killed in a cell.

The clerk seems calm and grimly alert as the woman rifles through racks of candy and pastries; the guy studies a greeting card rack, his eyes hypnotized by one announcing "The Best Time Of Your Life." Finally, the woman buys a pack of cigarettes and they drift off into the dull silence of the night.

Does this place get robbed?

"Probably," the clerk offers. "I thought I was going to get it tonight. There was a guy hanging out...."

He does not continue. What more is there to say? □ — Charles Bowden

The Fridge Factor

Guess who's coming to dinner? No one.

By Laura Greenberg

There is nothing in my refrigerator. My eyes full of sleep, I stumble into the kitchen and open my fridge to an assortment of eight-month-old food: dried lettuce, rock bread, sour cheese, mummified condiments and other once edible items gone the way of disease. I swallow some Pepsi, the kind with real sugar, and wonder why single women are considered the healthiest on most medical charts. The contents of my refrigerator would make most people sick.

I didn't always live like Oscar Madison. There have been times when my refrigerator actually was an indication of the "good life," including cheeses representing most UN countries, vegetables dancing next to homemade breads, and meat from my local butcher. It was also clean. That was when I was living with a roommate or a significant other. At least one meal a day meant

time spent catching up on what the other had done, what I had done, or concocting monstrous pasta dishes that could feed all of Tucson's transients. The food wasn't all that important. It was a communal time in a couple of lives that were moving fast.

In the last year I've discovered (thanks to the media) that I am now a member of a growing minority, that is, "single, white, female, thirties, childless." I wince at the thought. The refrigerator is definitely a sign of this selective mobility.

My reasons for not having much in the way of food constitute a laundry list. Laziness and economics are probably tied for first place. On the few occasions when I resolve to do a full shopping trip, I get myself to the nearest store of choice, fill the basket with milk, cheese, eggs, vegetables, soup, yogurt and TV dinners—stuff that the average family ingests weekly. After neatly stacking away fifty bucks worth of food, I ravenously eat everything that doesn't need to be cooked. The costly food then sits for another eight

months before I feel justified in throwing it out. The stuff gets old. Real old. I get older too. I wonder why I even bother spending the money. I'm usually content to come home and heat up some Progresso soup, an English muffin, and munch away.

I decided to conduct a simple survey and called a friend. This friend is not very physically active. I demanded a list of his personal refrigerator stash. He muttered back to me the following: a gallon of cold water, a jar of mayonnaise, ketchup, a jar of three-year-old tahini from a three-year-old (and now dead) relationship, a three-day-old pizza, some butter, an almost empty jar of Lady Lee barbecue sauce, and some E batteries for his clock.

I called another friend, a serious runner, the kind to venture into marathons. He recited the contents of his refrigerator to me: two red apples, two peaches, two dried onions, one gallon of milk, one lime, a half loaf of moldy bread, rotten lettuce, cheddar cheese, Swiss cheese. I was relieved. At least he could toss together some kind of yupped-out salad from his mess. Our common thread was that we all had old and dried-out food.

I then spoke with some single women who, like me, live alone. Their lists were in the same league with my male friends', with tubs of yogurt and cottage cheese thrown in.

Single people also seem to eat more Budget Gourmet dinners. According to my survey, differences in food choices didn't correspond to gender but rather to taste. Maybe living alone gives me so many possibilities that cooking for myself is not at the top of my list. I would rather read, paint or do nothing. I have no one to answer to and that means no one is wondering when dinner will be ready.

The downside of this situation is missing that time of day when I'm sitting with someone I like and we are stuffing ourselves with not just food but conversation. Of course, you have to eat to live. I eat out often, as do many of the single people I know. It's cheaper to buy a falafel for \$1.75 than to purchase food I know will rot.

I know lots of women who don't like to eat out alone because food is an intense nurturing ritual and many feel uncomfortable nurturing just themselves. I eat out alone all the time, but I don't go anyplace "nice." I feel uneasy taking up a table for four on a busy night—the help usually looks at me cross-eyed. But I have frequented every greasy spoon around town and all the quaint coffeehouses that seem to beg women to sit alone because they are hip and cool and have "arrived." But my choice is still a can of soup, or something simple that I can crunch quickly to fill my stomach and then be done with it.

Most single people I know treat themselves to more expensive food. I buy myself triple cream brie and expensive cookies. I buy what I please. I even buy white bread—not letting anyone see me, of course. I avoid the lecture on the evils of eating latex. I know I am not alone in this, and even if I were, I don't think I would care.

It's a curiosity of the '80s, this very single way of living. There are a lot of people out there prowling their refrigerators late at night, staring into the abyss, wanting something edible and only finding disease. □

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MEDIA

Enough, Already

Gimme some soul and fix the telly

By John Durham

As radio stations and television networks and cable services proliferate like cockroaches, critical interest in broadcast media continues to decline. The *Arizona Daily Star* and *Tucson Citizen* have discontinued the columns of Dan Huff and Jeff Smith. Huff now is assigned to various "Accent" section tasks. Smith, who documented his abrupt termination by the *Citizen* in a September *Tucson Weekly* column, now is doing regular rant about other things there.

Huff approached broadcasting with a wry smirk and a witty detachment that the triviality of most radio/TV certainly deserves. (His predecessor at the *Star*, David Williams, was by contrast a humorless snob who apparently considered all but PBS beneath his dignity.) Smith was unusually well-informed about broadcasting's writhing innards, and he followed local market trends with remarkable accuracy.

It's not that they were bad columnists. It's that the people of Tucson—those literate enough to read a newspaper anyhow—just don't seem to have enough interest in broadcast media. Apparently satisfied easily, and lacking much standard of comparison, they appear content to accept what's dished out by a small gang of second-rate hype artists.

Which only goes to show that

there's a real need for some criticism of broadcasting. It's not, as is often claimed, that a self-appointed judge must dictate to the public what is praiseworthy and what is contemptible. It's merely that a general public attitude of awareness might make the media barons less able to manipulate us.

Meanwhile, if you just want to listen to pretty good soul music and to hell with philosophizing, another new radio station has entered the waves—but it's not in fact a new station. KFX (1450-AM) was the old "Family Life Radio" religious station, which featured a tasteless blend of sweet-talking fundamentalist preachers and some of the very worst gospel music I have ever heard. (They never played Aretha Franklin or Bach.) KFX and Rich Werges, who purchased 1450 from the Family Life Radio Foundation in a complicated "flipping" deal involving the transfer of a new license for 830-AM to the foundation's KFLT, are doing an "urban contemporary" sound. It fills a hole that has been empty in our local spectrum for some time. Very little commercial soul music has been played on the air here since KXEW discontinued its nighttime, bilingual soul show in 1983. KXCI plays soul, but it's more likely there to be traditional blues than the contemporary commercial hits of the inner-city ghettos, which is the mainline sound of KFX.

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MEDIA

"ghetto-blasters" and component stereos, and includes elements of jazz. That the station is AM is a strong detriment, but since there's now no FM station doing soul, KFXX won't suffer much from that limitation.

The major contenders for KFXX's audience will certainly be KHYT and KLPX, with some slopover from KRQQ loyalists. It will be interesting to see how this new front opens into Tucson rock wars.

Tucson Community Cable (public access Channels 64 and 37, which should not be confused with Channel 12, the city's self-promotion vehicle) has not received the attention it deserves. Though I have found management to be arrogant and elitist—an attitude entirely inappropriate to a "public access" service—some producers are doing shows that combine professional polish and tight editing with real community relevance, a rare combination.

In summer, T.C.C.'s Oasis Network began showing episodes in a continuing documentary called—and this is a delicious title—"Lifestyles of the Poor and Homeless." One episode documented the trackside jungles that persist around the area of Speedway and the river between Barrio Anita and Old Pascua village. In this area are a multitude of camps successively inhabited for years by people who might have been displaced from the mid-1930s. It's always hard times down there.

Producer Fran Perry, who leads a curious double life as host of a weekday cooking show, asked people in the camps, "What is your lifestyle? What do you do to survive?"

The answers are not pleasant, not happy talk, not the kind of things you'd usually hear on broadcast television. But the tone of the documentary is not so horrible at all—it shows down-and-out people as humans endowed with courage, wit and intelligence, people simply doing the best they can in what are sometimes extremely desperate circumstances. It's clear that these people are not, on the whole, criminals or welfare-cheaters, insane or—well, any of the statistical categories invented by politicians and social service agencies.

Other episodes of the documentary have concentrated on the "Murphyville" camp-in at the old Pima County Courthouse and the afternoon soup kitchen in front of City Hall. Still in production are chapters documenting the Primavera Foundation's effort to establish shelters for homeless men in Tucson.

Video like this seems a far cry from what's proposed by the Pima Arts Council for a local arts channel on cable. A video exhibition staged September 27 at the Tucson Museum of Art featured mostly masterpieces of aesthetics (one was called "The Puzzle of Pain," surely an aesthetic question, as was, according to Thomas DeQuincey, homicide) untainted by any relevance to the human condition as endured by most of us.

If the Arts Council does eventually succeed in founding a local arts channel, I hope it will include productions less self-consciously artsy.

Tucsonan John Durham has worked in radio for more than twenty years.

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IDEAS

Cowtown Culture

Where are the voices crying out for arts in Tucson's spreading concrete wilderness?

By Lawrence Clark Powell

During sixty years in and out of this old cowtown, the last fifteen as a taxpayer, voting resident, I have sometimes wondered if what happened in Santa Fe in the '20s and '30s could happen here. That was when that older pueblo witnessed a cultural explosion by artists, writers and publishers of books, periodicals and a newspaper. The self-appointed leader was the formidable Mary Austin, who thought nothing of telling off Mabel Lujan and Willa Cather. Mere men she didn't bother with. Today in Santa Fe, only the embers remain of that brilliance. The Beautiful People from beyond the Sangre de Cristos have bought the town body and soul. Except for summer opera, chamber music and a book arts festival, the town is dead.

What has Tucson in common with Santa Fe? The not-to-be bought assets of antiquity, history, geography and a threefold ethnic fusion. Both towns shine brighter because of their neighbors — Phoenix and Albuquerque, the power centers of their states as well as reckless warnings of growth. There could occur in Tucson a cultural explosion like the one in Santa Fe fifty years ago.

Already present in the Old Pueblo are the cultural layers of peoples who have dwelled here where water once flowed and is now pumped. A long human presence in this river valley has deposited ages of history, folklore and tradition. Waiting to flower and fruit is a rich bed of nutrients to nourish the arts and sciences. Although we deplore runaway growth, we also can see positive effects. Growth means wealth, wealth means power — power that can be pre-empted by the crafty and made to serve culture. Needed are a few rich leaders with vision and voice who can persuade their even richer, more powerful fellows to follow and fund.

In the past couple of generations — and by generation I mean about fifteen years — we have seen this happen in Los Angeles where Dorothy Chandler and Franklin Murphy, both of the *Times-Mirror* dynasty, led in the transformation

of that sometime queen of the cow counties into what today is California's power center, both economic and cultural.

What Tucson lacks is a medium for visionary and eloquent spokesmen. Our two largest local newspapers both are absentee-owned and establishment-oriented, dependent upon advertising for the profits they are taking from the community. As fair as both are in most areas, they give small comparative space to the creative arts. In their financial profits, they take more than they give. The *Citizen's* Larry Cheek is one of the few who writes with the historical and prophetic sense necessary for a renaissance.

Whatever Tucson's cultural destiny, if it is to have lasting significance, it must grow from native soil, from the grassroots. And though local in origin, it must be infinitely translatable. Here words of Yeats are pertinent ones addressed to his countrymen at the time of the Irish renaissance: "I would have our writers and craftsmen master their history and their legends and fix upon their memory the appearance of mountains and rivers and make it all visible again in their arts, so that Irishmen, even though they had gone a thousand miles away, would still be in their country."

Is there a way out of the drying depths into which Tucson has dug itself? Without voices crying in this urban wilderness now spreading around us, there will be no way out. Lord, give us leaders with vision and voice, ones who proclaim that although this is the way it now is, it need not forever be. Lacking such voices and leaders, followers and funders, we are doomed to dwell in a hole of our own digging.

Euphoric though we now be, our hope does not lie in the conferences and committees with which we tend to indulge ourselves. Only in the individual lies our future — solitaires spinning away in the silence of their own cocoons, toiling while the city sleeps. Cultures rise from the beginnings of a few strong and sure people.

Do we have such a future? □

Lawrence Clark Powell has written many books on Southwestern culture.

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BOOKS

Looking for a Few Good Books

By Gregory McNamee



Book publishers love the holiday season, for the majority of the books sold commercially in our benighted land leave the shops, stuffed to the rafters with the publishers' best offerings, between September and November of each year. Things are no less different in 1986, although the standard of what a best offering might be seems to have declined, now that the major publishing houses have gone in for software, books-on-cassette, and other trinkets of the post-literate age. Still, the year offers a few sure bets, available at local bookstores, for addicts of the printed word.

\$50 AND ABOVE

No Christmas season is complete without a slew of glossy art books. Among the best of the year's offerings is Domenico Tiepolo's *The Punchinello Drawings* (George Braziller, \$80.00), a cycle of set-design drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master, hitherto scattered in public and private collections throughout the world and gathered here for the first time. The book makes an especially fine gift for opera lovers, for the Punchinello character (the "Punch" of English Punch-and-Judy puppet shows) is a beloved fixture in the Italian musical theater.

For aficionados of Japanese art, there is no finer book this year than Hiroshige's *One Hundred Famous Views of Edo* (George Braziller/Brooklyn Museum, \$75.00), a series of beautiful watercolors that took Europe by storm a century ago and helped launch the Impressionist movement. The Braziller edition is a triumph of recent bookmaking, a volume of assured enduring value.

A perennial favorite, *The Times Atlas of World History* (Hammond,

\$75.00) is an essential addition to the look-it-up shelf, which always needs annual restocking. This monumental book—a great bargain at the price—contains some of the clearest text and finest artwork in the atlas business. What better way to spend the closing days of 1986 than by studying the collapse of ancient empires and the human rage for chaos? If this book is ever allowed to go out of print, there will be no reason to go on living.

\$25 TO \$50

Lovers of the sesquipedalian word and the right name for things will bless you forever for planting T.F. Hoad's edition of *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology* (Oxford, \$35.00) under the Christmas tree. A nice gift—but what does "nice" really mean? Look it up. Don't waste your time searching for the naughty words, though: only one is included. A good one.

The Colorado Plateau is full of

some of the country's last great unspoiled places, although its future is increasingly threatened by mining interests and developers. Stephen Trimble's *Blessed by Light: Visions of the Colorado Plateau* (Peregrine Smith, \$34.95), a collection of first-rate color photographs and quotations from such high-desert rats as Ann Zwinger, Philip Hyde, Ed Abbey and John Wesley Powell, is a loving tribute to the upland Southwest, and part of the proceeds from sales goes to the protection of public lands in the Four Corners country.

Is there anyone alive who doesn't like *Gigi*? Genevieve Dormann's *Colette: A Passion for Life* (Abbeville, \$39.95) is a photographic celebration of the great French novelist, a woman whose personal exploits were as closely followed as her many books. There seems to be a Colette revival in full swing these days, and Dormann's book is an ideal and overdue companion.

Unreconstructed idealists from a

generation past will thrive on *News That Stayed News: Ten Years of CoEvolution Quarterly* (North Point Press, \$35.00), a compendium of pieces from one of the era's great alternative magazines, and a fine book to browse through again and again. Harry and Larry Ingham's "The Difference Between Writing and Building Racing Engines" itself is worth the price of admission.

My nomination for the Christmas book of the year is Edmund Wilson's *The Fifties* (Farrar Straus & Giroux, \$25.00), a selection of reflection and good literary gossip from the great American writer's notebooks and diaries. The next time anyone tells you that the only good thing to have happened in the 1950s was Elvis Aaron Presley, heave this thick book. Buy two copies, and keep one for yourself.

UNDER \$25

Just the gift for those lucky enough to have received Bob Dylan's five-record compilation *Biograph* last year, Robert Shelton's *No Direction Home* (Beech Tree/Morrow, \$17.95) is the most complete biography of the elusive poet-songwriter to date. Shelton avoids the temptation to idolize, thankfully, and he uncovers some intriguing aspects of Dylan's past: the origin of the singer's nom-de-plume, taken from not the terminally sensitive Welsh poet but the swaggering hero of the TV series "Gunsmoke," Marshall Matt Dillon; the influence of Buddy Holly, whom Dylan saw in concert three days before the rocker's death and who inspired Dylan then and there to become a pop star.

If the person for whom you're shopping has anywhere in his or her possession one of those battered gray-jacketed copies of the *I Ching* or a

BOOKS

mandala poster tacked to the bathroom wall, Peter Matthiessen's *Nine-Headed Dragon River* (Shambala, \$16.95) is the book of choice. Matthiessen, best known for *The Snow Leopard*, here presents his journals of Zen Buddhist practice from 1969 to 1982. One of the best spiritual writers working today, Matthiessen has an unfailing sense for the graceful phrase and dramatic episode.

Go ahead, sour the Christmas cheer. The American West is drying up, thanks to its voracious cities and the developers and car salesmen who own them, and there's pretty much nothing that can be done to stop the glut. Mark Reisner's *Cadillac Desert* (Viking, \$22.95), weighing in at almost 600 pages, is a brisk documentary history of Western water troubles, and it is must reading for anyone living west of the Hundredth Meridian. Evan Mecham should be made to memorize Reisner's book.

That Americans don't know enough about the people of the Soviet Union is a commonplace. Fewer still know anything at all about the vast and varied landscape of the USSR. Mikhail Prishvin's book *Nature's Diary* (Penguin, \$9.95) tells of the seasons of the great Eurasian taiga—the scrubby forests of sub-Arctic Russia—and is a thoughtful remedy to our ignorance. Prishvin's meditation on the natural world makes perfect reading for Tucson's bitter winter nights.

The world would be a lesser place without Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, perhaps the best bedside reading that ever was. Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (North Point, \$17.50) is now available in an illustrated edition, originally published at \$300 by the Arion Press, that will be sure to delight Holmes buffs.

Finally, ex-blitzkrieg budget-meister David Stockman's *The Triumph of Politics* (Harper & Row, \$21.95), a kiss-and-tell story of the Reagan White House, lends itself to stocking-stuffing. Since gift-giving can be an act of revenge as well as one of affection, drop this nasty morsel of invective under the tree of any Reaganite you might happen to know—if there are still any out there who'll admit it.

Gregory McNamee is editor-in-chief of the University of Arizona Press. City Magazine editor Charles Bowden offers the following touts:

Donald F. Hoffmeister, *Mammals of Arizona* (University of

Arizona Press, \$49.95). This book has been in the works almost thirty years and finally has rumbled forth from the press, thanks to a subsidy provided by the Arizona Nongame Wildlife Tax checkoff (that little line on your state tax return) and federal money. Even so, it costs a bundle but is well worth the price. The book supercedes all previous guides to the state's mammals. Not for field use unless you are a weight lifter—the tome is bigger than a breadbox and has the heft of a large burnt-adobe brick. If you are a nut about the state's wildlife, buy a copy. This nut did.

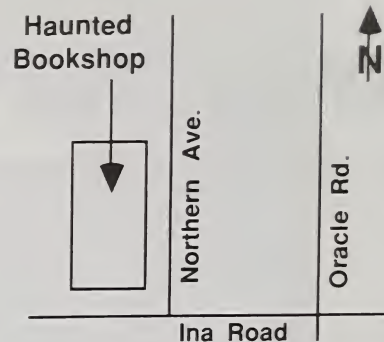
Tom Miller, ed., *Arizona: The Land and the People* (University of Arizona Press, \$29.95, after January 1, 1987, \$35). A grab-bag of authors—Gary Paul Nabhan, Thomas Sheridan, Stephen Trimble, Alvin Josephy, et al—tackle the nooks and crannies of the state; stuffed with 150 photos, many in color. Apparently the editor wanted to save me some work, so he reviewed his own book in the introduction: "Arizona: *The Land and the People*, a comprehensive source of information from an up-to-date perspective, is a distinctive addition to the long line of books about Arizona...." Okay, if you say so. This is the UA's big Arizona picture book and a good way to polish off your Christmas list.

Thomas E. Sheridan, *Los Tucsonenses: The Mexican Community in Tucson, 1854-1941* (University of Arizona Press, \$22.50). This book results from the two-year Mexican Heritage Project at the Arizona Historical Society and puts Tucson's Mexican community on the historical map. This city has always been eager to peddle itself as bicultural and call itself the Old Pueblo. Here is a chance to visit the real pueblo and meet the people who struggled beneath the glib ad copy of the local tourist industry. Solid history and good writing.

Gary Paul Nabhan with color photographs by George Huey, *A View of Saguaro National Monument and the Tucson Basin* (Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, \$8.95). This seventy-four page book is a stunner. Written by last year's winner of the George Burroughs Medal for nature writing, it is a clear introduction to the wild world that surrounds this city or lies buried under its pavement. The design by Christina Watkins is a knockout. A bargain - basement stocking - stuffer. Don't let the sober title fool you; this book makes you want to pick it up. □



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Gray Hawks and the Baboon Boy

An hour from Tucson our past is still alive

Four coyotes cross the San Pedro River in the early morning light. They pause and drink while behind them the San Manuel smelter belches smoke into the sky. I got here a day ago after an hour's drive from Tucson and I am still mentally more in the city than anywhere else. I sit on the tailgate of my truck, pour black coffee and listen to the surviving forest come alive with sound. Last night a screech owl called from a nearby saguaro; down river a baby great horned owl whined for food.

I can hear the others rising, smell breakfast in the heavy river air. Shortly the work will begin. We are a mixed-bag of state Game and Fish people, BLM personnel and interested citizens and we are here in part to get good photographs of gray hawks for the record, but more importantly to pitch the area as a candidate for federal protection.

We set up the trap—a mist net strung across the stream and as bait, a great horned owl tied to a log. The yellow eyes stare impassively and the head swivels, tracking us as we move. The big predator is naked now and he is hated along this river. His silhouette means death to songbirds, hawks, kites, falcons, rats, mice, snakes. He is doom sweeping out of the night skies and this makes him the target for the fury of the voices rising in the nearby cottonwoods and mesquite.

I walk the woods. Higher up the mesquite takes over completely. Little huts dot the forest,

strange shelters with stick walls and stick roofs. The structures look part hogan, part Mexican *jacale* and stand in the grove as the imprint of a distant and fantastic culture, perhaps an old encampment of Easter Island's monolith builders, perhaps the home of local trolls. They have been erected by Mexican illegals who toil here as woodcutters for a local rancher. The men are gone now, the slashed mesquite bleed sap at open wounds. All along the San Pedro the forests are being slain and alfalfa fields are taking the ground.

When I was in high school, we would ride from Tucson through Redington Pass and picnic in the river's bosques and perhaps there would be a radio and girls and the perfect Sunday afternoon. I have not been back much since then and the future has stolen a march on me.

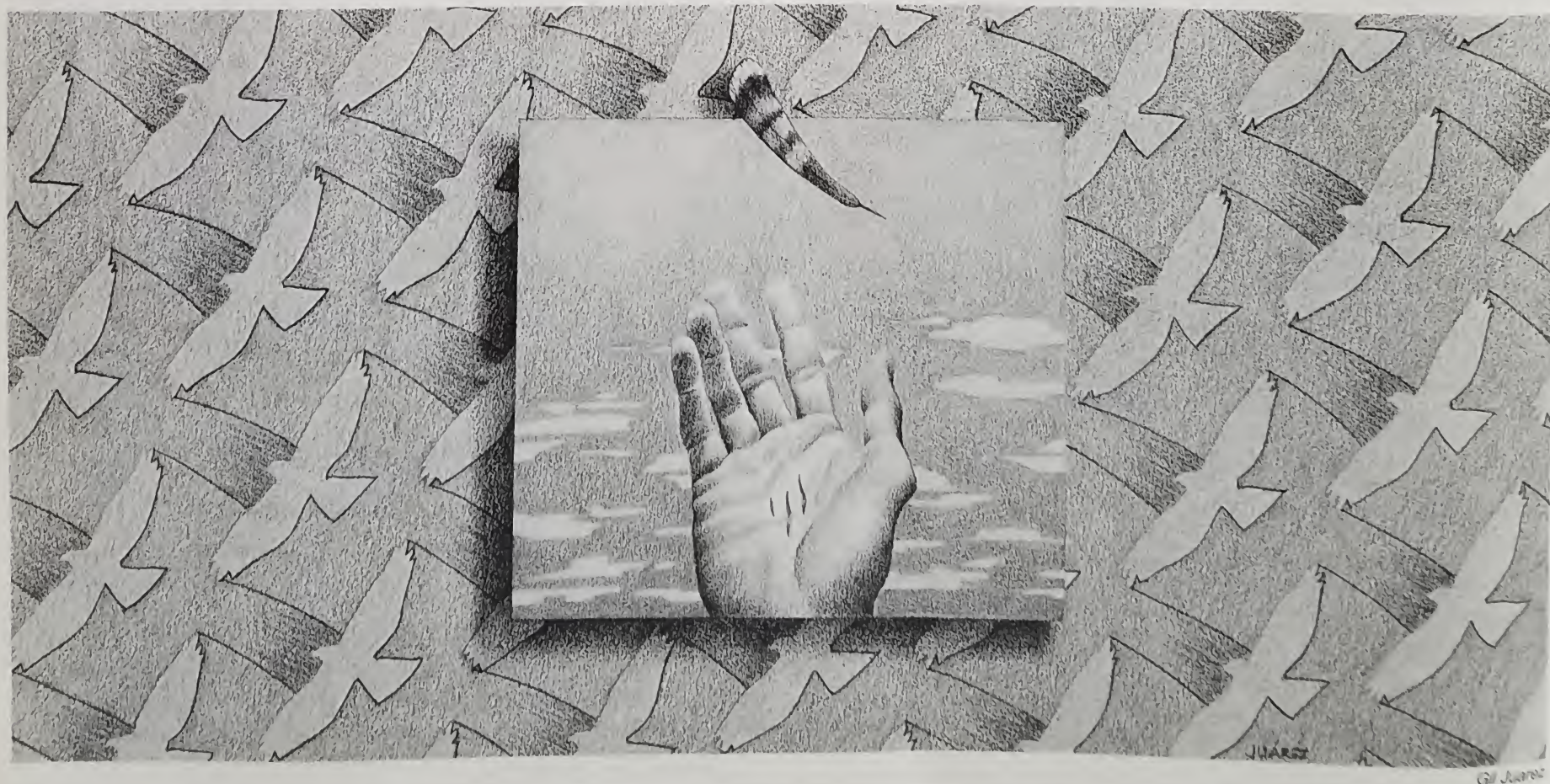
Yesterday, Dean Bibles, head of the federal Bureau of Land Management in Arizona, dropped by this forest. His plane landed at 4 p.m. He wore Levis and a clean shirt. He walked these same woods with a detailed map in hand. Various blocks of garish color marked an insane checkerboard of ownership: federal, state, private, Forest Service, BLM, surface rights, mineral rights, and so forth. The cry of a gray hawk knifed through the grove.

Bibles inspected and thought about two particular parcels that the BLM might seek in a land swap to protect gray hawks that nest here.

There are only sixty pairs of the birds in the United States and fifty-five of those pairs nest in Arizona, mainly along the San Pedro. They specialize in murder of lizards and move with grace through the burning air. Bibles specializes in land, and over the past two years he has brought over 150,000 acres of river and stream in Arizona under federal protection.

We stumbled through the brush and trees, the gray hawks kept up their calling and then at 7 p.m. Bibles flew back on his plane to Phoenix. That night we ate elk, venison and javelina brought along by Game and Fish workers; the owl refused the shank of a jackrabbit.

In the morning, I awoke at 4:30 and watched a great blue heron flap slowly upstream. A mile or so away the tailings of the mine oozed downhill like a tongue of white powder. The gray hawks were silent in their eyries. Once they lived along the Rillito and Santa Cruz near Tucson. One April day in 1892, Major Bendire, then stationed at Tucson, witnessed courtship, the male and female circling and darting through the forests along the river. "To my ear," the Major decided, "there was something decidedly flute-like about these notes. After they were paired they became more silent." The gray hawks left the Rillito long ago, fled the Santa Cruz in the late 1940s. They need the mesquite groves mixed with cottonwoods of the old floodplain and the ways of the growing city destroyed their world.



ENVIRONMENT

This kind of shift was all on the map Dean Bibbles clutched in his hand, the complicated pattern of ownership and rights, the dreams of money. Nobody tried to get rid of the gray hawks, hardly anyone ever knew they were there at all. Perhaps now and then people picnicking along the Rillito heard their call, likened by some to the scream of a distant peacock, and momentarily wondered what throat could make such a sound. Their exit was an offhanded matter. A slight silence fell in the forest and then over the years the forests fell too.

Now I stand by the banks of the San Pedro and watch a doe drink from the river and then walk off. I still see the map glowing in my head.

A hawk goes for the owl, hits the mist net and everyone runs for it. Pictures are taken for the record. The government needs documentation. But the hawk is not a statistic. The talons nick my palm, the body heat boils off the bird into my fingers. The eye is a terrible thing, a brown so dark as to be almost black and focused totally on a vision of the river I can barely guess. The feathers are fine and perfectly etched, the color a rich broth of gray. Fine black hairs outline the yellow mouth and the black curved bill with a pink tongue flicking nervously within. I grip the legs tightly in my unease and marvel at the heat. Birds are but a blur on the edge of my world of cement, steel and machines.

The hawk is released, swoops across the river, sits briefly on the limb of a dead tree and eyes its recent captors. Then the form lifts off and darts into the shelter of the forest. We begin to disband and return to Phoenix, Tucson, Wickenburg, and other centers of straight streets.

By evening I am standing in the checkout line at a Safeway in Tucson. I feel centuries, millions of years away from the world of the hawks. The man in front of me has a beard and headband, and staring from his arm are tattoos of the devil and the face found on packets of Zig-Zag cigarette papers. Big sunglasses hide his eyes but one cheek bears the blue letters SS. He is a rarity also, but not nearly so rare in my city world as the gray hawk.

I am wearing a Hawaiian shirt. He says, "You don't smell like a gardenia."

My head is full of gray hawks and this does not seem like the time to launch a discussion. I gaze off at the magazine rack and catch the headline:

BABOON BOY TAKEN CAPTIVE.
Yes, absolutely correct. I think back and imagine I can still feel the

heat flaming off the blood of the free bird. But this is a hard idea to hold onto as I walk out into the roar of Broadway's traffic as the city slides toward a much desired Friday night. □
—Charles Bowden

We've got so much desert, life and space that we forget what we have lost. The lion still hunts the Catalinas, the last few bighorn scramble on the cliffs above our resorts, the coyotes' eyes glow in the headlights. But we the past was another country and it devoured a wild Arizona that we cannot touch, see or ever know. Ted Knipe has culled the old newspapers to slap our faces with what we have done and what we have slain. The extracts from the *Arizona Daily Star* sit on a shelf at the Arizona Historical Society over on Second Street.

Here is a taste of this strange tomb.

Wild ducks are plentiful along the marshes of Silver and Warner's lakes near this city. Many too are found along the Santa Cruz river.

—November 1, 1889

It is said that antelope are frequently seen a short way outside this city. Yesterday two fine antelope were bought by C. F. Schumacher from some Papago Indians, who shot them at San Xavier.

—November 6, 1893

W.D. Fenter killed one large gray wolf, one silver tipped bear, and three mountain lions by beef liver with strychnine.

—December 22, 1887

Scarcely a day passes that a Papago Indian does not bring to town on the back of his horse a fine deer or antelope. Hunters say that there is an abundance of this kind of game a short distance from town....

Yesterday a Papago sold a fine antelope for \$2....A Papago Indian was yesterday offering for sale at \$3 a fine, big buck deer....

—1893

Fred Howard and George Orr returned from an eight-days [duck] hunting trip to the lake near Casa Grande....They bagged 168.

—January 18, 1895

The various butcher shops purchase them....Yesterday in walking around the Star man noticed five bucks, two does, one buck and one doe antelope and two fawns....

Wild ducks and geese at Donohue and Simpson's Fulton Market.

—1896

Ed Johnson and party who have been camped on Mt. Lemmon since the fourth of July have been heard from. They are having a pleasant outing and it is reported killed ten bears, eight mountain lion and seventeen wolves, to say nothing about the number of different animals they have run or frightened to death.

—July 20, 1898



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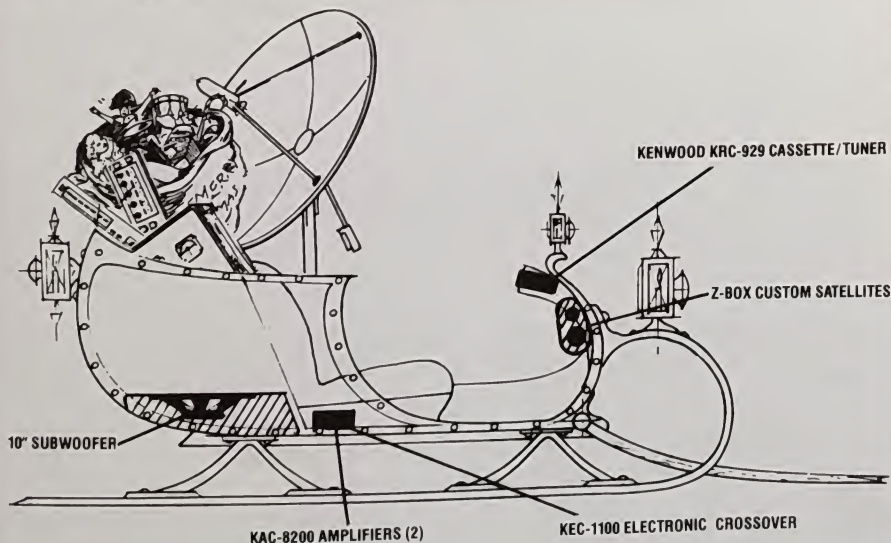
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STYLE

Speedway

American muscle whomps the imports

By Ken Nichols

The hour was late, the season was summer, and the intersection was deserted. I waited for the longest red light in Tucson to run its course. Dashboard instruments indicated all was well beneath the hood; the air conditioner was working well against a humid ninety degrees. A shiny new turbocharged Japanese sports car joined me at the light. It was red too. A glance over and downward confirmed that the driver was young, hostile. The heavy foot revving the tiny Oriental engine told me he was impatient as well. It took slight intuition to know this fellow intended to put my headlights in his rearview mirror at the sight of green. School was open.

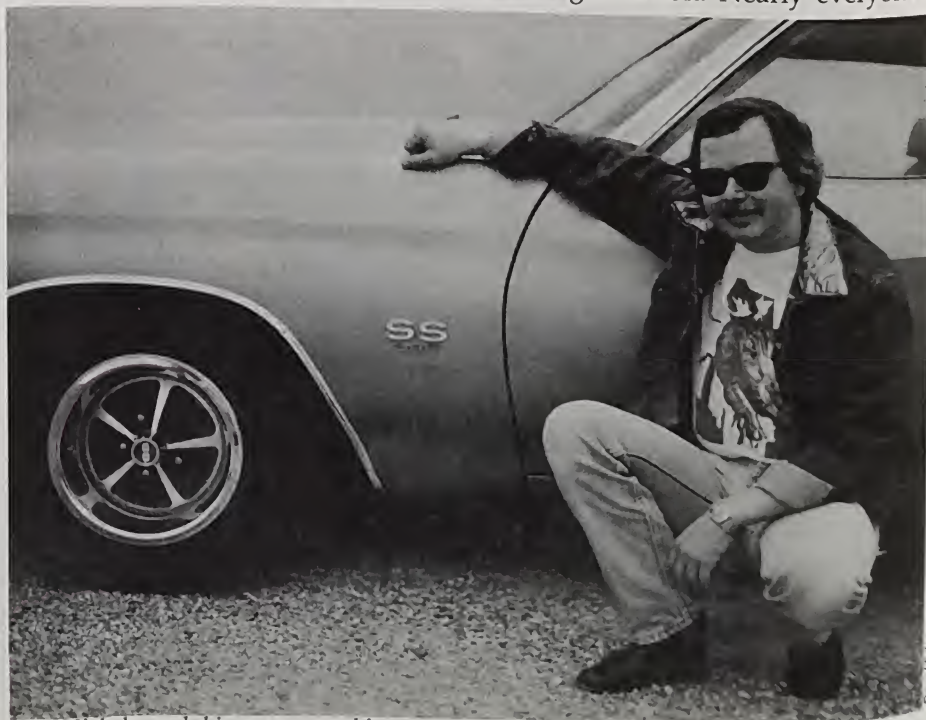
The light did turn green and the Japanese car did charge across the crosswalk with tiny tires squealing. I took a rolling start (no point in waking the neighborhood). The little import jumped out to a car-length lead and I waited for the next tiny squeal as he hit second gear before opening up. The sudden roar of 396 cubic inches fed by a Rochester Quadrajet shut out all other sensation—a rush that reduces middle age by years — and focused attention on the primary task of holding a straight line. It was over in three, maybe four seconds—the young fellow in the little car was well in second place. At the next light, red like all others in the city when the streets are nearly deserted, he signaled for me to roll down my window. It occurred

to me that the air conditioner had remained on throughout the incident, a small detail that kept the contest as close as it was. He had one question, simple and direct: "What the _ _ _ _ is that?" The answer was more ambiguous than necessary, but it was late and the point had been made. It's a Chevrolet.

The car is old, weatherbeaten, a leaded-gas guzzler made in America. Its appeal resides under the hood inside a big high-compression V-8 engine capped by a big four-barrel carburetor squatting between chrome valve covers. In fine stock tune this old dog can put 350 horsepower under my foot.

Sometimes it doesn't seem quite reasonable, at times even unethical, for me to drive this car. I am troubled by the specter of gentle souls of keen environmental consciousness clucking disapproval. I have disturbing visions of spraying schoolchildren with lead fumes as I rumble about town. But the car remains an important object—I can't help myself. In straight line acceleration it will blow the doors off nearly any car built today. It's what they call a muscle car.

I've admitted guilt, but the sheer pleasure of driving this absurd machine allows me to live with that distress. A sense of history (in moments of candor it's called nostalgia) helps. I believe that this is an important kind of car. There is a significant store of shared experience regarding the muscle cars rattling about in the memory of the Baby Boom generation. Nearly everyone I



Ken Nichols and his mean machine.

STYLE

know over the age of thirty-five has had a bizarre or frightening experience in a car of this sort. Yes, a large number of those upwardly mobile former hippies putzing around in their gleaming Volvos and BMWs once thrashed sub-fifteen-second quarter miles in their GTOs, Roadrunners, Camaros and Mustangs. They would admit it, and that it was enormously, satisfyingly exciting, if the whole scene didn't stir such unsophisticated emotions in them.

Between 1964 and 1970 the Detroit car makers were convinced by the success of Pontiac's GTO to build and sell — to anyone — cars with various levels of bigtime performance. The era provided the most extravagant candy store of all times to car-crazed kids. At the highest level were true race cars that could be driven off the showroom floor in one of the most wildly irresponsible acts in American automotive history. At the lower level were cars like mine, a moderate (for the times) amount of performance, complemented by fat tires, heavy duty suspension and brakes — cars set up for day-to-day travel, not enough punch to play with the big boys of that time, but enough to stalk and beat, badly, the Zs and RXs and other turbocharged midgets of today. Stoplight to stoplight, even most Porsches arrive behind muscle cars. In the best of the class, you can bury the needle on a 120-mph speedometer in third gear.

Most of those cars are gone now. Those that weren't destroyed entirely in high-speed accidents were run to death. With muscle cars plan-

great psychic healer of adolescence—rock 'n' roll.

"She's real fine, my 409," the Beach Boys informed us. Appealing to the fascination with this wild technology, they went on to say, "Giddy up, giddy up 409/My dual quad, positraction 409." (The 409, of course, was an aptly outrageous Chevrolet engine that provided one horsepower per cubic inch, 409 of each, in the early and mid-1960s.) "It happened on the strip where road is wide...Yeah, my fuel injected Stingray and a 413," goes the tale of "Shut Down" wherein a famous Chevy humiliates a famous Dodge, related again by the surf/car addicted Beach Boys. Jan and Dean made the little old lady from Pasadena, in her "shiny new super stock Dodge," a celebrity. Ronnie and the Daytonas favored Pontiac with "Little GTO, you're really lookin' fine/Three dueces and a 4-speed, and a 389." The music came from the radios of the muscle cars and fueled tire-melting excess after excess. It was a heady half-decade.

In the end, grouches and common sense prevailed. Emissions standards, safety standards, fuel economy and rightfully inflated insurance premiums cast a plastic-for-chrome, efficiency-for-cubes, conservative pall over Detroit. Before long you had to pay a European manufacturer \$50,000 to feel the Gs. If you think the muscle car is dead, however, I'd suggest you cruise Speedway some Saturday night. The surviving machines are mostly in the hands of kids young enough to understand. Most are ragged but modified for even

They would admit it, and that it was enormously, satisfyingly exciting, if the whole scene didn't stir such unsophisticated emotions in them.

ned obsolescence took on a new meaning, suddenly working with enough violent efficiency to please the most rapacious captain of industry. The market was there and it was of unprecedented size — the Boomers were in their late teens and early twenties when the muscle cars came out of Detroit. It seemed that nearly all of them were purchased by young men worried about Vietnam. In the time left to them by General Hershey and the trolls at the local draft board, a certain attention to good times seemed appropriate. The muscle cars helped them to cover distance quickly.

The phenomenon of the muscle car went beyond the factories in Detroit, where engineers suddenly unfettered by such concerns as luxury and comfort were reeling about in an apparent state of high madness, working with obsessed intensity to pack 500 horsepower into light-bodied cars. (The fastest car I ever experienced firsthand was a late '60s Corvette with a 427 cubic inch engine rated, conservatively I thought, at about 430 horsepower. It was owned by the eldest son of the owner of my hometown pool hall. Driving it, or especially riding in it, was approximately as unnerving as being fired at by a sniper. The pool hall owner's son was a master of the muscle car scene; when they stopped making them he turned to drugs and, last I heard, was in prison.)

The fever for power broke the confines of showrooms and grease-dark garages, emerging as a full-scale youth movement, confirmed by the

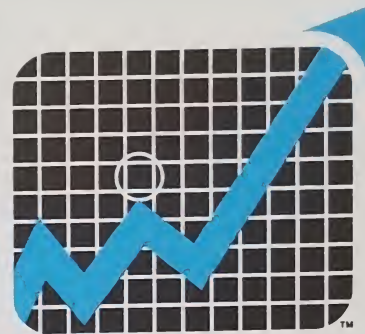
more power; a valuable and collectible few have been restored to stock trim. Now and then you see a graying-at-the-temples reprobate behind the wheel, happy he never traded down.

Aggressive owners of the newest generation of performance cars would do well to recognize the heavy growl of a well-tuned muscle car, solid power thumping beneath an often rust-bitten hood. Test him; he may give you the opportunity to view dual exhausts, each large enough to hold one of Popeye's forearms, your plastic midget failing in the early gears.

My mechanic, a stout hearted son of the South who genuinely seems to like working on my car, tells me of driving around town in the old dog for "parts." It's a pleasure, he says, "to dust these \$20,000 sports in a sixteen-year-old stock Chevy." Yes, another gloriously unreformed highway hedonist, happy to convene class before a stretch of open road. As the Beach Boys said in another tribute to wheels, "You don't know what I've got." □

Tucsonan Ken Nichols is a reformed street racer and freelancer, spending much of his time editing long, dull manuscripts.

(The author acknowledges that his car handles like a tractor, that the ride is sometimes harsh, that he anticipates a first engine overhaul after 98,000 very hard miles, and that his other car is a VW bus approximately 300-hp more conscientious.)



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Laura Greenberg

Ethel Wells

Back in Michigan and Ohio, Ethel Wells taught junior and senior high school students English, linguistics and romance languages for twenty-two years. Then her husband died, drugs entered the schools, and she felt she was trying to reach zombies. Shoveling snow became tiresome, too. So she moved to Tucson where one of her two daughters lives. After intensive training, she entered a new vocation: professional poker and blackjack dealer. For the past seven years she has dealt an honest hand, currently at the River Belle restaurant on North Oracle Road—the free chips can be cashed in for dinners. She also trains other dealers and toys with an offer to deal in the casinos at Laughlin, Nevada. One night a week she does volunteer work at the Tucson Medical Center.

I moved to Arizona after my husband's death and I didn't want to teach school anymore. So I decided I had to do something useful to while away some very lonely hours. One of the things I decided to do was to become a volunteer at the hospital. But I'd loved cards all my life, so I took my training with Las Vegas dealers and that's how it all started.

I've been asked once to deal in Las Vegas and I don't know exactly what happened to me; maybe I became a little bit too nervous when I realized some of the pressure of pit bosses and the pressure of dealing with actual money. It scared me off.

One of the mainstays here is to prepare

people for going to Vegas, help them brush up on their games. Get them ready for the big time, the bright city. I also do a lot of instruction in poker and blackjack. I do seminars for groups—Junior Sports of Arizona, singles groups. We talk about money management—how to manage your chips in Vegas.

I like going to Vegas. I like coming home from there, too.

I've played cards all my life. My first memory was playing cards with my father and mother and my brother at home in Ohio. We used to play penny-ante. Daddy was always of the philosophy that if the kids wanted to learn how to do something they should learn to do it at home. And we did, we became rather good card players. We played a lot of gin rummy, poker, pinochle, euchre, you name it and we played it. Always as a family. We would dance as a family; we sang as a family.

I know that I will never be a great player, I will never earn lots of money. I do it for recreation and I like to think that I'm fairly good at it. I also play bridge and belong to the Tucson Women's Club. Bridge is a very good game for teaching you how to remember cards, and when I play poker I can remember just about every card that is played because I like to give my brain a lot of mental exercise.

My favorite poker game is an old standard,

seven card stud. My father always said when you play seven card stud, you have to look at four cards before you decide if you have chance to win or if you had better fold. Kind of like the song, "You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em."

My friends in Ohio come out here to visit me and are somewhat taken aback by what I do. But all of them at one time or another have come to where I work and have really enjoyed watching me perform at these tables. They just cannot believe that this little friend of their's has stepped out and done something entirely different from her usual mode of living.

On Wednesday night I have almost a standing poker table. Usually the same people come in and they're waiting for me to get here because I come from the hospital.

I work at the information table at the hospital. I told one man the other night, "Listen, with my map of this facility you are not going to get lost." He said, "How I can I believe that Ma'm?" I said, "In the event you do not read the map properly and you do get lost, we send out our dogs with brandy."

And he said, "You do?" He was the most gullible man I've ever met.

When he came back he said, "You're right. That's a good map. You remind me of somebody."

I said, "A school teacher, perhaps?" □

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Tucson's Palace Saloon, 24 West Congress. 1902.

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